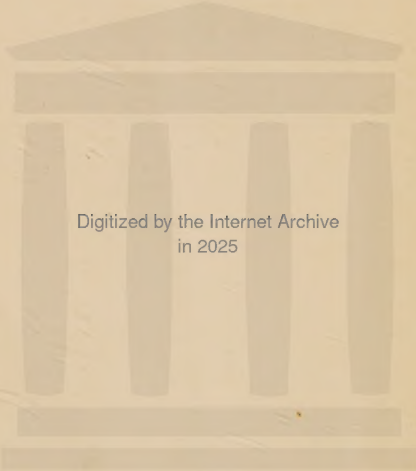


Richard C. Deffner.
1947.

Ascension Day-May 15.
from your
loving mother.



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Evangelical Lutheran

HYMN-BOOK

ABRIDGED EDITION



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The Order of Morning Service, or the Communion.

Introduction.

A Hymn of Invocation of the Holy Ghost may be sung.

The *Congregation* shall rise, and the *Minister*, standing at the Altar, shall say:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The *Congregation* shall chant or say:

Amen.

Then shall be said the *Confession of Sins*, as here followeth:

The Confession of Sins.

Minister. Beloved in the Lord! Let us draw near with a true heart and confess our sins unto God, our Father, beseeching Him, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to grant us forgiveness.

Then, all kneeling or standing, shall be chanted or said:

Minister. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

Congregation. Who made heaven and earth.

Minister. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.

Congregation. And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

Then shall the *Minister* say:

Almighty God, our Maker and Redeemer, we poor sinners confess unto Thee that we are by nature sinful and unclean, and that we have sinned against Thee by thought, word, and deed. Wherefore we flee for refuge to Thine infinite mercy, seeking and imploring Thy grace, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The *Congregation* shall say with the *Minister*:

O most merciful God, who hast given Thine only-begotten Son to die for us, have mercy upon us, and for His sake grant us

remission of all our sins; and by Thy Holy Spirit increase in us true knowledge of Thee and of Thy will, and true obedience to Thy Word, to the end that by Thy grace we may come to everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. **Amen.**

Then the *Minister*, standing, shall say:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, hath had mercy upon us and hath given His only Son to die for us and for His sake forgiveth us all our sins. To them that believe on His name He giveth power to become the sons of God and hath promised them His Holy Spirit. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. Grant this, Lord, unto us all.

Then shall the *Congregation* chant or say:

Amen.

Then, all standing to the close of the *Collect*, shall be chanted or said the *Introit* for the day.

The Introit.

The *Introit* with the *Gloria Patri* may be chanted by the *Choir*; or the *Introit* may be said by the *Minister* and the *Gloria Patri* chanted or said by the *Congregation*. Instead of the *Introit* a Psalm or a Hymn may be used.

Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**

Then shall follow the

Kyrie.

The *Kyrie* may be chanted or said by the *Minister* and *Congregation*, or each petition may be said by the *Minister* and chanted or said by the *Congregation* in response.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Then shall be chanted the *Gloria in Excelsis* as here followeth. Instead of the *Gloria in Excelsis* another Canticle or Hymn of Praise may be sung, except on festival days and when there is a Communion.

Gloria in Excelsis.

The *Minister* shall say:

Glory be to God on high!

The *Congregation* shall chant:

Glory be to God on high and on earth
peace, good will toward men. We praise
Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we
glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for
Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus
Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of
the Father, that takest away the sin of the
world, have mercy upon us. Thou that
takest away the sin of the world, receive
our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right
hand of God the Father, have mercy
upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art
the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the
Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of
God the Father. Amen.

Then shall the *Minister* say:

The Lord be with you.

The *Congregation* shall chant or say:

And with thy spirit.

The *Minister* shall say:

Let us pray.

Then shall the *Minister* say the *Collect* for the Day.

The Collect.

The *Collect* ended, the *Congregation* shall chant or say:

Amen.

Then shall the *Minister* read the *Epistle for the Day*. Other *Scripture Lessons* may be read before the *Epistle*, but the *Epistle* and *Gospel for the Day* shall always be read. The *Minister* shall announce the *Epistle*, saying:

The *Epistle* for (*here he shall name the Day*) is written in the — chapter of —, beginning at the — verse.

The Epistle for the Day.

The *Epistle* ended, the *Minister* shall say:

Here endeth the *Epistle*.

Then shall the *Hallelujah* be chanted or said, except in the Passion season.

The Hallelujah.

Hallelujah!

Instead of the simple *Hallelujah* a *sentence* for the Season of the Church-year may be chanted with it; or a Psalm or Hymn may be chanted after the *Hallelujah*.

The Hallelujah and Sentence.

For Advent.

Hallelujah! Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies; for they have been ever of old. Hallelujah!

For the Epiphany Season.

Hallelujah! O praise the Lord, all ye nations; and laud Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Hallelujah!

For the Passion Season.

Christ hath humbled Himself and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

For the Easter Season.

Hallelujah! Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us. Hallelujah!

For Whitsuntide.

Hallelujah! Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth. Hallelujah!

From Trinity to Advent.

Hallelujah! O Lord, deal with Thy servant according unto Thy mercy and teach me Thy statutes. I am Thy servant; give me understanding that I may know Thy testimonies. Hallelujah!

or this:

Hallelujah! Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers: praise Him, and highly exalt Him forever. Hallelujah!

Then shall the *Minister* announce the *Gospel* for the *Day*, saying:

The holy Gospel is written in the —— chapter of St. ——, beginning at the —— verse.

The *Congregation* may chant or say:

Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

Then shall the *Minister* read

The Gospel for the Day.

The *Gospel* ended, the *Minister* shall say: Here endeth the *Gospel*, and the *Congregation* shall stand up, unless it has stood at the reading of the *Gospel*, and shall chant or say:

Praise be to Thee, O Christ.

Then shall be said or chanted the *Nicene Creed* or the *Apostles' Creed*; but if there be a Communion, the *Nicene Creed* shall be used.

The Nicene Creed.

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made; Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary. And was made man; And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried; and the third day He rose again, according to the Scripture; and ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father; and He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified, Who spake by the prophets. And I believe one holy Christian and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins; And I look for the resurrection of the dead; And the life of the world to come. Amen.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Christian Church, the communion of saints; The forgiveness of sins; The resurrection of the body; And the life everlasting. Amen.

Then may a Hymn be sung, and the *Minister* shall go into the pulpit. After the Hymn shall follow

The Sermon.

The Sermon ended, the *Congregation* standing up, the *Minister* shall say:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

The *Offertory* shall then be chanted, at the close of which the *Congregation* shall be seated.

One of the *Offertories* here following, or any other suitable *Offertory*, may be used.

The Offertory.

I.

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence: and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation: and uphold me with Thy free Spirit.

II.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion: build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness: with burnt offering and whole burnt offering.

The Offerings shall be gathered and brought to the *Minister*, who shall place them on the Altar.

Then shall the *Minister* make mention of any special petition, intercessions, or thanksgivings which may have been requested. He may also make mention of the death of any member of the Congregation.

Then shall follow the *General Prayer*. The prayer here following may be used, or, if there be no Communion, the *Litany*, or a selection from the *Collects and Prayers*, or any other suitable prayer.

The General Prayer.

Almighty and most merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we give Thee thanks for all Thy goodness and tender mercies, especially for the gift of Thy dear Son and for the revelation of Thy will and grace; and we beseech Thee so to implant Thy Word in us that in good and honest hearts we may keep it and bring forth fruit by patient continuance in well-doing.

Most heartily we beseech Thee so to rule and govern Thy Church Universal, with all its pastors and ministers, that it may be preserved in the

pure doctrine of Thy saving Word, whereby faith toward Thee may be strengthened and charity increased in us toward all mankind.

Grant also health and prosperity to all that are in authority, especially to the President [and Congress] of the United States, the Governor [and Legislature] of this Commonwealth, and to all our Judges and Magistrates; and endue them with grace to rule after Thy good pleasure, to the maintenance of righteousness and to the hindrance and punishment of wickedness, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.

May it please Thee also to turn the hearts of our enemies and adversaries that they may cease their enmity and be inclined to walk with us in meekness and in peace.

All who are in trouble, want, sickness, anguish of labor, peril of death, or any other adversity, especially those who are in suffering for Thy name and for Thy truth's sake, comfort, O God, with Thy Holy Spirit that they may receive and acknowledge their afflictions as the manifestation of Thy fatherly will.

And although we have deserved Thy righteous wrath and manifold punishments, yet, we entreat Thee, O most merciful Father, remember not the sins of our youth nor our many transgressions, but out of Thine unspeakable goodness, grace, and mercy defend us from all harm and danger of body and soul. Preserve us from false and pernicious doctrine, from war and bloodshed, from plague and pestilence, from all calamity by fire and water, from hail and tempest, from failure of harvest and from famine, from anguish of heart and despair of Thy mercy, and from an evil death. And in every time of trouble show Thyself a very present Help, the Savior of all men, and especially of them that believe.

Cause also the needful fruits of the earth to prosper that we may enjoy them in due season.

Give success to the Christian training of the young, to all lawful occupations on land and sea, and to all pure arts and useful knowledge; and crown them with Thy blessing.

Here special Supplications, Intercessions, and Prayers may be made.

These and whatsoever other things Thou wouldst have us ask of Thee, O God, vouchsafe unto us for the sake of the bitter sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Lord and Savior, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

Then shall the *Minister*, and the *Congregation* with him, say the *Lord's Prayer*.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

Then shall be sung a Hymn.

If there be no Communion, a Doxology may be sung, and the *Minister*, standing at the Altar, shall pronounce the *Benediction*, after which the *Congregation* shall offer silent prayer.

The Benediction.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

The Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

The *Congregation* shall chant or say:

Amen.

While the Hymn is sung, the *Minister* shall go to the Altar, make ready the Communion vessels, and prepare for the administration of the *Holy Communion*.

The Hymn ended, the *Congregation* shall rise and stand to the end of the *Agnus Dei*.

The Preface.

The *Minister* shall chant or say:

The Lord be with you.

The *Congregation* shall chant or say:

And with thy spirit.

Minister. Lift up your hearts.

Congregation. We lift them up unto the Lord.

Minister. Let us give thanks unto the Lord, our God.

Congregation. It is meet and right so to do.

Minister. It is truly meet, right, and salutary that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God:

Here shall follow the *Proper Preface*, according to the time, if there be any specially appointed, or else immediately shall follow,

Therefore with angels, etc.

Proper Preface.

For Christmas.

For in the mystery of the Word made flesh Thou hast given us a new revelation of Thy glory, that, seeing Thee in the person of Thy Son, we may be drawn to the love of those things which are not seen. Therefore with angels, etc.

For the Passion Season.

Who on the tree of the cross didst give salvation unto mankind, that, whence death arose, thence Life also might rise again; and that he, who by a tree once overcame, might likewise by a tree be overcome through Christ, our Lord; through whom with angels, etc.

For the Easter Season.

But chiefly are we bound to praise Thee for the glorious resurrection of Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord; for He is the very Paschal Lamb, which was offered for us and hath taken away the sin of the world; who by His death hath destroyed death and by His rising to life again hath restored to us everlasting life. Therefore with angels, etc.

For Ascension Day.

Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who after His Resurrection appeared openly to all His disciples and in their sight was taken up into heaven that He might make us partakers of His divine nature. Therefore with angels, etc.

For Whitsunday.

Through Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, our Lord and Savior; who ascended above the heavens and, sitting at Thy right hand, poured out on this day the Holy Spirit, as He had promised, upon the chosen disciples; whereat the whole earth rejoices with exceeding joy. Therefore with angels, etc.

For the Festival of the Holy Trinity.

Who with Thine only-begotten Son and the Holy Ghost art one God, one Lord. And in the confession of the only true God we worship the Trinity in Person, and the Unity in Substance, of Majesty coequal. Therefore with angels, etc.

After the *Preface* shall follow immediately:

Therefore with angels and archangels and with all the company of heaven we laud and magnify Thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee and saying:

Then shall the *Congregation* chant or say the *Sanctus*.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest!

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest!*

Then the *Minister*, turning to the Altar, shall chant or say:

Let us pray.

Our Father, who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done

* For Exhortation see end of this service.

on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.

Then shall the *Congregation* chant or say:

For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

Then shall the *Minister* chant or say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in the (a) *Here he shall* night in which He was betrayed, *take the Plate with* took bread; (a) and when He *the Bread in his* had given thanks, He brake it and gave it to His *hand.* disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body, which is given for you; this do in remembrance of Me.

After the same manner, also, (b) *Here he shall* He took the cup, (b) *take the Cup in* when He *his hand.* had supped; and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it; this cup is the New Testament in My blood, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins; this do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.

Then shall the *Minister* turn to the congregation and chant or say:

The peace of the Lord be with you always.

Then shall the *Congregation* chant or say the *Agnus Dei*, and the distribution shall begin.

Agnus Dei.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us!

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us!

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world, grant us Thy peace! **Amen.**

When the *Minister* giveth the Bread, he shall say:

Take and eat; this is the true body of our Lord Jesus Christ, given into death for thy sins. This strengthen and preserve thee in the true faith unto life eternal. Amen.

When he giveth the Cup, he shall say:

Take and drink; this is the true blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, shed for the remission of thy sins. This strengthen and preserve thee in the true faith unto life eternal. Amen.

In dismissing the Communicants, the *Minister* may say:

Depart in peace.

If the consecrated bread or wine be spent before all have communed, the *Minister* shall consecrate more, saying aloud, so much of the words of institution as pertaineth to the element to be consecrated.

When all have communed, the *Minister* shall reverently cover what remaineth of the bread and wine.

Then, all standing, the *Congregation* may chant or say the

Nunc Dimittis.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word;

For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people.

A light to lighten the Gentiles; and the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Then shall be chanted or said:

The Thanksgiving.

Minister. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good.

The *Congregation* shall chant or say:

And His mercy endureth forever.

Minister. We give thanks to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast refreshed us through this salutary gift; and we beseech Thee that of Thy mercy Thou wouldst strengthen us through the same in faith toward Thee and in fervent love toward one another; through Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost ever one God, world without end.

The *Congregation* shall chant or say:

Amen.

Then may be chanted or said the

Benedicamus.

Minister. The Lord be with you.

Congregation. And with thy spirit.

Minister. Bless we the Lord.

Congregation. Thanks be to God!

Then shall the *Minister* say the *Benediction* as here followeth, or he may say the words 2 *Cor.* 13, 14.

The Benediction.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

The Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

The *Congregation* shall chant or say:

Amen.

After the *Benediction* the *Congregation* should offer silent prayer.

Then may the *Minister* give this *Exhortation*.*

The Exhortation.

Dearly Beloved! Forasmuch as we purpose to come to the Holy Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ, it becometh us diligently to examine ourselves, as St. Paul exhorteth us. For this holy Sacrament hath been instituted for the special comfort and strengthening of those who humbly confess their sins and hunger and thirst after righteousness.

But if we thus examine ourselves, we shall find nothing in us but only sin and death, from which we can in no wise set ourselves free. Therefore our Lord Jesus Christ hath had mercy upon us and hath taken upon Himself our nature, that so He might fulfil for us the whole will and Law of God and for us and for our deliverance suffer death and all that we by our sins have deserved. And to the end that we should the more confidently believe this and be strengthened by our faith in a cheerful obedience to His holy will, He hath instituted the holy Sacrament of His Supper, in which He feedeth us with His body and giveth us to drink of His blood.

Therefore, whoso eateth of this bread and drinketh of this cup, firmly believing the words of Christ, dwelleth in Christ and Christ in him and hath eternal life.

We should also do this in remembrance of Him, showing His death, that He was delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, and, rendering unto Him most hearty thanks for the same, take up our cross and follow Him, and, according to His commandment, love one another even as He hath loved us. For we are all one bread and one body, even as we are all partakers of this one bread and drink of this one cup.

* The Exhortation, if in use, may be inserted at the place indicated above.

The Order of Evening Service, or Vespers.

A Hymn of Invocation of the Holy Ghost or another Hymn may be sung.

Then shall be chanted or said, responsively, the *Versicle* with the *Gloria Patri* as here followeth, all standing to the end of the *Psalm*.

Minister. O Lord, open Thou my lips.

Congregation. And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Minister. Make haste, O God, to deliver me.

Congregation. Make haste, to help me,
O Lord.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Hallelujah!

During the Passion Season the *Hallelujah* shall be omitted.

The Psalm.

Then shall be chanted or said one or more *Psalms*. At the end of the *Psalm* the *Gloria Patri* shall be chanted. An *Antiphon* may be used with each *Psalm*.

The Lesson.

The *Scripture Lessons* shall then be read, and after each *Lesson* may be chanted or said:

Minister. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Thanks be to Thee, O Lord.

After the *Lessons* a *Responsory* may be chanted.

Then may be sung a Hymn.

Then may follow a *Sermon*, after which the Offerings may be gathered.

Then shall be sung

The Hymn.

Then, all standing, may be chanted or said this *Versicle*.
But on Festival Days a special *Versicle* may be used.

Minister. Let my prayers be set forth before
Thee as incense;

Congregation. And the lifting up of my
hands as the evening sacrifice.

The Canticle.

Then shall be chanted the

Magnificat.

Luke 1, 46—55.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my
spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Savior.

For He hath regarded: the low estate of
His handmaiden.

For, behold, from henceforth: all genera-
tions shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath done to me
great things: and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him:
from generation to generation.

He hath showed strength with His arm:
He hath scattered the proud in the imagi-
nation of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their
seats: and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good
things: and the rich He hath sent empty
away.

He hath holpen His servant Israel in
remembrance of His mercy: as He spake to
our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed,
forever.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son:
and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

or the

Nunc Dimittis.

Luke 2, 29—32.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace: according to Thy word;

For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation: which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

A light to lighten the Gentiles: and the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

An *Antiphon* may be chanted with the *Canticle*.

Then shall be said the *Prayers* here following, or the *Suffrages*, the *Litany*, or other prayers.

The Prayer.

Minister. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Minister. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Minister. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Then all shall say:

Our Father, who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

Minister. The Lord be with you.

Congregation. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Then shall be said the *Collect* for the day. The *Collect* for the Sunday is said throughout the week following until Friday; but on Saturday the *Collect* for the following Sunday is said. Then may be said any other *Collects* and after that this *Collect for Peace*. A *Versicle* may be used with the *Collect*.

Minister. The Lord will give strength unto His people.

Congregation. The Lord will bless His people with peace.

Collect for Peace.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that we by Thee, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Savior.

Amen.

Then may be chanted or said the

. *Benedicamus.*

Minister. Bless we the Lord.

Congregation. Thanks be to God!

The service may end with the *Benedicamus*, or a Closing Hymn may be sung, after which may be said:

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all.

Amen.

At the close of the Service silent prayer should be offered.

The Order of Early Service, or Matins.

A Hymn of Invocation of the Holy Ghost or another Hymn may be sung.

Then shall be chanted or said the *Versicles* here following, all standing to the end of the *Venite*.

Minister. O Lord, open Thou my lips.

Congregation. And my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Minister. Make haste, O God, to deliver me.

Congregation. Make haste to help me,
O Lord.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Hallelujah!

During the Passion season the *Hallelujah* shall be omitted.

Then shall follow the *Invitatory* with the *Venite*. On Festival Days a special *Invitatory* may be used.

Minister. O come, let us worship the Lord.

Congregation. For He is our Maker.

Venite Exultemus.

Ps. 95, 1—7.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving: and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all gods.

In His hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

For He is our God: and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The Hymn.

The Hymn shall then be sung.

The Psalm.

Then, all standing to the end of the *Psalm*, shall be chanted or said one or more *Psalms*. At the end of the *Psalm* the *Gloria Patri* shall be chanted. An *Antiphon* may be used with each *Psalm*.

The Lesson.

The *Scripture Lessons* shall then be read. After each *Lesson* may be chanted or said:

Minister. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Thanks be to God!

After the *Lessons* a *Responsory* may be chanted.

A brief *Exhortation* or a *Sermon* may then follow.

The Canticle.

The *Congregation* shall stand and chant the *Te Deum Laudamus* or the *Benedictus*. An *Antiphon* may be chanted with the *Benedictus*.

Te Deum Laudamus.

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein.

To Thee cherubim and seraphim: continually do cry:

Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty:
of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles:
praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets:
praise Thee.

The noble army of martyrs: praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world:
doth acknowledge Thee.

The Father: of an infinite Majesty;

Thine adorable, true: and only Son.

Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son: of the
Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver
man: Thou didst humble Thyself to be born
of a virgin.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness
of death: Thou didst open the kingdom of
heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in
the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come: to be
our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy ser-
vants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy
precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy
saints: in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people: and bless Thine
inheritance.

Govern them: and lift them up forever.

Day by day: we magnify Thee.

And we worship Thy name: ever, world
without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day
without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy
upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us: as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded. Amen.

or the

Benedictus.

Luke 1, 68—79.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for He hath visited and redeemed His people;

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us: in the house of His servant David;

As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets: which have been since the world began;

That we should be saved from our enemies: and from the hand of all that hate us;

To perform the mercy promised to our fathers: and to remember His holy covenant;

The oath which He sware to our father Abraham: that He would grant unto us;

That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies: might serve Him without fear,

In holiness and righteousness before Him: all the days of our life.

And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto His people: by the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God: whereby the Dayspring from on high hath visited us,

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: to guide our feet in the way of peace.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

The Prayer.

Then shall be said the *Prayers* here following, or the *Suffrages*, the *Litany*, or other prayers.

Minister. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Minister. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Christ, have mercy upon us.

Minister. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Congregation. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Then all shall say:

Our Father, who art in heaven; Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. **Amen.**

One or more *Collects* may be used, with the *Salutation*, which may be preceded by a *Versicle*. After each *Collect* the *Congregation* shall chant or say:

Amen.

Then may be chanted or said the *Benedicamus* with the *Salutation*

Minister. The Lord be with you.

Congregation. And with thy spirit.

Benedicamus.

Minister. Bless we the Lord.

Congregation. Thanks be to God!

The service may end with the *Benedicamus*, or a closing Hymn may be sung; after which may be said:

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all.

Amen.

At the close of the service silent prayer should be offered.

HYMNS

THE BEGINNING OF WORSHIP.

1 L. M.

LORD Jesus Christ, to us attend,
Thy Holy Spirit to us send,
With grace to rule us day by day
And lead us in true wisdom's way.

2. Teach Thou our lips to sing Thy praise,
Our hearts in true devotion raise,
Our faith increase, and grant us light
That we may know Thy name aright;

3. Until we join the hosts that cry,
"Holy art Thou, O Lord most high!"
And in the light of that blest place
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.

4. Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O holy Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

William, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, 1651.

2 L. M.

LORD, open Thou my heart to hear
And by Thy Word to me draw near;
Let me Thy Word still pure retain,
Let me Thy child and heir remain.

2. Thy Word doth move the inmost heart,
Thy Word doth perfect health impart,
Thy Word my soul with joy doth bless.
Thy Word brings peace and blessedness.

3. Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O blessed Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

J. Olearius, 1671.

3

7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8

BLESSED Jesus, at Thy word

We are gathered all to hear Thee;
 Let our hearts and souls be stirred
 Now to seek and love and fear Thee,
 By Thy teachings, sweet and holy,
 Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2. All our knowledge, sense, and sight
 Lie in deepest darkness shrouded
 Till Thy Spirit breaks our night,
 With the beams of truth unclouded.
 Thou alone to God canst win us,
 Thou must work all good within us.
3. Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
 Light of Light, from God proceeding;
 Open Thou our ears and heart,
 Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading;
 Hear the cry Thy people raises,
 Hear and bless our prayers and praises.
4. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Praise to Thee and adoration!
 Grant that we Thy Word may trust
 And obtain true consolation,
 While we here below must wander,
 Till we sing Thy praises yonder.

T. Clausnitzer, 1663; C. Winkworth, tr., 1858.

4

L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive Thy Word;
 Now let Thy voice engage our ear
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2. Distracting thoughts and cares remove
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed
 And satisfied with living bread.

3. To us the sacred Word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practise what we hear.
4. Father, in us Thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do Thy will;
Thy saving power and love display
And guide us to the realms of day.

J. Fawcett, 1817.

5

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- OPEN now Thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for Him who answers pray'r;
Oh, how blessed is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace!
2. Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
In my heart, oh, enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.
 3. Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.
 4. Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy Gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

5. Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
 Let Thy will be done indeed;
 May I undisturbed draw near Thee
 Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed.
 Here of life the fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

B. Schmolck, 1734; C. Winkworth, tr., 1862.

6

C. M.

- LORD, when we bend before Thy throne
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own
 And hate what we deplore.
2. Our broken spirit pitying see,
 True penitence impart;
 Then let a kindling glance from Thee
 Beam hope upon the heart.
3. When our responsive tongues essay
 Their grateful hymns to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay
 And mount to Thee in praise.
4. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign
 And not a thought our bosom share
 That is not wholly Thine.
5. May faith each meek petition fill
 And waft it to the skies
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle, 1802.

7

7s

- LORD, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh, do not our suit disdain!
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend,
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3. In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay.
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
4. Send some message from Thy Word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
5. Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
6. Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind.
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. Hammond, 1745.

8

7s

- TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there.
While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
2. While the 'prayers of saints ascend,
God of Love, to mine attend.
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
 3. While I hearken to Thy Law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
 4. While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
 5. From Thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery, 1812.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

9

7, 6, 7, 6

- ABIDE, O dearest Jesus,
 Among us with Thy grace,
 That Satan may not harm us
 Nor we to sin give place.
2. Abide, O dear Redeemer,
 Among us with Thy Word
 And thus now and hereafter
 True peace and joy afford.
3. Abide with heavenly brightness
 Among us, precious Light;
 Thy truth direct, and keep us
 From error's gloomy night.
4. Abide with richest blessings
 Among us, bounteous Lord;
 Let us in grace and wisdom
 Grow daily through Thy Word.
5. Abide with Thy protection
 Among us, Lord, our Strength,
 Lest world and Satan fell us
 And overcome at length.
6. Abide, O faithful Savior,
 Among us with Thy love;
 Grant steadfastness and help us
 To reach our home above.

J. Stegmann, 1628; A. Crull, tr.

10

7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8,

NOW our worship sweet is o'er —
 Singing, praying, teaching, hearing;
 Let us gladly God adore
 For His gracious strength and cheering.
 Praise our God, who now would save us,
 For the rich repast He gave us.

2. Now the Blessing cheers our heart
And the service thus is ended,
Let us joyfully depart,—
Be our souls to God commended.
May His Spirit ever guide us
And with all things well provide us.
3. Let our going out be blest,
Bless our entrance in like measure;
Bless, O Lord, our toil and rest,
Bless our bread, our grief and pleasure;
Be in death Thy blessing given,
And make us blest heirs of heaven.

M. H. Schenk, 1680; M. Loy, tr.

11

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

- ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The pow'r is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
And Thou 'alone shalt have the praise.
2. To Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers;
Accept what is Thine own
And pardon what is ours.
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive
And to Thy Word a blessing give.
3. O grant that each of us
Who meet before Thee here,
May meet together thus
When Thou and Thine appear,
And follow Thee to heaven, our home.
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

John Newton, 1779.

12

L. M. 61

- SWEET Savior, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
2. The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all —
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
3. Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
4. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Savior and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
5. Sweet Savior, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

13

C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy Word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend
And righteous fruits abound.

2. Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.
3. Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.
4. Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

J. Cawood, 1819.

14

8, 7, 8, 7

SAVIOR, all my sins confessing,
Gracious hear me when I cry;
Give through faith the promised blessing,
Freely, fully *justify*.

2. By Thy Holy Spirit's leading,
Bring me to Thy bosom nigh;
In Thy blessed footsteps treading,
Soul and body *sanctify*.
3. So, the days of conflict ended,
In the mansions of the sky,
Whither, Lord, Thou art ascended,
With Thyself me *glorify*.

Thomas Haweis, 1808, a.

15

7s

NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2. May He teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in His sight;
 Perfect us in all His will
 And preserve us day and night.
3. To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton, 1779.

16

10s

- SAVIOR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 Once more we bless Thee ere our worship
 cease;
 Then, lowly bending, wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
 way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
 day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
 from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy
 name.
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
 coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children
 free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
 life,
 Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
 cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton, 1866.

17

8, 7, 61

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace.
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 |: O refresh us, :|
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound.
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 |: May Thy presence :|
 With us evermore be found.

3. So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 |: May we, ready, :|
 Rise and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773.

18

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8

LORD of my life, whose tender care
 Hath led me on till now,
 Here lowly, at the hour of prayer,
 Before Thy throne I bow.
 I bless Thy gracious hand and pray
 Forgiveness for another day.

2. O may I daily, hourly, strive
 In heavenly grace to grow;
 To Thee and to Thy glory live,
 Dead else to all below;
 Tread in the path my Savior trod,
 Though thorny, yet the path to God!

3. With prayer my humble praise I bring
 For mercies day by day.
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing;
 Lord, teach me how to pray!
 All that I have, I am, to Thee
 I offer through eternity. "Ω Chelsea," 1838.

MORNING.

19

L. M. 61

- WHEN streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine,
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.
2. When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, grieving o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Savior, in Thy name,
My conscience sprinkle with Thy blood
And be my advocate with God.
3. When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Savior, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.
4. And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflict o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

Wm. Shrubsole, 1813, a.

20

L. M.

- O HOLY, blessed Trinity,
Divine, essential Unity,
God Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be Thou this day my Guide and Host.
2. My soul and body keep from harm,
O'er all I have extend Thine arm,
That Satan may not cause distress,
Nor bring me shame and wretchedness.

3. The Father's love shield me this day,
The Son's pure wisdom cheer my way,
The Holy Spirit's light divine
Illume my heart's benighted shrine.
4. My Maker, strengthen Thou my heart,
O my Redeemer, help impart,
Blest Comforter, keep at my side
That faith and love in me abide.
5. Lord, bless and keep Thou me as Thine!
Lord, make Thy face upon me shine!
Lord, lift Thy countenance on me
And give me peace, sweet peace, from Thee.

Martin Behm, 1608; C. H. L. Schuette, tr., a.

21

7, 6

- WHILE yet the morn is breaking,
I thank my God once more,
Beneath whose care awaking,
I find the night is o'er;
I thank Him that He calls me
To life and health anew;
I know whate'er befalls me,
His care will still be true.
2. O Israel's Guardian, hear me,
Watch over me this day;
In all I do be near me.
For others, too, I pray;
To Thee I would commend them,
Our Church, our school, our land,
Direct them and defend them,
When dangers are at hand.
 3. O gracious Lord, direct us,
Thy doctrine pure defend,
From heresies protect us,
And for Thy Word contend,
That we may praise Thee ever,
O God, with one accord,
And say: The Lord, our Savior,
Be evermore adored!

4. O grant us peace and gladness,
Give us our daily bread,
Shield us from grief and sadness,
On us Thy blessings shed.
Grant that our whole behavior,
In truth and righteousness,
May praise Thee, Lord, our Savior,
Whose holy name we bless.
5. And gently grant Thy blessing
That we may do Thy will,
No more Thy ways transgressing,
Our proper task fulfil;
With Peter's full affianced
Let down our nets again;
If Thou art our Reliance,
Our toil will not be vain.
6. With craftiness unceasing
Strives Satan to restrain
What in Thy sight is pleasing
And for Thy Church is gain;
Yet vain is his endeavor,
For Thou, O Christ, our Lord,
Dost rule all things forever
By Thine almighty Word.
7. Thou art the Vine, — O nourish
The branches graft in Thee
And let them grow and flourish,
A fair and fruitful tree.
Thy Spirit pour within us
And let His gifts of grace
To such good actions win us
As best may show Thy praise.

J. Muehlmann, 1610.

MY inmost heart now raises,
In this fair morning hour,
A song of thankful praises
To Thine almighty power.

O God, upon Thy throne!
To honor and adore Thee,
I bring my praise before Thee
Through Christ, Thine only Son.

2. For Thou from me hast warded
All perils of the night;
From every harm hast guarded
My soul till morning's light.
Humbly to Thee I cry,
O Savior, have compassion
And pardon my transgression;
Have mercy, Lord most high!
3. And shield me from all evil,
O gracious God, this day,
From sin, and from the devil,
From shame and from dismay,
From fire's consuming breath,
From water's devastation,
From need and consternation,
From evil sudden death.
4. My life, my soul — defend them!
My wife, child, goods, and home, —
To Thy hand I commend them,
From Thee my blessings come;
Thy bounteous hand bestows
My household and my treasures,
My parents, friends, and pleasures;
My cup with good o'erflows.
5. Let not Thine angel leave me
While here on earth I stay,
Lest Satan's arts deceive me
And lead my soul astray.
Then keep Thine angel near
At night and each new morrow,
Lest soul and body sorrow
And, faltering, cost me dear.

6. God shall do my advising,
 Whose might with wisdom blends;
 May He bless rest and rising,
 My efforts, means, and ends!
 To God, forever blessed,
 Will I with mine confide me
 And willing let Him guide me
 As seemeth to Him best.
7. Amen! I say, not fearing
 That God rejects my prayer;
 I doubt not He is hearing
 And granting me His care.
 So I put forth my hands
 And look not long behind me,
 But ply the task assigned me
 By God as He commands.

J. Mathesius, 1592.

23

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Who the day and night hast given,
 Sun and moon and starry host;
 Thou whose mighty hand sustains
 Earth and all that it contains; —
- 2 Praise to Thee my soul shall render,
 Who this night hast guarded me;
 My omnipotent Defender,
 Who from ill dost set me free,
 Free from danger, anguish, woe,
 Free from the infernal Foe.
3. Let the night of my transgression
 With night's darkness pass away;
 Jesus, into Thy possession
 I resign myself to-day;
 In Thy wounds I find relief
 From my greatest sin and grief.

4. Grant that I may rise this morning
 From the lethargy of sin,
 So my soul, through Thy adorning,
 Shall be glorious within
 And I at the Judgment Day
 Shall not be a castaway.

5. Let my life and conversation
 Be directed by Thy Word;
 Lord, Thy constant preservation
 To Thine erring child afford;
 Nowhere but alone in Thee
 From all harm can I be free.

6. Wholly to Thy blest protection
 I commit my heart and mind.
 Mighty God, to Thy direction
 Wholly may I be resigned!
 Lord, my Shield, my Light divine,
 Oh, accept and own me Thine!

7. Lord, to me Thine angel sending,
 Keep me from the subtle Foe;
 From his craft and might defending,
 Never let Thy wand'rer go,
 Till my final rest shall come
 And Thine angel bear me home.

H. Albert, 1642; J. C. Jacobi and A. T. Russell, tr., a.

24

8, 8

HOW lovely now the morning star
 In twilight sky bright gleams afar
 While night her curtain raiseth!
 Each creature hails, with ravished sight,
 The glories of returning light
 And God, its Maker, praiseth.
 Both far And near,
 All things living Thanks are giving,
 There high soaring,
 Here through earth's wide field adoring.

2. Then haste, my soul, thy song to raise
Nor spare in thy Redeemer's praise
To pour thy due oblation;
For glory, Lord, to Thee belongs,
Thy praise resounds in grateful songs,
With pious emulation,
Joy rings Glad strings;
Voices sounding, Hearts rebounding,
Thus all nature
Sings Thy praise, O great Creator.
3. Unconscious, I securely slept
Nor saw the cruel foes which kept
Close watch about my slumber;
Though evil spirits, through the night,
With fiendish craft and watchful spite,
Came round me without number;
Whose hands In bands,
Mischief brewing For my ruin,
Had enslaved me,
Hadst not Thou stood by and saved me.
4. For, Jesus, Thou with saving power
Wast near me in that threatening hour,
Didst save me from their fury;
And I reposed in quiet sleep
Whilst Thou unwearied watch didst keep;
To Thee all praise and glory!
Lord, all My soul,
Upward springing, Loudly singing,
Shall adore Thee,
While on earth I walk before Thee.
5. This day my Fortress, Lord, abide,
Now ope Thy gates of mercy wide,
Within their shelter place me;
My Castle and my Rock Thou art,
Oh, let no foeman's treacherous dart
From Thee, my Stronghold, chase me!
Help, Lord, Afford!
Near me tarry Blows to parry,
While around me
Sword and arrow sore confound me.

6. Pour down Thy grace in cheering streams
And warm my heart with mercy's beams
From heaven, Thy throne of beauty;
Let Thy good Spirit guide my will
That I, whate'er my station, still
May seek my joy in duty.
Send light And might
That each measure, Scheme and pleasure,
Heavenward tending,
Still in Thee may find its ending.
7. Keep grief, if this may be, away;
If not, Thy will be done, I say,
My choice to Thine resigning.
O come and like the morning dew
Refresh my heart and make it new,
That I may, unrepining,
Bear cross And loss
Till that morrow Chase all sorrow,
When upraisèd
Where Thy name is ever praised.
8. Meanwhile, my heart, both sing and leap,
Mid cross and loss good courage keep,
To heaven's bright gate you hasten;
Then lay desponding care aside,
God ever thus His own hath tried
And those He loves doth chasten;
Hope still Midst ill,
Calm, though grieving, Firm believing
Tribulation
Is the road to sure salvation.

B. Wiesenmeyer, 1653; F. E. Cox, tr., a.

WE lift our hearts to Thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but Thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2. O let Thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.
3. How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change
And nature's God adore.
4. O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
May Jesus' blood, like morning dew,
Wash all our stains away.
5. May we this life improve
To mourn for errors past
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

Charles Wesley, 1741.

26

7s

- NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be Thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
2. Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and cleanse our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labor, help us pray.
 3. Keep our haughty passions bound,
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
 4. When our work of life is past,
Oh, receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Samson Occom, 1770.

27

C. M.

LORD of my life, O may Thy praise
 Employ my noblest powers;
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days
 And fills the circling hours.

2. Preserved by Thine almighty arm,
 I pass the shades of night,
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 And see returning light.
3. When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed
 To guard my feeble clay.
4. O let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend;
 From every trespass, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.
5. Smile on my minutes as they roll
 And guide my future days;
 And let Thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

28

7s 6l

EVERY morning mercies new
 Fall as fresh as morning dew;
 Every morning let us pay
 Tribute with the early day;
 For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
 Thy compassion doth endure.

2. Still the greatness of Thy love
 Daily doth our sins remove;
 Daily, far as east from west,
 Lifts the burden from the breast;
 Gives unbought to those who pray
 Strength to stand in evil day.

3. Let our prayers each morn prevail
That these gifts may never fail;
And as we confess the sin
And the Tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.
4. As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore, 1863.

29

L. M.

- AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
 3. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
 4. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design or do or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
 5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken, 1695.

EVENING.

30

C. M.

SINCE now the day has reached its close
And sunlight shines no more,
In sleep the toil-worn find repose
And all who wept before.

2. But Thou, my God, no rest dost know,
No slumber dims Thy sight;
Thou hatest darkness as Thy foe,
For Thou Thyself art light.

3. O Lord, I pray, remember me
Throughout the gloom of night
And grant to me most graciously
The shield of Thy great night.

4. Turn from me Satan's tyranny
Through many an angel arm,
Then shall I be from danger free
And safe from every harm.

5. I know the evil I have done
Doth cry aloud to Thee;
But yet the mercy of Thy Son
Hath full atoned for me.

6. Him I present Thee as my bail
While suppliant at Thy feet;
With such assurance I'll not fail
Before Thy judgment-seat.

7. And therefore now I close my eyes
And sleep with tranquil breast;
Why waste the time in fears or sighs?
God watches o'er my rest.

8. Away, vain, idle thoughts, depart!
Roam not, my soul, abroad!
For now I build within my heart
A temple to my God.

9. Should this night prove the last for me
 In this dark vale of tears,
 Then lead me, Lord, in heaven to Thee
 And my elect compeers.
10. And thus I live and die to Thee,
 Strong Lord of hosts, indeed!
 In life and death Thou helpst me
 From every fear and need.

J. T. Herzog, before 1670.

31

8, 7

- SINK not yet, my soul, to slumber,
 Wake, my heart, go forth and tell,
 All the mercies without number
 That this bygone day befell.
 Tell how God hath kept afar
 All things that against me war,
 Hath upheld me and defended,
 And His grace my soul befriended.
2. Father, merciful and holy,
 Thee to-night I praise and bless,
 Who, to labor true and lowly,
 Grantest ever meet success;
 Many a sin and many a woe,
 Many a fierce and subtle foe,
 Hast Thou checked that once alarmed me,
 So that naught to-day has harmed me.
3. Yes, our wisdom vainly ponders,
 Fathoms not Thy loving thought.
 Never tongue can tell the wonders
 That Thy hand for me hath wrought;
 Thou hast guided me to-day
 That no ill hath crossed my way.
 There is neither bound nor measure
 In Thy love's o'erflowing treasure.
4. Now the light that nature gladdens,
 And the pomp of day, is gone,
 And my heart is tired and saddens
 As the gloomy night comes on.

Ah, then, with Thy changeless light
Warm and cheer my heart to-night;
As the shadows round me gather,
Keep me close to Thee, my Father!

5. Of Thy grace, I pray Thee, pardon
All my sins and heal their smart;
Sore and heavy is their burden,
Sharp their sting within my heart;
And my Foe lays many a snare
But to tempt me to despair.
Thou alone canst help me, Savior;
Punish not my ill behavior.
6. Though I have from Thee departed,
Now I seek Thy face again,
For Thy Son, the loving-hearted,
Made our peace through bitter pain.
Yes, far greater than our sin,
Though it still be strong within,
Is Thy love that fails us never,
Mercy that endures forever.
7. Brightness of th' eternal city!
Light of every faithful soul!
Safe beneath Thy sheltering pity
Let the tempest past me roll;
Now it darkens far and near,
Still, my God, still be Thou here;
Thou canst comfort, and Thou only,
When the night is long and lonely.
8. From the power of darkness save me
And from Satan's hellish snares,
Who endeavors to enslave me
And assails me unawares;
Let me never lose the sight
Of Thy good and gracious light;
Thou canst fill my heart with gladness,
That it feel no pain in sadness.

9. Though my weary eyes are closing
And my senses fall asleep,
Still my soul, on Thee reposing,
Ever must its vigils keep.
Let my spirit longingly
Always dream, my God, of Thee,
Firmly unto Thee e'er cleaving,
Sleeping, yet Thy grace receiving.
10. Lord, the twilight now hath vanished,
Send Thy blessing on my sleep,
Every sin and terror banished,
Let my rest be calm and deep.
Soul and body, mind and health,
Wife and children, house and wealth,
Friend and foe, the sick, the stranger,
Keep Thou safe from harm and danger.
11. O Thou mighty God, now hearken
To the prayer Thy child hath made;
Jesus, while the night-hours darken,
Be Thou still my hope, my aid;
Holy Ghost, on Thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all,
Hear my earnest prayer, O hear me!
Lord, Thou hearest, Thou art near me.

J. Rist, 1642.

32

L. M.

- THE happy sunshine now is gone,
The gloomy night comes swiftly on;
But shine Thou still, O Christ, our Light,
Nor let us lose ourselves in night.
2. We thank Thee that throughout the day
Thy angels watched around our way
And free from harm and vexing fear
Have led us on in safety here.
3. Whate'er of wrong we've done or said,
Let not the charge on us be laid;
That, through Thy free forgiveness blest,
In peaceful slumber we may rest.

4. Thy guardian angels round us place,
All evil from our couch to chase;
Our soul and body, while we sleep,
In safety, gracious Father, keep.

Nikolaus Herman, 1560.

33

7, 7

NOW rest beneath night's shadows,
Man, beast, town, woods, and meadows,
The world in slumber lies;
But thou, my heart, awake thee,
To prayer and song betake thee,
Let praise to thy Creator rise.

2. O sun, where art thou vanished?
The night thy reign hath banished,
The foe of day, the night.
Farewell! For now appeareth
Another Sun and cheereth
My heart — 'tis Jesus Christ, my Light.
3. The last faint beam is going,
The golden stars are glowing
In yonder dark-blue deep;
Such is the glory given
When, called of God to heaven,
On earth no more we pine and weep.
4. To rest my body hasteth,
Aside its garments casteth,
Types of mortality;
These I put off and ponder
How Christ shall give me yonder
A robe of glorious majesty.
5. Head, hands, and feet, reposing,
Are glad the day is closing,
That work came to an end;
Cheer up, my heart, with gladness!
For God from all earth's sadness
And from sin's toil relief will send.

6. Ye weary limbs, now rest you,
For toil hath sore oppressed you,
And quiet sleep ye crave;
A sleep shall once o'ertake you
From which no man can wake you,
In your last narrow bed — the grave.
7. My heavy eyes are closing;
When I lie deep reposing,
Soul, body, where are ye?
To helpless sleep I yield them;
O let Thy mercy shield them,
Thou sleepless Eye, their Guardian be!
8. Lord Jesus, who dost love me,
O spread Thy wings above me
And shield me from alarm!
Though Satan would devour me,
Let angel-guards sing o'er me:
"This child of God shall meet no harm!"
9. My loved ones, rest securely,
From every peril surely
Our God will guard your heads.
May He sweet slumbers send you
And bid His hosts attend you,
And golden-armed, watch o'er your beds!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

34

L. M.

- CHRIST, everlasting Source of light,
All things are open to Thy sight;
Thou Splendor of Thy Father's face,
Show us the path of truth and grace.
2. We now implore Thy sovereign might
To keep us, Lord, the coming night;
Preserve us, Lord, from all distress;
O God, Thy mercy we address.
 3. Remove our sinful drowsiness;
Let Satan not our soul oppress;
Our feeble flesh keep chaste and pure
And let us rest in Thee secure.

4. And when our eyes are bound in sleep,
The lamp of faith still burning keep;
Thy hand sustain us while we rest;
Remove our sin, and we are blest.
5. Great Guardian of Thy Christian flock,
Thy presence be our saving rock;
Thine agony and holy blood
Be always our support, O God!
6. Remember, Lord, the woes and pains
Which here our body hold in chains;
Our soul, which Thou hast ransomed, Lord,
O comfort with Thy holy Word.
7. To God the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory, praise, and majesty
Now, ever, and eternally.

From Ambrose's *Christe, qui lux es et dies*:
W. Meusslin, 1527.

35

L. M.

- BEFORE Thy throne I now appear,
O Lord, bow down Thy gracious ear
To me and cast not from Thy face
Thy sinful child, that sues for grace.
2. Thou, Father of eternity,
Thine image hast impressed on me;
In Thee I am and live and move,
Nor can exist without Thy love.
 3. Oft hast Thou snatched me from distress
And raised me oft when comfortless,
When but a step, nay, one hair's breadth,
Was 'twixt my tottering life and death.
 4. My sense and reason come from Thee,
And sustenance Thou givest me;
A faithful friend Thou dost bestow
To prove his love in weal and woe.

5. Thou hast redeemed me, Son of God,
Hast shed for me Thy precious blood,
The Law for my sake hast fulfilled,
And thus Thy Father's wrath hast stilled.
6. When sin and Satan witness bear
Against me that I must despair,
As Mediator step Thou in
And save me from the curse of sin.
7. Thou art my Advocate for aye,
My Savior, Comfort, and my Stay.
Thine all-sufficient merit is
On earth my peace, in heaven my bliss.
8. God Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Thou workest in this heart of mine;
Naught can be counted good in me
But what proceeds alone from Thee.
9. Through Thee I now my God adore
And call Him Father evermore;
Through Thee His Word and Sacrament
I love and hold till life is spent.
10. Through Thee I'm in temptation free
From fear and sad despondency;
Through Thee I'm quickened oft to taste
The sweets of Thine eternal rest.
11. And so I now give thanks to Thee
With heart and tongue most joyfully
For all Thy mercies, Lord, my God,
Which on my soul Thou hast bestowed.
12. Beseeching Thine almighty grace
To aid me, till I've run my race,
Soul, body, honor, house, and friend
To Thy protection I commend.
13. Give me a heart that is sincere,
To love Thy truth, and persevere
In faith and Christian piety
And shun all base hypocrisy.

14. My sins and trespasses forgive;
Have patience with me while I live;
O give me faith and charity
And let my hope rest but in Thee.
15. Grant that in peace I close mine eyes,
But on the Last Day bid me rise
And let me see Thy face fore'er —
Amen, Amen, Lord, hear my prayer!
- B. von Hodenberg, 1640; J. Gesenius, a. 1650.

36

L. M.

- GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the Judgment Day.
4. Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- Thomas Ken, 1695, abr.

37

8, 7

- SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us.
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

38

11, 11, 11, 5

- NOW God be with us, for the night is
closing;
The light and darkness are of His dis-
posing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we
yield us,
For He will shield us.
2. Let evil thoughts and spirits flee
before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master,
o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm
defend us,
Thine angels send us.
 3. Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep
o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when
morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are
doing
Thy praise pursuing.
 4. Through Thy Beloved soothe the sick and
weeping
And bid the captive lose his griefs in
sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee com-
mend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

5. We have no refuge, none on earth to
aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast
made us:
But Thy dear presence will not leave
them lonely
Who seek Thee only.
6. Father, Thy name be praised, Thy king-
dom given;
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in
heaven;
Give daily bread, forgive our sins,
deliver
Us now and ever.

Bohemian Brethren, 1566; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

39

L. M.

- THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past
And gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
His ever-watchful eye will keep
Its constant guard around my bed.
4. Faith in Thy name forbids my fear;
Oh, may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving-kindness on my heart!

Isaac Watts, 1709, a. and abr.

40

10s

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide!

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
3. Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,
Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
4. Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!
5. Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse mean-
while,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
6. I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the
Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!
7. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

8. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

41

S. M.

- THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.
2. Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
3. And when I early rise
And view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize
And after glory run,
4. That, when my days are past
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

J. Leland, 1792.

42

L. M

- SUN of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Has spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
5. Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
And lead us by Thy hand of love
Until we reach our home above.

J. Keble, 1820.

43

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- THROUGH the day Thy love hath
spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
2. Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
 3. Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth and saints in heav'n;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being giv'n,
Who dost seek and save the lost:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

44

8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

2. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
Let us in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the trumpet's call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, blest Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Reginald Heber, 1827; 2d stanza, R. Whately, 1860.

45

6, 5

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2. Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
3. Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May my eyelids close.
4. Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5. When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes!
6. Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
While all ages run.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865, abr.

INVITATION.

46

C. M. 81

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

H. Bonar, 1846.

47

C. M.

- THE Savior calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound,
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
2. For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow
And life and health and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.
3. Here springs of sacred pleasures rise
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
4. Ye sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?
5. Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly
And take the bliss Thy love imparts
And drink and never die.

Anne Steele, 1760.

48

7s

- SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you — Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
2. He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?
3. Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you — Why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live.

4. Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?
5. Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you — Why?
He, who all your lifetime strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love.
6. Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

Charles Wesley, 1741.

49

7, 6, 81

- “COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.”
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
2. “Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light.”
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.
 3. “Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life,”
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The Foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4. "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

W. C. Dix, 1867.

50

7, 6, 81

TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin.
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been;
However long from mercy
Our hearts have turned away,
Thy precious blood can cleanse us
And make us white to-day.

2. To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find' a Father's welcome
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be giv'n,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heav'n.

3. To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates.
No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

4. O all-embracing Mercy,
 O ever-open Door,
 What should we do without Thee
 When heart and eye run o'er?
 When all things seem against us,
 To drive us to despair,
 We know one gate is open,
 One ear will hear our prayer.

O. Allen, 1862.

51

L. M.

- BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
2. But will He prove a friend indeed?
 He will; the very Friend you need;
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.
3. O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart and laden hands;
 O matchless kindness! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.
4. Admit Him lest His anger burn
 And He, departing, ne'er return;
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
 When at His door denied you'll stand.

J. Grigg, 1756, a.

52

S. M.

- THE Spirit in our hearts
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
 The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
 To all His children, "Come!"
2. Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, "Come!"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness
 To Christ, the Fountain, come.

3. Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
4. Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come."
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come!

H. U. Onderdonk, 1826.

53

S. M.

- LET every ear attend
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye starving souls,
That feed upon the wind
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
 3. Here Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
 4. Ho! ye that pant for streams
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
 5. Rivers of mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
 6. The gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

54

L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, return
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
4. Return, O wanderer, return
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

55

L. M.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2. O hasten, mercy to implore
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.
3. Hasten, O sinner, to return
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4. Hasten, O sinner, to be blest
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott, 1773.

56

7e

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.
3. With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.
5. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
6. Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

57

11s

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw
near,

The waters of life are now flowing for
thee;

No price is demanded; the Savior is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is
free.

2. Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy
God?

A fountain is opened; how canst thou
refuse

To wash and be cleansed in His par-
doning blood?

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee
to-day;

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the
tomb;

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
away.

4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its
sad flight

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy
race,

To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the
heavens shall fade;

The dead, small and great, in the Judg-
ment shall stand;

What power then, O sinner, shall lend
thee its aid?

T. Hastings, 1831.

58

7s

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
 All who feel your heavy load;
 Jesus calls His wanderers home;
 Hasten to your pardoning God.

2. Come, ye guilty souls opprest,
 Answer to the Savior's call:
 "Come, and I will give you rest;
 Come, and I will save you all."
3. Jesus, full of truth and love,
 We Thy gracious call obey;
 Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away.
4. Fain we would on Thee rely,
 Cast on Thee our sin and care,
 To Thine arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.
5. Lo, we come to Thee for ease:
 True and gracious as Thou art,
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

Charles Wesley, 1746, a.

PRAISE.

59

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

MY soul, now bless thy Maker!
 Let all within me bless His name,
 Who maketh thee partaker
 Of mercies more than thou dar'st claim!
 Forget Him not, whose meekness
 Forgiveth all thy sin;
 Who healeth all thy weakness,
 Renews thy life within;
 Whose grace and care are endless
 And saved thee through the past;
 Who leaves no sufferer friendless,
 But rights the wronged at last.

2. He shows to man His treasure
Of judgment, truth, and righteousness,
His love beyond all measure,
His yearning pity o'er distress;
Nor treats us as we merit,
But lays His anger by,
The humble, contrite spirit
Finds His compassion nigh;
Far as the heavens above us,
As break from close of day,
So far, since He doth love us,
He casts our sins away.
3. For as a tender father
Hath pity on his children here,
He in His arms will gather
All who are His in childlike fear.
He knows how frail our powers,
Who but from dust are made;
We flourish as the flowers,
And even so we fade;
The wind but o'er them passes,
And all their bloom is o'er, —
We wither like the grasses,
Our place knows us no more.
4. His grace alone endureth,
And children's children yet shall prove
How God with strength assureth
The hearts of all that seek His love.
In heaven is fixed His dwelling,
His rule is over all;
Angels in might excelling,
Bright hosts, before Him fall!
Praise Him who ever reigneth,
All ye who hear His Word,
Nor our poor hymns disdaineth; —
My soul, O bless the Lord!

G. Graumann, 1525; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

60

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

TO God, the Father of all love,
The God of earth and heaven,
The mighty God, who reigns above,
Be praise and glory given!
With healing balm my soul He fills
And every pain and sorrow stills,—
To God all praise and glory!

2. The angel host, O King of kings,
Thy praise forever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore and praise their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right,—
To God all praise and glory!
3. What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just and all is right,—
To God all praise and glory!
4. I cried to God in my distress,
His mercy heard me calling;
My Savior saw my helplessness
And kept my feet from falling.
For this, Lord, praise and thanks to
Thee!
Praise God most high, praise God with
me,—
To God all praise and glory!
5. The Lord forsaketh not His flock,
His chosen generation;
He is their Refuge and their Rock,
Their Peace and their Salvation,
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove,—
To God all praise and glory!

6. When earth can comfort us no more
Nor human help availeth,
The Maker comes Himself, whose store
Of blessing never faileth,
And bends on them a Father's eyes,
Whom earth all rest and hope denies, —
To God all praise and glory!
7. Thus all my pilgrim way along
I'll sing aloud Thy praises
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises.
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;
Both soul and body, bear your part, —
To God all praise and glory!
8. Ye who confess Christ's holy name,
To God give praise and glory!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
To God give praise and glory!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God! The Lord is God!
To God all praise and glory!
9. Then come before His presence now
And banish fear and sadness;
To your Redeemer pay your vow
And sing with joy and gladness:
Though great distress my soul befall,
The Lord, my God, rules over all, —
To God all praise and glory!

J. J. Schuetz, 1673.

31

C. M.

- SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He hath my heart and He my tongue
To spread His name abroad.
2. How great the works His hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3. How most exact is nature's frame!
 How wise th' eternal Mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That His first thoughts designed.
4. When He redeemed the sons of men,
 He fixed His covenant sure;
 The orders that His lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.
5. Nature and time and earth and skies
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim.
 What shall we do to make us wise
 But learn to read Thy name!
6. To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill;
 And he's the wisest of our race
 Who best obeys Thy will. Isaac Watts, 1719.

62

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

- O THAT I had a thousand voices,
 A mouth to speak with thousand
 tongues!
 My heart, which in the Lord rejoices,
 Then would proclaim in grateful songs
 To all, wherever I might be,
 What great things God hath done for me.
2. O that my voice might high be sounding,
 Far as the widely distant poles;
 My blood run quick, with rapture
 bounding,
 Long as its vital current rolls,
 And every pulse thanksgiving raise,
 And every breath a hymn of praise!
3. O all ye powers that God implanted,
 Arise, keep silence thus no more,
 Put forth the strength that He hath
 granted!
 Your noblest work is to adore.
 My soul and body, make ye meet
 With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet!

4. Ye forest leaves, so green and tender,
That dance for joy in summer air;
Ye meadow grasses, bright and slender;
Ye flowers, so wondrous sweet and fair;
Ye live to show His praise alone,
Help me to make His glory known!
5. O all things that have breath and motion,
That throng with life, earth, sea, and sky,
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
Help me to raise His praises high;
My utmost powers can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of His might.
6. Dear Father, endless praise I render
For soul and body, strangely joined;
I praise Thee, Guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find
So richly spread on every side
And freely for my use supplied.
7. What equal praises can I offer,
Dear Jesus, for Thy mercy shown?
What pangs, my Savior, didst Thou suffer,
And thus for all my sins atone!
Thy death alone my soul could free
From Satan, to be blest with Thee.
8. Glory and praise, still onward reaching,
Thine be it, Spirit of all grace,
Whose holy power and faithful teaching
Give me among Thy saints a place!
Whate'er of good in me may shine
Comes only from Thy light divine.
9. Who grants abundant gifts to bless me?
Who but Thyself, O God of love?
Who guards my ways lest fears oppress me?
'Tis Thou, Lord God of hosts, above!
And when my sins Thy wrath provoke,
Thy patience, Lord, forbears the stroke.

10. I kiss the rod, too, unrepining,
When God His chastening makes me feel,
My graces call for His refining,
The trial works no lasting ill;
It purifies and makes it known
That He regards me as His own.
11. In life I often have discovered,
With gratitude and glad surprise,
When clouds of sorrows o'er me hovered,
God sent from them my best supplies.
In troubles He is ever near
And shows me all a Father's care.
12. Why not, then, with a faith unbounded,
Forever in His love confide?
Why not, with earthly griefs surrounded,
Rejoicing still in hope abide,
Until I reach that blissful home
Where doubt and sorrow never come?
13. No more low vanities regarding,
To Thee, in whom I find my rest,
I cry, my inmost soul according,
"My God, Thou art the Highest, Best;
Strength, honor, praise, and thanks, and
power
Be Thine both now and evermore!"
14. Lord, I will tell, while I am living,
Thy goodness forth with every breath
And greet each morning with thanksgiving
Until my heart is still in death;
Yea, when at last my lips grow cold,
Thy praise shall in my sighs be told.
15. O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in heav'n shall reach Thee,
When I with angels hymn Thy praise
And learn amid their choirs to sing
Loud hallelujahs to my King.

J. Mentzer, 1704.

63

14, 14, 4, 7, 8

PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the
King of creation!

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy
Health and Salvation!

Join the full throng;

Wake, harp and psalter and song;

Sound forth in glad adoration!

2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things
so wondrously reigneth,
Who, as on wings of an eagle, uplifteth,
sustaineth.

Hast thou not seen

How thy desires all have been

Granted in what He ordaineth?

3. Praise to the Lord, who hath fearfully,
wondrously, made thee;
Health hath vouchsafed and, when heed-
lessly falling, hath stayed thee!

What need or grief

Ever hath failed of relief?—

Wings of His mercy did shade thee.

4. Praise to the Lord, who doth visibly bless
and defend thee;

Who from the heavens the streams of His
mercy doth send thee!

Ponder anew

What the Almighty can do

If with His love He befriend thee.

5. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is
in me adore Him!

All that hath life and breath, come now
with praises before Him!

He is thy Light;

Soul, keep it always in sight,

Gladly forever adore Him!

64

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

NOW thank we all our God

With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,

In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours to-day.

2. Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all this life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

Martin Rinckart, 1630; C. Winkworth, tr.

65

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7

I WILL sing my Maker's praises
And in Him most joyful be,
For in all things I see traces
Of His tender love to me.
Nothing but His love could move Him
With such sweet and tender care
Evermore to raise and bear
All who try to serve and love Him.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.

2. As an eagle spreadeth over
Her young brood her sheltering wings,
So the arm of God did cover
Me against affliction's stings.
He who life and being gave me,
Even in my mother's womb,
From the cradle to the tomb,
He shall ever guard and save me.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
3. Yea, so dear did He esteem me
That His Son He loved so well
He hath given to redeem me
From the quenchless flames of hell.
O Thou Spring of boundless blessing,
How could e'er my feeble mind
Of Thy depth the bottom find,
Though my efforts were unceasing?
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
4. God His Spirit to instruct me
In His holy Word hath giv'n
That He safely may conduct me
Through this weary world to heav'n.
He my heart's dark chamber filleth
With the clear, pure light of faith,
Which destroys the power of death;
Yea, e'en hell itself it stilleth.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
5. All that for my soul is needful
He doth carefully provide,
Nor of that is He unheedful
Which my body needs beside.
When my strength cannot avail me,
When my powers can do no more,
Doth my God His strength outpour,
In my need He doth not fail me.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.

6. All the hosts of earth and heaven
Wheresoe'er I turn mine eye,
For my benefit are given
That they may my need supply.
All that's living, all that's growing,
On the heights or in the woods,
In the vales or in the floods,
God is for my good bestowing.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
7. When I sleep, He still is near me,
O'er me rests His guardian eye;
And new gifts and blessings cheer me
When the morning streaks the sky.
Were it not for God's protection,
Had His countenance not been
Here my guide, I had not seen
Any end of my affliction.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
8. Ah, how often doth the devil
Cause some great calamity!
But my life from all such evil
Till this moment has been free.
For the angel whom God sendeth,
Wardeth off each threatening hurt,
Every evil doth avert
That mine enemy intendeth.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
9. As a father never turneth
Wholly from a wayward child,
For the prodigal still yearneth,
Longing to be reconciled:
So my many sins and errors
Find a tender, pardoning God,
Chast'ning frailty with His rod,
Not, in vengeance, with His terrors.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.

10. All His strokes and scourges truly
For the moment grievous prove
And yet, when I weigh them duly,
Are but tokens of His love,
Proofs that He is watching o'er me
And by crosses to His fold,
From the world that fain would hold
Soul and body, would restore me.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
11. On this thought I dwell with pleasure;
For it granteth joy and peace.
Christ's cross hath its time and measure
And at last will wholly cease.
When the winter disappeareth,
Lovely summer comes again;
Joy is giv'n for woe and pain
Who his cross in patience beareth.
All things have their little day,
God's great love abides for aye.
12. Since, then, neither change nor coldness
In my Father's love can be,
Lo, I lift my hands with boldness,
As Thy child I come to Thee.
Grant me grace, O God, I pray Thee,
That I may with all my might,
All my lifetime, day and night,
Love and trust Thee and obey Thee;
And when this brief life is o'er,
Praise and love Thee evermore.

Paul Gerhardt, 1659.

66

L. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2. To Thee aloud all angels cry.
The heavens and all the powers on high;
Thee, "Holy, Holy, Holy King.
Lord God of hosts!" they ever sing.
3. Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
Thy martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.
4. From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee.
Thy name we worship and adore
World without end, forevermore!
5. Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
Have mercy, Lord! We trust in Thee;
O let us ne'er confounded be!

T. Cotterill, 1815, a.

67

9, 10, 9, 10, 10, 10

JEHOVAH, let me now adore Thee,
For where is there a God such, Lord,
as Thou?

With songs I fain would come before
Thee;

O let Thy Holy Spirit teach me now
To praise Thee in His name, through
whom alone

Our songs can please Thee, through Thy
blessed Son.

2. O Father, draw me to my Savior
That Thy dear Son may draw me
unto Thee;
Thy Spirit guide my whole behavior
And rule both sense and reason thus
in me,
That, Lord, Thy peace I taste may ne'er
depart,
But wake sweet melodies within my heart.

3. Grant that Thy Spirit prompt my praises,
Then shall my singing surely please
Thine ear;
Sweet are the sounds my heart then
raises,
My prayer in truth and spirit Thou
wilt hear.
Then shall Thy Spirit raise my heart to
Thee
To sing Thee psalms of praise in high
degree.
4. For He can plead for me with sighings
That are unspeakable to lips like mine;
He bids me pray with earnest cryings,
Bears witness with my soul that I am
Thine,
Joint heir with Christ and thus may dare
to say:
O Abba, Father, hear me when I pray!
5. When thus my heart in prayer ascendeth
Through Thine own Holy Spirit unto
Thee,
Thy heart, O Father, kindly bendeth
Its fervent love and favor unto me,
Rejoicing my petition to fulfil
Which I have made according to Thy will.
6. And what Thy Spirit thus hath taught me
To seek from Thee must needs be such
a prayer
As Thou wilt grant, through Him who
bought me
And raised me up to be Thy child and
heir.
In Jesus' name I, fearless, seek Thy face
And take from Thee, my Father, grace
for grace.

7. O joy! my hope and trust are founded
 On His sure Word and witness in the
 heart;
 I know Thy mercies are unbounded,
 And all good gifts Thou freely wilt
 impart;
 Nay, more is lavished by Thy bounteous
 hand
 Than I can ask or seek or understand.
8. O bliss! in Jesus' name I've tendered
 My prayer; He pleads at Thy right
 hand for me.
 Yea and amen in Him is rendered
 What I in faith and spirit ask of Thee.
 O joy for me! and praise be ever Thine
 Whose wondrous love has made such
 blessings mine!

Bartholomew Crassellius, 1697; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

68

7s

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake, and it was done.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.
3. Heaven and earth must pass away;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day:
 God will make new heavens and earth;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
4. And shall man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
6. Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819.

69

8, 5, 8 1

- LORD, 'tis not that I did choose Thee,
That could never be,
For this heart would still refuse Thee;
Thou hast chosen me,
Hast from all the sin that stained me
Washed and set me free
And unto this end ordained me,
That I live to Thee.
2. 'Twas Thy love and mercy called me,
Taught my opening mind;
Else the world had yet enthralled me,
To Thy glories blind.
Now my heart owns none above Thee;
For Thy grace I thirst;
Knowing well that, if I love Thee,
Thou didst love me first.
 3. Praise the God of all creation
For His boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest enthroned above;
Praise the Spirit of salvation,
Him by whom we live;
Undivided adoration
To the Godhead give!

Josiah Conder, † 1855.

70

L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all His ways,
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown.
His mercies ever shall endure
When lords and kings are known no more.
3. He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high.
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.
4. He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
5. He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave.
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat His mercies in your song.
6. Through this vain world He guides our feet
And leads us to His heavenly seat.
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

Ps. 136. Isaac Watts, 1719.

71

7s 6l

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face!
Shine upon us, Savior, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2. Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Lord and King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
3. Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

72

C. M.

- WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
 3. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
 4. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.
 5. Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

J. Addison, 1712, abr.

73

L. M. 61

I'LL praise my Maker whilst I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last
Or immortality endures.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
3. The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

74

C. M.

TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will!
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still.

2. And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our soul with light,
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might!

3. And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son:
4. Have mercy, Thou, that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away!
Have mercy, Savior of mankind,
And hear us when we pray!
5. O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One!
6. Thou only, with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high forevermore.

Supplement to Tate and Brady, 1700, a.

75

C. M.

- THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of His deliverance I will boast
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take
And charm their griefs to rest.
 3. O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name!
When in distress on Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
 4. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

5. O make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
6. Fear Him, ye Christians, you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Ps. 34. Tate and Brady, 1698, a.

76

S. M.

- O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.
2. O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness
And without praises die.
3. 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And gives thee strength again.
4. He crowns thy life with love
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.
5. He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for th' oppress.
6. His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

Ps. 103. Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

77

S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2. God will not always chide;
And when His wrath is felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.
3. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
4. His grace subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.
5. The pity of the Lord
To those who fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
6. Our days are as the grass
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
7. But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Ps. 103. Isaac Watts, 1719.

78

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.

2. His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
3. We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame.
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
5. Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

79

L. M.

- FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim
And shout for joy the Savior's name.
 4. In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

80

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

THE Lord hath helped me hitherto
 By His surpassing favor;
 His mercies ev'ry morn were new,
 His kindness did not waver.
 God hitherto hath been my Guide,
 Hath pleasures hitherto supplied,
 And hitherto hath helped me.

2. I praise and thank Thee, Lord, my God,
 For Thine abundant blessing,
 Which heretofore Thou hast bestowed
 And I am still possessing.
 Inscribe this on my memory:
 The Lord hath done great things for me
 And graciously hath helped me.

3. Help me in future, God of grace,
 Help me on each occasion,
 Help me in each and ev'ry place,
 Help me through Jesus' Passion;
 Help me in life and death, O God,
 Help me through Jesus' dying blood,
 Help me as Thou hast helped me!

Emilia Juliana, Countess of Schwarzburg, † 1706;
 A. Crull, tr., 1882.

THE REDEEMER.

81

8, 7, 8, 7

LAMB of God, we fall before Thee,
 Humbly trusting in Thy cross;
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are only dross.

2. Thee we own a perfect Savior,
 Only Source of all that's good.
 Every grace and every favor
 Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

3. Jesus gives us true repentance,
By His Spirit sent from heav'n;
Whispers this transporting sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
4. Faith He grants us to believe it,
Grateful hearts His love to prize;
Want we wisdom? He must give it;
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.
5. Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what He requires,
Makes us follow His directions,
And what He commands, inspires.
6. All our prayers and all our praises,
Rightly offered in His name,—
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

82

6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5, 7, 8, 6

JESUS, priceless Treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
Truest Friend to me!
Long my heart hath panted,
Till it well-nigh fainted,
Thirsting after Thee.
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb!
I will suffer naught to hide Thee,
Ask for naught beside Thee.

2. In Thine arms I rest me,
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here;
Though the earth be shaking,
Every heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear;
Sin and hell, In conflict fell,
With their heaviest storms assail me.
Jesus will not fail me.

3. Satan, I defy thee;
Death, I need not fly thee;
Fear, I bid thee cease!
Rage, O world; thy noises
Cannot drown our voices
Singing still of peace,
For God's power Guards every hour;
Earth and all its depths adore Him,
Silent bow before Him.
4. Wealth, I will not heed thee,
Wherefore should I need thee?
Jesus is my Joy.
Honours, ye may glisten,
But I will not listen,
Ye the soul destroy.
Want or loss Or shame or cross
Ne'er to leave my Lord shall move me
Since He deigns to love me.
5. Farewell, thou who choosest
Earth and heaven refusest;
Thou wilt tempt in vain.
Farewell, sins, nor blind me,
Get ye far behind me,
Come not forth again.
Past your hour, O pomp and power;
Godless life, thy bonds I sever,
Farewell now forever!
6. Hence, all fears and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in.
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within;
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
Still in Thee lies purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless Treasure!

83

8, 7, 8, 7, 12, 12, 11, 11

ONE thing's needful! then, Lord Jesus,
Keep this one thing in my mind;
All beside, though first it please us,
Soon a grievous yoke we find;
Beneath it the heart is still fretting and
striving,
No true, lasting happiness ever deriving.
The gain of this one thing all loss can
requite
And teach me in all things to find true
delight.

2. Soul, wilt thou this one thing find thee?
Seek not midst created things;
What is earthly leave behind thee,
Over nature stretch thy wings.
For where God and Man both in One are
united,
With God's perfect fulness the heart is
delighted,
There, there, is the worthiest lot and the
best,
My One and my All, and my Joy and my
Rest.
3. How were Mary's thoughts devoted
Her eternal joy to find,
As intent each word she noted,
At her Savior's feet reclined!
How kindled her heart, how devout was
its feeling,
While hearing the lessons that Christ
was revealing!
For Jesus all earthly concerns she forgot,
And all was repaid in that one happy lot.
4. Thus my longings, heavenward tending,
Jesus, rest alone on Thee;
Help me, thus on Thee depending,
Savior, come and dwell in me!

Although all the world should forsake
and forget Thee,
In love I will follow Thee, ne'er will
I quit Thee.
Lord Jesus, both spirit and life is Thy
Word;
And is there a joy which Thou dost not
afford?

5. Wisdom's highest, noblest treasure,
Jesus, lies concealed in Thee;
Grant that this may still the measure
Of my will and actions be.
Humility there, and simplicity, reigning,
My steps shall in wisdom forever be
training.
Oh! if I of Christ have this knowledge
divine,
The fulness of heavenly wisdom is mine.
6. Christ, Thou art the sole oblation
That I'll bring before my God;
In His sight I've acceptance
Only through Thy streaming blood.
Immaculate righteousness I have acquired,
Since Thou on the tree of the cross hast
expired;
The robe of salvation forever is mine,
In this shall my faith through eternity
shine.
7. Let my soul, in full exemption,
Wake up in Thy likeness now;
Thou art made to me redemption,
My sanctification Thou.
Whatever I need for my journey to
heaven,
In Thee, O my Savior, is unto me given;
O let me all perishing pleasure forego,
And Thy life, O Jesus, alone let me know.

8. Where should else my hopes be centered?
Grace o'erwhelms me with its flood;
Thou, my Savior, once hast entered
Holiest heaven through Thy blood.
Eternal redemption for sinners there
finding,
From hell's dark dominion my spirit
unbinding,
To me perfect freedom Thy entrance has
brought,
And childlike to cry, "Abba, Father," I'm
taught.
9. Christ Himself, my Shepherd, feeds me,
Peace and joy my spirit fill;
In a pasture green He leads me
Forth beside the waters still.
Oh, naught to my soul is so sweet and
reviving
As thus unto Jesus alone to be living;
True happiness this, and this only,
supplies,
Through faith on my Savior to fasten
mine eyes.
10. Therefore, Jesus, my Salvation,
Thou my One, my All, shalt be.
Prove my fixed determination,
Root out all hypocrisy.
Look well if on sin's slipp'ry paths I am
hasting,
And lead me, O Lord, in the way ever-
lasting!
This one thing is needful, all others are
vain;
I count all but loss that I Christ may
obtain.

84

L. M. 61

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to Thee
And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2. O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown.
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love!
3. O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.
4. Unwearied, may I this pursue.
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there.
5. O draw me, Savior, after Thee!
So shall I run and never tire.
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be Thou my Hope, my sole Desire.
Free me from every weight. Nor fear
Nor sin can come if Thou art here.
6. From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued.
Ever with me may they abide
And close me in on every side.

7. Still let Thy love point out my way;
 How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
 Still lead me lest I go astray;
 Direct my work, inspire my thought;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice and know that love is near.
8. In suffering be Thy love my peace.
 In weakness be Thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my Guide
 And save me, who for me hast died!

P. Gerhardt, 1666; J. Wesley, tr., a.

85

L. M. 61

- THE Lord my pasture shall prepare
 And feed me, with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noonday walks He shall attend
 And all my midnight hours defend.
2. While on the sultry glebe I faint
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My ever wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
3. Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. Addison, 1712.

86

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- JESUS, Jesus, Jesus only
 Can my heartfelt longing still;
 Without Him my soul is lonely,
 And I wish what Jesus will.
 For my heart, which He hath filled,
 Ever cries: Lord, as Thou wilt.
2. One it is for whom I'm living,
 Whom I'm loving faithfully;
 Jesus, unto whom I'm giving
 What in love He gave to me.
 Jesus' blood hides all my guilt;
 Lord, O lead me as Thou wilt.
3. What to me may seem a treasure,
 But displeasing is to Thee,
 O remove such harmful pleasure;
 Give instead what profits me.
 Let my heart by Thee be stilled,
 Make me Thine, Lord, as Thou wilt.
4. Grant that always I endeavor
 Thy good pleasure to fulfil;
 In me, through me, with me ever,
 Lord, accomplish Thou Thy will.
 Let me die, Lord, on Thee built,
 When and where and as Thou wilt.
5. Lord, my praise shall be unceasing,
 For Thou gav'st Thyself to me
 And, besides, so many a blessing,
 That I sing most joyfully:
 Be it unto me, my Shield,
 As Thou wilt, Lord, as Thou wilt.

Ludaemia Elizabeth, Countess of Schwarzburg, 1668;
 A. Crull, tr.

87

11, 4, 4, 11, 6, 6, 6, 7, 8

I LEAVE Thee not; Thou art my Jesus
ever,

Though earth rebel,
And death and hell

Would from its steadfast hold my faith
dissever.

Ah, no! I ever will
Cling to my Helper still.

Hear what my love is taught:

Thou art my Jesus ever,

I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

2. I leave Thee not, O Love! of love the
highest,

Though doubt display
Its battle-day;

I own the power which Thou, my Lord,
appliest.

Thou didst bear guilt and woe;

Shall I to torment go

When into 'Judgment brought?

O Love! of love the highest,

I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

3. I leave Thee not, O Thou who sweetly
cheerest,

Whose fresh supplies

Cause strength to rise

Just in the hour when faith's decay is
nearest.

If sickness chill the soul

And nights of languor roll,

My heart one hope hath caught.

O Thou who sweetly cheerest,

I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

4. I leave Thee not, Thou Help in tribula-
tion!

Heap ill on ill,

I trust Thee still;

I hope when all seems near to desola-
tion.

Do what Thou wilt with me,
Yet will I cling to Thee;
Thy grace I have besought.
Thou Help in tribulation,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

5. I leave Thee not; shall I forsake
salvation?
No, Jesus, no!
Thou shalt not go;
Mine still Thou art, to free from con-
demnation.
Beyond this fleeting night
Thy presence brings me light,
Whose ray my soul hath sought;
Shall I forsake salvation?
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

6. I leave Thee not; Thy Word my way
shall brighten.
With Thee I go
Through weal and woe;
Thy precept wise shall every burden
lighten.
My Lord, on Thee I hang
Nor heed the journey's pang,
Though thorny be my lot;
Thy Word my way shall brighten.
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

7. I leave Thee not, Thou Source of all
my pleasure;
For should I stray
From Thee away,
My richest joy must cease to be a
treasure.
All joys are dross to me,
Unless delight from Thee
Doth cheer my earthly lot.
Thou Source of all my pleasure,
I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

8. I leave Thee not! I fear no condemna-
 tion;
 For how could share
 Thy child and heir
 The lot of those who spurn their soul's
 salvation?
 Thy blood, Lord, cleanseth me,
 And therefore I am free
 From hell, the sinners' lot.
 I fear no condemnation;
 I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

9. I leave Thee not, my God, my Lord,
 my Heaven!
 Nor death shall rend
 From Thee, my Friend,
 Who for my sake Thyself to death hast
 given.
 Thou diedst for love to me,
 My love goes back to Thee;
 My heart has but one thought:
 My God, my Lord, my Heaven,
 I leave Thee not, I leave Thee not!

W. C. Dessler, 1692; J. W. Alexander, tr., 1851.

88

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

MY dear Jesus I'll not leave,
 Who for me Himself has given;
 Therefore unto Him I'll cleave,
 Nor from Him be ever driven;
 Life from Him doth light receive, —
 My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

2. Jesus I will never leave
 While on earth I am abiding;
 My full trust He shall receive;
 What I have, without dividing,
 All to Him I freely give, —
 My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

3. Though my eyesight pass away,
Hearing, taste, and feeling fail me;
Though the earth's last light of day
Shall o'ertake and sore assail me;
When my dying sigh I heave, —
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.
4. Nor will I my Jesus leave
When at length I shall come thither
Where His saints He will receive,
Where in bliss they live together;
Endless joy to me He'll give, —
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.
5. Not for earth's vain joys I crave,
Not for heaven's glorious pleasure;
Jesus, who my soul did save,
Shall be my Desire and Treasure;
He redemption did achieve, —
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.
6. Jesus I shall never leave,
To His side still firmly clinging.
Christ leads all who Him receive
To life's waters ever springing.
Blessed they who to Him cleave! —
My dear Jesus I'll not leave.

Chr. Keymann, c. 1656.

89

7, 4, 7, 4, 7, 4, 6

- JESUS, Thou my heart's Delight,
Sweetest Jesus!
Thrill'st my soul with rapture quite,
Sweetest Jesus!
All cares vanish at Thy sight,
Sweetest Jesus!
Jesus, sweetest Jesus!
2. Evermore I think of Thee,
My Redeemer!
And I long for none but Thee,
My Redeemer!
Yearns my soul with Thee to be,
My Redeemer!
Jesus, my Redeemer!

3. Feed Thou me and fill my soul,
Heavenly Manna!
Quench my thirst, my heart make whole,
Help, Hosanna!
Be the Rest unto my soul,
Rest of weary,
Jesus, Rest of weary!
4. Naught is lovelier than Thou,
Fairest Lover!
Naught is friendlier than Thou,
Gentle Lover!
And naught sweeter is than Thou,
Sweetest Lover,
Jesus, sweetest Lover!
5. I am weak; come, strengthen me,
Strength in weakness!
Faint am I, refresh Thou me,
Sweetest Jesus!
When I die, console Thou me,
Thou Consoler,
Jesus, my Consoler!

J. Flittner, 1661; J. A. Rimbach, tr., 1903, a.

90

C. M.

- O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!
2. When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
3. O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—

4. May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
5. Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, † 1153; E. Caswall, tr., 1848.

91

L. M.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
2. Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 3. Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon.
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning-Star, bids darkness flee.
 4. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
 5. Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 6. Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

J. Grigg, 1765; B. Francis, 1787.

92

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,—
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the Fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, O how great!
3. When I was Satan's easy prey
And deep in debt and bondage lay,
He paid His life for my discharge,—
His loving-kindness, O how large!
4. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,—
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
5. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, O how good!
6. When earthly friends forsake me quite
And I have neither skill nor might,
He's sure my Helper to appear,—
His loving-kindness, O how near!
7. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
8. When I shall pass death's gloomy vale
And all my mortal power must fail,
O may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
9. Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

S. Medley, 1782.

93

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all!

2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod
And crown Him Lord of all!
3. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the Fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!
4. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!
5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!
6. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe
And crown Him Lord of all!
7. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Perronet, 1780.

94

C. M.

THOU art the *Way*; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2. Thou art the *Truth*; Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.
3. Thou art the *Life*; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824.

95

8, 7, 8, 7

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring, 1825.

96

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul
And to the weary, rest.
3. Dear name! the Rock on which I build
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4. By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled:
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
5. Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
6. Weak is the effort of my heart
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
7. Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

97

8, 7, 8, 7

JESUS, Thou art mine forever,
Dearer far than earth to me;
Neither life nor death shall sever
Those sweet ties which bind to Thee.

2. All were drear to me and lonely,
If Thy presence gladdened not;
While I sing to Thee, Thee only,
Mine's an ever blissful lot.

3. Thou alone art all my Treasure,
Who hast died that I may live;
Thou conferrest noblest pleasure,
Who dost all my sins forgive.
4. Brightest gems and fairest flowers
Lose their beauty in Thy frown;
Joy and peace, like balmy showers,
In Thy smile come gently down.
5. Jesus, Thou art mine forever,
Suffer not myself to stray;
Let me in my weakness never
Cast my priceless pearl away.
6. Lamb of God, I do implore Thee,
Guard, support me, lest I fall;
Let me evermore adore Thee,
Be my everlasting All!

M. Loy, 1863.

98

C. M.

- JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!
 3. O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
 4. But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5. Jesus, our only Joy be Thou!
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, † 1153; E. Caswall, tr., 1849, a.

99

78

- CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Lived that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His, and He is mine.
2. O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me, — wondrous
thought! —
Found me when I sought Him not.
3. Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sin forgiv'n,
Joy that lifts the soul to heav'n;
Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod.
4. Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own;
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.
5. O my Savior, help afford
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word!
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Grace in time of need supply
While I live and when I die.

Wm. McComb, 1848.

100

7s 61

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Cheer my eyes, and warm my heart.
3. Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

101

C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue!

2. His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
3. He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die,—
Was ever love like this?
4. Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me!"

5. O may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill every heart and tongue
 Till strangers love the charming name
 And join the sacred song!

Anne Steele, 1760.

102

C. M.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne.
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus."
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 For He was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever Thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high
 And speak Thine endless praise!
5. The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

103

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 4, 8, 4, 8

O MORNING Star, how fair and bright
 Thou beamest forth in truth and light!
 O Sovereign meek and lowly!
 Sweet Root of Jesse, David's Son,
 My King and Bridegroom, Thou hast won
 My heart to love Thee solely!
 Lovely art Thou,
 Fair and glorious, All victorious,
 Rich in blessing,
 Rule and might o'er all possessing.

2. O King high-born, Pearl dearly won,
True Son of God and Mary's Son,
Crown of exceeding glory!
My heart calls Thee a Lily, Lord,
Pure milk and honey is Thy Word,
Thy sweetest Gospel-story.
Rose of Sharon,
Hail! hosanna! Heavenly Manna,
Feed us ever;
Lord, I can forget Thee never!
3. Clear Jasper, Ruby fervent red,
Deep, deep into my heart now shed
Thy love's pure fire forever;
Fill me with joy, grant me to be
Thy member, closely joined to Thee,
Whom naught from Thee may sever;
Toward Thee longing
Doth possess me: Come and bless me,
For Thy gladness
Eye and heart here pine in sadness.
4. But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightway falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, flesh and blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden Treasure.
Let Thy grace, Lord,
Warm and cheer me, O draw near me;
Thou hast taught us
Thee to seek since Thou hast sought us.
5. Lord God, my Father, mighty Shield,
Thou in Thy Son art all revealed
As Thou hast loved and known me;
Thy Son hath me with Him betrothed,
In His own whitest raiment clothed,
He for His bride will own me.
Hallelujah!
Life in heaven Hath He given,
With Him dwelling,
Still shall I His praise be telling.

6. Then touch the chords of harp and lute,
Let no sweet music now be mute,
But, joyously resounding,
Tell of the marriage-feast, the bride,
The heavenly Bridegroom at her side,
Mid love and joy abounding.
Shout for triumph,
Loudly sing ye, Praises bring ye,
Fall before Him,
King of kings, let all adore Him!
7. Here rests my heart and holds it fast;
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End and the Beginning.
I welcome death, for I shall rise
Through Him to His own Paradise,
Above all tears and sinning.
Amen! Amen!
Come, Lord Jesus. Soon release us!
With deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

P. Nicolai, 1597; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

104

S. M. 81

- CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own;
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.
2. Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3. Crown Him the Lord of love
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.
4. Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.
5. Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

M. Bridges, 1851.

105

S. M. 81

- I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;

They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4. I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled.
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love, the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love, His home.

H. Bonar, 1844.

106

7s

JESUS, Savior, come to me!
Let me ever be with Thee;
Come and nevermore depart,
Thou who reignest in my heart.

2. Lord, for Thee I ever sigh,
Nothing else can satisfy;
'Tis my constant cry to Thee:
Jesus, Jesus, come to me!
3. Earthly joys can give no peace,
Cannot bid my longing cease;
But to have my Jesus near,
This is perfect pleasure here.

4. All that makes the angels glad,
In their garb of glory clad,
Only fills me with distress
If Thy presence do not bless.
5. Take 'Thou all away from me,
I shall still thus minded be;
Thou who madest me Thine own
Shalt be e'er my Joy alone.
6. Lord, to none on earth beside
Thee my heart I open wide;
Enter Thou, possess it all,
Thee alone mine own I call.
7. Thou alone, my God and Lord,
Art my Glory and Reward;
Thou hast bled for me and died,
I will be no other's bride.
8. Come, then, Lamb for sinners slain,
Come and ease me of my pain;
Evermore I cry to Thee:
Jesus, Jesus, come to me!
9. Patiently I wait Thy Day;
For this gift yet, Lord, I pray,
That, when death shall come to me,
My sweet Jesus Thou wilt be.

J. Scheffler, c. 1657.

107

7s 81

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed.
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
3. Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and, behold, I live!
4. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

108

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.
4. He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.
5. Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
6. See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
7. Glory to God and praise and love
Be ever, ever giv'n
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heav'n.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

109

8s 101

O FRIEND of souls, how blest am I
Whene'er Thy love my spirit calms!
From sorrow's dungeon forth I fly
And hide me in Thy shelt'ring arms.
The night of weeping flies away
Before the heart-reviving ray
Of love that beams from out Thy breast;
Here is my heaven on earth begun.
Who is not joyful that has won
In Thee, O Lord, his joy and rest?

2. The world may call herself my foe,
So be it; for I trust her not,
E'en though a friendly face she show
And heap with her good things my lot.
In Thee alone will I rejoice,
Thou art the Friend, Lord, of my choice,
For Thou art true when friendships fail;
Mid storms of woe Thy truth is still
My anchor; hate me as she will,
The world shall o'er me ne'er prevail.
3. The Law may threaten endless death
From awful Sinai's burning hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul through faith mounts higher
still;
She throws herself at Jesus' feet
And finds with Him a safe retreat,
Where curse and death can never come.
Though all foes threaten condemnation,
Yet, Jesus, Thou art my Salvation,
For in Thy love I find my home.
4. Through deserts of the cross Thou ledest;
I follow, leaning on Thy hand;
From out the clouds Thy child Thou feedest
And giv'st him water from the sand.
I know Thy wondrous ways will end
In love and blessing, Thou true Friend;
Enough, if Thou art ever near.
I know whom Thou wilt glorify
And raise o'er sun and stars on high,
Thou lead'st through depths and darkness
here.
5. To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, Thou Life of life, to me.
I know Thou ne'er forsakest him
Whose heart and spirit rest in Thee.

Oh, who would fear his journey's close
 If from dark woods and lurking foes
 He then find safety and release?
 Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
 From this dark region I depart
 To Thy eternal light and peace.

6. O Friend of souls, then blest indeed
 Am I when on Thy love I lean!
 The world nor pain nor death I heed,
 Since Thou, my God, my Joy hast been.
 O let this peace that Thou hast giv'n
 Be but a foretaste of Thy heav'n,
 For goodness infinite is Thine.
 Hence, world, with all thy flattering toys!
 In God alone lie all my joys;
 O rich delight, my Friend is mine!

W. C. Dessler, 1692; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

GOD'S WORD.

110

L. M.

LORD, Jesus Christ, with us abide,
 For round us falls the eventide;
 Let not Thy Word, that heavenly light,
 For us be ever veiled in night.

2. In these last days of sore distress
 Grant us, dear Lord, true steadfastness,
 That pure we keep, till life is spent,
 Thy holy Word and Sacrament.
3. Lord Jesus, help, Thy Church uphold,
 For we are sluggish, thoughtless, cold;
 Indue Thy Word with power and grace
 And spread its truth in every place.
4. O keep us in Thy Word, we pray;
 The guile and rage of Satan stay;
 Unto Thy Church grant, Lord, Thy grace,
 Peace, concord, patience, fearlessness.

5. O God! how sin's dread works abound!
Throughout the earth no rest is found,
And wide has falsehood's spirit spread,
And error boldly rears its head.
6. Those haughty spirits, Lord, restrain
Who o'er Thy Church with might would
 reign
And always offer something new,
Devised to change Thy doctrine true.
7. And since the cause and glory, Lord,
Are Thine, not ours, do Thou afford
Us help and strength and constancy;
With all our heart we trust in Thee.
8. A trusty weapon is Thy Word,
Thy Church's buckler, shield, and sword;
Lord, let us in this Word abide,
That we may seek no other guide.
9. O grant that in Thy holy Word
We here may live and die, dear Lord;
And when our journey endeth here,
Receive us into glory there.

N. Selnecker, 1611 (3—9 anon.).

111

C. M.

- HOW precious is the Book Divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
2. Its light, descending from above,
Illumes this world so drear,
Displays a Savior's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.
 3. It shows to man his wandering ways
And where his feet have trod,
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4. O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.
5. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts
And quells our rising fears.
6. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. Fawcett, 1782, abr.

112

C. M.

- HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.
 3. The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.
 4. But still Thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
 5. Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

113

7s, 6s 81

- O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,—
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.
2. The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.
3. It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
4. Oh, make Thy Church, dear Savior,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

W. W. How, 1867, a.

114

L. M.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy Word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest Volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
3. Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
4. Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
5. Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiv'n.
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make Thy Word our guide to heav'n.

Isaac Watts, 1719, abr.

115

L. M.

- THE Law of God is good and wise
And sets His will before our eyes,
Shows us the way of righteousness,
And dooms to death when we transgress.
2. Its light of holiness imparts
The knowledge of our sinful hearts,
That we may see our lost estate
And seek deliv'rance ere too late.
 3. To those who help in Christ have found
And would in works of love abound
It shows what deeds are His delight
And should be done as good and right.
 4. When men the offered help disdain
And wilfully in sin remain,
Its terror in their ear resounds
And keeps their wickedness in bounds.
 5. The Law is good; but since the Fall
Its holiness condemns us all;
It dooms us for our sin to die
And has no power to justify.

6. To Jesus we for refuge flee,
Who from the curse has set us free,
And humbly worship at His throne.
Saved by His grace through faith alone.
M. Loy, 1863.

116

L. M.

- THE Gospel shows the Father's grace,
Who sent His Son to save our race,
Proclaims how Jesus lived and died
That man might thus be justified.
2. It sets the Lamb before our eyes
Who made th' atoning sacrifice
And calls the souls with guilt opprest
To come and find eternal rest.
3. It brings the Savior's righteousness
Our souls to robe in royal dress;
From all our guilt it brings release
And gives the troubled conscience peace.
4. It is the power of God to save
From sin and Satan and the grave;
It works the faith which firmly clings
To all the treasures which it brings.
5. It bears to all the tidings glad
And bids their hearts no more be sad;
The heavy-laden soul it cheers
And banishes their guilty fears.
6. May we in faith its tidings learn,
Nor thanklessly its blessings spurn;
May we in faith its truth confess
And praise the Lord, our Righteousness!
M. Loy, 1863.

117

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
3. Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light!
4. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word
And view my Savior there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

118

L. M.

- WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before
To guide them through the dreary waste
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
2. Such is Thy glorious Word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds its luster all abroad
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.
 3. It fills the soul with sweet delight
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays Thy love, and kindles ours.
 4. Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
While highest wisdom it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.
 5. Ye favored lands, that have this Word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord
And His distinguished grace adore!

B. Beddome, 1769.

119

C. M.

- LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray,
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way;
2. Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
3. Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would break our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:—
4. Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee, how could earth be trod
Or heaven itself be won?
5. Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

B. Barton, 1826, a.

120

L. M.

- WE have a sure prophetic Word,
By inspiration of the Lord;
And though assailed on every hand,
Jehovah's Word shall ever stand.
2. By powers of empire banned and burned,
By pagan pride rejected, spurned,
The Word still stands the Christian's trust
While haughty empires lie in dust.
3. Lo! what the Word in times of old
Of future days and deeds foretold
Is all fulfilled, while ages roll,
As traced on the prophetic scroll.

4. Abiding, steadfast, firm, and sure,
The teachings of the Word endure:
Blest he who trusts this steadfast Word,
His anchor holds in Christ, the Lord!

E. Cronenwett, 1880.

121

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

CHRISTIANS, come, in sweetest measures,
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospel shrined;
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2. See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Savior dear:
Christ the Fountain, these the waters.
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation here.

3. Here our souls, by Jesus sated,
More and more shall be translated
Earth's temptations far above;
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,
Soaring on angelic pinion,
They shall reach the source of love.

4. Then shall thanks and praise ascending,
For Thy mercies without ending,
Rise to Thee, O Savior blest.
With Thy gracious aid defend us,
Let Thy guiding light attend us,
Bring us to Thy place of rest.

Adam of St. Victor, 1150; R. Campbell, tr., 1850, a.

122

L. M.

IN vain would boasting reason find
The path to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a doubtful road.

2. Jesus, Thy words alone impart
Eternal life; on these I live;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the powers of nature give.
3. Here let my constant feet abide;
Thou art the true, the living Way.
Let Thy good Spirit be my guide
To the bright realms of endless day.
4. The various forms that men devise
To shake my faith with treacherous art
I scorn as vanity and lies
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.

Anne Steele, 1760, a.

THE LORD'S DAY.

123

7s 6l

- FATHER, who the light this day
Out of darkness didst create,
Shine upon us now, we pray,
While within Thy courts we wait.
Wean us from the works of night,
Make us children of the light.
2. Savior, who this day didst break
From the bondage of the tomb,
Bid our slumbering souls awake
And dispel their doubt and gloom;
Let us, from our bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to Thee.
 3. Blessed Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on us Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead us to the truth of God.

Julia A. Elliott, 1833, a.

124 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

WELCOME, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest;
 I hail thy kind return:
 Lord, make these moments blest.
 From the low train of mortal toys
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend
 And fill His throne of grace;
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend
 While saints address Thy face;
 Let sinners feel Thy quickening Word
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, O heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers,
 Disclose a Savior's love,
 And bless these sacred hours.
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Lord's Days e'er be spent in vain.
 Hayward, in Dobell's New Sel., 1806.

125 7s 6l

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day:
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2. Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week our praise demand;
 Guarded by almighty power,
 Fed and guided by His hand,
 Though ungrateful we have been
 And repaying love with sin.

3. While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

4. As we come Thy name to praise,
 May we feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes
 While we in Thy house appear.
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
5. May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1774.

126

7s

- ON this day, the first of days,
 God the Father's name we praise,
 Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
 Did the world from darkness bring.
2. On this day th' eternal Son.
 Over death His triumph won;
 On this day the Spirit came
 With His gifts of living flame.
 3. Oh, that fervent love to-day
 May in every heart have sway,
 Teaching us to praise aright
 God, the Source of life and light!
 4. Father, who didst fashion me
 Image of Thyself to be,
 Fill me with Thy love divine,
 Let my every thought be Thine.
 5. Holy Jesus, may I be
 Dead and buried here with Thee,
 And, by love inflamed, arise
 Unto Thee a sacrifice.

Die Parente Temporum, 1748; H. W. Baker, tr., 1861.

127

L. M.

THIS day at Thy creating word
First o'er the earth the light was poured.
O Lord, this day upon us shine
And fill our souls with light divine.

2. This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again.
O Jesus, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.
3. This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame. —
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear and grace to pray.
4. O day of light and life and grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above!

W. W. How, 1854.

128

C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which we have called God's own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.

2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer
And pour the choral song.
3. Spirit of Grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
4. Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5. Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which we have called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber, 1833, a.

129

C. M.

- THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread
And all His wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name
To save our sinful race.
5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ADVENT.

130

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

COMFORT, comfort ye My people,
Speak ye peace, thus saith your God;
Comfort those who sit in darkness,
Mourning 'neath their sorrow's load;
Speak ye to Jerusalem
Of the peace that waits for them;
Tell her that her sins I cover,
And her warfare now is over.

2. For the Herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
Oh, that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him
And the hills bow down to greet Him.
3. Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain;
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign;
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token
That His Word is never broken.

J. Olearius, 1671; C. Winkworth, tr., 1862.

131

8, 7, 6 1

- JESUS came, the heav'ns adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Came in deep humility.
2. Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.
 3. Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiv'n;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heav'n;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riv'n.

4. Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.
5. Jesus comes on clouds triumphant
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us, then, our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day.

G. Thring, 1864.

132**7, 6, 81**

- HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
2. He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
3. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4. To Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever, —
 That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821.

133

8, 7, 8, 7

- HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding:
 "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
 "Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 O ye children of the day!"
2. Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise;
 Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.
3. Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heav'n.
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
 One and all, to be forgiv'n.
4. So, when next He comes with glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 With His mercy He may shield us
 And with words of love draw near.
- From the Latin (c. 5th cent.); E. Caswall, tr. 1849.

134

7, 6, 8 1

- THE Bridegroom soon will call us:
 Come, all ye wedding-guests!
 May not His voice appall us
 While slumber binds our breasts!
 May all our lamps be burning
 And oil be found in store,
 That we, with Him returning,
 May open find the door!

2. There shall we see delighted
Our dear Redeemer's face,
Who leads our souls benighted
To glory by His grace;
The patriarchs shall meet us,
The prophets' holy band,
Apostles, martyrs, greet us
In that celestial land.
3. They will not blush to own us
As brothers, sisters dear,
Love ever will be shown us
When we with them appear.
We all shall come before Him
Who for us man became,
As Lord and God adore Him,
And ever bless His name.
4. Our Father, rich in blessing,
Will give us crowns of gold
And, to His bosom pressing,
Impart a bliss untold,
Will welcome with embraces
Of never-ending love,
And deck us with His graces
In blissful realms above.
5. In yonder home shall never
Be silent music's voice;
With hearts and lips forever
We shall in God rejoice.
The angels shall adore Him,
All saints shall sing His praise,
And bring with joy before Him
Their sweetest heavenly lays.
6. In mansions fair and spacious
Will God the feast prepare
And, ever kind and gracious,
Bid us its riches share;

There bliss that knows no measure
 From springs of love shall flow,
 And never-changing pleasure
 His bounty will bestow

7. Thus God shall from all evil
 Forever make us free,
 From sin and from the devil,
 From all adversity,
 From sickness, pain, and sadness,
 From troubles, cares, and fears,
 And grant us heavenly gladness,
 And wipe away our tears.

Johann Walther, † c. 1566.

135

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

COME, Thou precious Ransom, come!
 Only Hope for sinful mortals!
 Come, O Savior of the world!
 Open are to Thee all portals;
 Come, Thy beauty let us see:
 Anxiously we wait for Thee.

2. O great King of Glory, come!
 Let me be Thy living temple;
 Enter Thou into my heart;
 Though I am but poor and simple,
 Yet my riches then shall be
 That Thou reignest, Lord, in me.

3. My hosannas and my palms
 Graciously receive, I pray Thee;
 Evermore, as best I can,
 Savior, I will homage pay Thee,
 And in faith I will embrace,
 Lord, Thy merit through Thy grace.

4. Hail! Hosanna! David's Son,
 Help, Lord, hear our supplication!
 Let Thy kingdom, scepter, crown
 Bring us blessing and salvation
 That forever we may sing:
 Hail! Hosanna! to our King.

J. G. Olearius, 1644; A. Crull, tr.

136

7, 6, 81

- O LORD, how shall I meet Thee,
How welcome Thee aright?
All nations long to greet Thee,
My Hope, my heart's Delight!
O kindle, dearest Jesus,
Thy lamp within my breast
That I may know what pleases
Thee, Lord, my heav'nly Guest.
2. Thy Zion strews before Thee
Green boughs and fairest palms,
And I, too, will adore Thee
With sweetest songs and psalms.
My heart shall bloom forever
For Thee with praises new
And from Thy name shall never
Withhold the honor due.
3. What hast Thou left ungranted
To give me glad relief?
When soul and body panted
In utmost depth of grief,
In deepest degradation,
Devoid of joy and peace,
Then Thou, my soul's Salvation,
Didst come to bring release.
4. I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou com'st to set me free;
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou com'st to honor me;
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail or leave me
As earthly riches fly.
5. Naught, naught, dear Lord, could move
Thee
To leave Thy rightful place
Save love, for which I love Thee;
A love that could embrace

A world where sorrow dwelleth,
Which sin and suffering fill,
More than the tongue e'er telleth; —
Yet Thou couldst love it still!

6. Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed
And tremble at your doom.
Despair not, He is near you,
Yea, standing at the door,
Who best can help and cheer you
And bid you weep no more.
7. No care nor effort either
Is needed day or night
How ye may draw Him hither
In your own strength and might.
He comes, He comes with gladness,
Moved by His love alone,
To calm your fear and sadness,
To Him they well are known.
8. Sin's debt, that fearful burden,
Let not your souls distress;
Your guilt the Lord will pardon
And cover with His grace.
He comes, He comes, procuring
The peace of sin forgiv'n,
To all God's sons securing
Their part and lot in heav'n.
9. Why should the wicked move you?
Heed not their craft and spite!
Your Savior, who doth love you,
Will scatter all their might.
He comes, a King most glorious,
And all His earthly foes
In vain His course victorious
Endeavor to oppose.

10. He comes to judge the nations,
A terror to His foes,
A Light of consolations
And blessed Hope to those
Who love the Lord's appearing.
O glorious Sun, now come,
Send forth Thy beams so cheering
And guide us safely home!

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

137

S. M.

- THE Advent of our God
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.
2. The everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be;
Himself a servant's form puts on
To set His people free.
3. Daughter of Zion, rise
And greet thy lowly King,
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies He will bring.
4. As Judge, in clouds of light,
He will come down again
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in heaven to reign.
5. Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone;
May the old man be put away
And the new man put on!

6. Praise to the Savior Son
 From the created host;
 Like praise be to the Father done
 And to the Holy Ghost.

John Chandler, 1837, a.

138

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 6, 6

- LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
 Behold, the King of Glory waits;
 The King of kings is drawing near,
 The Savior of the world is here;
 Life and salvation He doth bring,
 Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing:
 We praise Thee, Father, now,
 Creator, wise art Thou!
2. The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
 Mercy is ever at His side,
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His scepter, pity in distress;
 The end of all our woe He brings,
 Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
 We praise Thee, Savior, now,
 Mighty in deed art Thou!
3. O blest the land, the city blest,
 Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!
 O happy hearts and happy homes
 To whom this King in triumph comes!
 The cloudless Sun of Joy He is,
 Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.
 We praise Thee, Spirit, now,
 Our Comforter art Thou!
4. Fling wide the portals of your heart,
 Make it a temple set apart
 From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer and love and joy;
 So shall your Sovereign enter in
 And new and nobler life begin.
 To Thee, O God, be praise
 For word and deed and grace!

5. Redeemer, come! I open wide
 My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
 Let me Thy inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal;
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
 Until our glorious goal be won!
 Eternal praise and fame
 We offer to Thy name.

G. Weissel, 1633; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

139

C. M.

- HARK the glad sound! the Savior comes,
 The Savior promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne
 And every voice a song.
2. He comes the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
3. He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray
 And on the eyeballs of the blind
 To pour the heav'nly day.
4. He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure
 And with the treasures of His grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim.
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

140

L. M. (with Hall.)

AGAIN is come the new church-year;
 Rejoice, all Christians, far and near!
 Thy King, O Zion, comes to Thee,
 Therefore rejoice eternally!
 Hallelujah'

2. Amongst us now anew are heard
 The lessons of God's gracious Word,
 Which shows the way to life in heaven.
 For this all praise to God be given!
 Hallelujah!
3. May what is taught in Thy true Word
 Increase our faith in Thee, O Lord,
 And so abide in us that we
 May render endless praise to Thee!
 Hallelujah!

J. Olearius, 1671.

141

7s

- SAVIOR of the heathen, come,
 Virgin's Son, here make Thy home!
 Wonder at it, heaven and earth,
 That the Lord chose such a birth.
2. Not by human flesh and blood,
 By the Spirit of our God
 Was the Word of God made flesh—
 Woman's blossom, sweet and fresh.
3. Though the virgin was with child,
 Chastity proved undefiled;
 Many a virtue rare forth shone,
 God was there upon His throne.
4. From the Father forth He came
 And returned unto the same;
 Down to hell He went alone
 And again to God's high throne.
5. Thou, the Father's equal, win
 Victory in the flesh o'er sin,
 By Thy strength divine, O Lord,
 Help to our frail flesh afford.
6. Lord, Thy manger is so bright,
 Night sends forth a novel light;
 Darkness must not enter there,
 Faith abides in light fore'er.

7. Praise to God the Father sing,
 Praise to God the Son, our King,
 Praise to God the Spirit be
 Ever and eternally.

From the Latin of Ambrose; Martin Luther, 1524, abr.

142

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6

- ARISE, sons of the kingdom!
 The King is drawing nigh;
 Arise and hail with gladness
 The Ruler from on high.
 Ye Christians, hasten forth!
 Your praise and homage bring Him
 And glad hosannas sing Him;
 Naught else your love is worth.
2. Arise, ye drooping mourners!
 The King is very near;
 Away with grief and sorrow!
 For, lo! your Help is here.
 Behold, in many a place—
 O blessed consolation!—
 We find Him, our Salvation,
 In His pure means of grace.
3. Now hear, ye bold transgressors,
 The King full well gives heed
 To all that ye are doing,
 And to the life ye lead,
 Enthralled by sin and hell;
 There's naught in all creation
 Escapes His observation,
 He marketh all things well.
4. Be righteous, ye His subjects,
 The King is just and true;
 Prepare for Him a highway,
 Make all things straight and new.
 He means all for our good;
 Then let us bear the crosses
 Which He Himself imposes
 In an undaunted mood.

5. He nevermore forsaketh
 A child that feels the rod,
 Who Him his Refuge maketh
 And puts his trust in God.
 He is our sovereign King;
 E'en death itself shall never
 Those from their Master sever
 Who to His mercy cling.
6. Arise, ye faint and fearful!
 The King now comes with might;
 His heart hath long since loved us,
 He makes our darkness light.
 Now are our sorrows o'er;
 No wrath shall e'er befall us,
 Since God in grace doth call us
 His children evermore.
7. The King in grace remembers
 His loved ones here below
 With gifts of royal treasures,
 Yea, doth Himself bestow
 Through His blest Word and grace.
 O King, arrayed in splendor,
 To Thee all praise we'll render
 Here and there face to face.
8. O rich the gifts Thou bring'st us,
 Thyself made poor and weak;
 O Love beyond expression
 That thus can sinners seek!
 For this, O Lord, will we
 Our joyous tribute bring Thee
 And glad hosannas sing Thee
 And ever grateful be.

J. Rist, 1651, abr.

143

6s 6l

ONCE He came in blessing,
 All our ills redressing,
 Came in likeness lowly,
 Son of God most holy;
 Bore the cross to save us,
 Hope and freedom gave us.

2. Still He comes within us,
Still His voice would win us
From the sins that hurt us;
Would to Truth convert us
From our foolish errors,
Ere He comes in terrors.
3. Thus, if thou hast known Him,
Not ashamed to own Him,
Nor dost love Him coldly,
But wilt trust Him boldly,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee, and forgive thee.
4. He who well endureth
Bright reward secureth.
Come then, O Lord Jesus,
From our sins release us;
Let us here confess Thee
Till in heaven we bless Thee.

J. Horn (Roh), 1544; C. Winkworth, tr., 1862, a.

144**L. M.**

- JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?
2. E'en now, when tempests round us fall
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
 3. Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.

4. O come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.
5. Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

W. H. Bathurst, 1831.

CHRISTMAS.

145

8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear Far and near
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are
singing,
Till the air Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2. Forth to-day the Conqueror goeth,
Who the foe, Sin and woe,
Death and hell, o'erthroweth.
God is man, man to deliver;
His dear Son Now is one
With our blood forever.
3. Shall we still dread God's displeasure,
Who, to save, Freely gave
Us His dearest Treasure?
To redeem us, He hath given
His own Son From the throne
Of His might in heaven.
4. Should He, who Himself imparted,
Aught withhold From the fold,
Leave us broken-hearted?
Should the Son of God not love us,
Who, to cheer Sufferers here,
Left His throne above us?

5. If our blessed Lord and Maker
Hated men, Would He then
Be of flesh partaker?
If He in our woe delighted,
Would He bear All the care
Of our race benighted?
6. He becomes the Lamb that taketh
Sin away And for aye
Full atonement maketh.
For our Life His own He tenders
And our race, By His grace,
Meet for glory renders.
7. Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, from all ills that grieve you
You are freed, All you need
I will surely give you."
8. Come, then, banish all your sadness,
One and all, Great and small,
Come with songs of gladness.
Love Him who with love is glowing;
Hail the Star, Near and far,
Light and joy bestowing.
9. Ye whose anguish knew no measure,
Weep no more, See the door
To celestial pleasure.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, Pain, or loss
Can again betide you.
10. Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin, Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near, One is here
Mighty for their healing.

11. Hither come, ye poor and wretched,
 Know His will Is to fill
 Every hand outstretchèd;
 Here are riches without measure,
 Here forget All regret,
 Fill your hearts with treasure.
12. Let me in my arms receive Thee,
 On Thy breast Let me rest,
 Savior, ne'er to leave Thee!
 Since Thou hast Thyself presented
 Now to me, I shall be
 Evermore contented.
13. Guilt no longer can distress me;
 Son of God, Thou my load
 Bearest to release me.
 Stain in me Thou findest never;
 I am clean, All my sin
 Is removed forever.
14. I am pure, in Thee believing,
 From Thy store Evermore
 Righteous robes receiving.
 In my heart I will enfold Thee,
 Treasure rare, Let me there,
 Loving, ever hold Thee!
15. Thee, O Lord, with heed I'll cherish
 While I've breath; E'en in death
 Shall my faith not perish.
 I shall dwell with Thee forever
 Far on high, In the joy
 That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

LET the earth now praise the Lord,
Who hath truly kept His word
And the sinners' Help and Friend
Now at last to us doth send.

2. What the fathers most desired,
What the prophets' heart inspired,
What they longed for many a year,
Stands fulfilled in glory here.
3. Abram's promised great Reward,
Zion's Helper, Jacob's Lord,
Him of twofold race behold,
Truly came, as long foretold.
4. Welcome, O my Savior, now!
Hail! my Portion, Lord, art Thou!
Here, too, in my heart, I pray,
O prepare Thyself a way.
5. King of Glory, enter in!
Cleanse it from the filth of sin,
As Thou hast so often done;
It belongs to Thee alone.
6. As Thy coming was in peace,
Noiseless, full of gentleness,
Let the same mind dwell in me
That was ever found in Thee.
7. Comfort my desponding heart;
Thou my Strength and Refuge art.
I am weak, and cunningly
Satan lays his snares for me.
8. Bruise for me the Serpent's head,
That, set free from doubt and dread,
I may cleave to Thee in faith,
Safely kept through life and death;
9. And when Thou dost come again
As a glorious King to reign,
I with joy may see Thy face,
Truly ransomed by Thy grace.

147

8, 7, 8, 8, 4

ALL praise to Jesus' hallowed name,
Who of virgin pure became
True man for us! The angels sing,
As the glad news to earth they bring,
Hallelujah!

2. Th' eternal Father's only Son
For a manger leaves His throne;
Disguised in our poor flesh and blood
Is now the everlasting Good.
Hallelujah!
3. He whom the world could not inclose
Doth in Mary's lap repose,
He is become an infant small,
Who by His might upholdeth all.
Hallelujah!
4. Th' eternal Light, come down from
heaven,
Hath to us new sunshine given;
It shineth in the midst of night
And maketh us the sons of light.
Hallelujah!
5. The Father's Son, God ever blest,
In the world became a guest;
He leads us from this vale of tears
And makes us in His kingdom heirs.
Hallelujah!
6. He came to earth despised and poor,
Man to pity and restore
And make us rich in heaven above,
The angels' equal, through His love.
Hallelujah!
7. All this He did that He might prove
To us sinners His great love;
For this let Christendom adore
And praise His name forevermore.
Hallelujah!

Martin Luther, 1543; R. Massie, tr., a.
First stanza since 1370.

148

L. M.

NOW praise we Christ, the Holy One,
The blessed Virgin Mary's Son,
Far as the glorious sun doth shine,
E'en to the world's remote confine.

2. He who Himself all things did make
A servant's form vouchsafed to take,
That He as man mankind might win
And save His creatures from their sin.
3. The grace of God, the mighty Lord,
Upon the mother was outpoured;
A virgin pure and undefiled
In wondrous wise conceived a child.
4. The noble mother bare a Son,
For so did Gabriel's promise run.
Whom John confessed and leaped with joy,
Ere yet the mother knew her boy.
5. Upon a manger, filled with hay,
In poverty content He lay;
With milk was fed the Lord of all,
Who feeds the ravens when they call.
6. The heavenly choirs rejoice and raise
Their voice to God in songs of praise;
To humble shepherds is proclaimed
The Shepherd who the world hath framed.
7. All honor unto Christ be paid,
Pure offspring of the favored maid,
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Till time in endless time be lost!

From the Latin of Sedulius; Martin Luther, 1524;
R. Massie, tr., a.

149

7, 6, 7, 6

A GREAT and mighty wonder
Our Christmas Festal brings:
On earth, a lowly Infant,
Behold the King of kings!

2. The Word is made incarnate,
Descending from on high;
And cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds, from the sky.
3. And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory
And peace on earth to men!"
4. While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
Ye oceans, clap your hands!
5. Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Savior and the Lord!
6. All idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His scepter,
Our Lord and God, for aye.

From the Greek of Anatolius, c. 540;
J. M. Neale, tr. 1862, a.

150

L. M.

- FROM heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.
2. To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen virgin mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.
 3. This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself your Savior be,
From all your sins to make you free.

4. He brings those blessings long ago
Prepared by God for all below,
That in His heavenly kingdom blest
You may with us forever rest.
5. These are the tokens ye shall mark:
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;
There shall ye find the young Child laid
By whom the heavens and earth were made.
6. Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Go with the shepherds and draw near
To see the wondrous gift of God.
Who hath His own dear Son bestowed.
7. Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
What is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
Dear little Jesus lieth there.
8. Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom the sinful world is blest!
Thou com'st to share my misery,
What thanks shall I return to Thee?
9. Ah! Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where humble cattle lately fed.
10. And were the world ten times as wide,
With gold and jewels beautified,
It would be far too small to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
11. For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon Thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

12. And thus, dear Lord, it pleasèd Thee
To make this truth quite plain to me,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.
13. Ah! dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A chamber consecrate to Thee.
14. My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
15. Glory to God in highest heav'n,
Who unto man His Son hath giv'n!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Martin Luther, 1535.

151

L. M.

- REJOICE, ye sons of men alway!
God comes to you from heaven to-day;
The Lord is born a little child
Of Mary, chosen virgin mild.
2. He is the Branch of Jesse's tree,
The Lion out of Judah He,
The Gentiles' Light, the promised Seed
Who was to bruise the Serpent's head.
 3. He brings us peace and happiness
And heals all sorrow and distress
Which on account of Adam's fall
Forever weighed upon us all.
 4. Through His low birth and holy blood
We all are saved by Christ, true God;
The angels' glory we shall share
And in His kingdom live fore'er.

C. Freund, † 1591; A. Crull, tr.

152

8, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8

O REJOICE, ye Christians, loudly,
For our joy has now begun;
Wondrous things our God hath done;
Tell abroad His goodness proudly,
Who our race hath honored thus
That He deigns to dwell with us.
Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence, all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of Grace is shining!

2. See, my soul, thy Savior chooses
Weakness here and poverty,
In such love He comes to thee,
Nor the hardest couch refuses;
All He suffers for thy good,
To redeem thee by His blood.
Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence, all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of Grace is shining!
3. Lord, how shall I thank Thee rightly?
I acknowledge that by Thee
I am saved eternally;
Let me not forget it lightly,
But to Thee through all things cleave,
And my heart true peace receive.
Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence, all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of Grace is shining!
4. Jesus, guard and guide Thy members,
Fill Thy brethren with Thy grace,
Hear their prayers in every place,
Quicken now life's faintest embers;
Grant all Christians, far and near,
Holy peace, a glad New Year!

Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence, all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of Grace is shining!

C. Keymann, † 1662 ; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

153

7, 6, 7, 6

LET us all with gladsome voice
Praise the God of heaven,
Who, to bid our hearts rejoice,
His own Son hath given.

2. To this vale of tears He comes,
Here to serve in sadness,
That with Him in heaven's fair homes
We may reign in gladness.

3. We are rich, for He was poor;
Is not this a wonder?
Therefore praise God evermore
Here on earth and yonder!

4. O Lord Christ, our Savior dear,
Be Thou ever near us.
Grant us now a glad New Year;
Amen, Jesus, hear us!

U. Langhanns, c. 1560 ; C. Winkworth, tr.

154

7s 8l

HARK! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

2. Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail, th' incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings.
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Hark! the herald-angels sing.
"Glory to the new-born King!"
3. Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!
Hark! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Charles Wesley, 1739, a.

155

C. M.

- TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The God by all adored.
 3. His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.
 4. Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit, one.

J. Morison, 1781, abr.

156

4, 4, 11, 4, 4, 11

WE Christians may Rejoice to-day,
When Christ was born to comfort and
to save us;

Who thus believes No longer grieves,
For none are lost who grasp the hope
He gave us.

2. O wondrous joy, That God most high
Should take our flesh and thus our
race should honor;
A virgin mild Hath born this Child;
Such grace and glory God hath put
upon her.
3. Sin brought us grief; But Christ, relief,
When down to earth He came for our
salvation;
Since God with us Is dwelling thus,
Who dares to speak the Christian's
condemnation?
4. Then hither throng With happy song
To Him whose birth and death are our
assurance;
Through whom are we At last set free
From sins and burdens that surpassed
endurance.
5. Yes, let us praise Our God and raise
Loud hallelujahs to the skies above us;
The bliss bestowed To-day by God
To ceaseless thankfulness and joy
should move us.

Caspar Fueger, † 1617; C. Winkworth, tr.

157

C. M.

PRAISE God the Lord, ye sons of men,
Before His highest throne,
To-day He opens heaven again
And gives us His own Son.

2. He leaves His heavenly Father's throne,
Is born an infant small,
And in a manger, poor and lone,
Lies in a humble stall.
3. He lays aside His power divine,
A servant's form doth take;
In want and lowness He doth pine
Who heaven and earth did make.
4. He nestles at His mother's breast,
Her milk His food must be;
Whom saints and angels call the Blest,
Of David's house is He.
5. 'Tis He who in these latter days
From Judah's tribe should come,
By whom the Lord again would raise
His Church, His Christendom.
6. A wondrous change which He doth make!
He takes our flesh and blood
And lays aside for sinners' sake
His majesty of God.
7. He serves that I a lord may be;
A great exchange, indeed!
Could Jesus' love do more for me
To help me in my need?
8. He opens us again the door
Of Paradise to-day;
The cherub guards the gate no more.
To God our thanks we pay.

Nikolaus Herman, 1560; A. Crull, tr., a.

158**C. M.**

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room
And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

159

11s

- COME hither, ye faithful, triumphantly
sing;
Come, see in the manger our Savior and
King!
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the
Lord!
2. True Son of the Father, He comes from
the skies;
To be born of a virgin He does not
despise.
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the
Lord!
 3. Hark, hark to the angels all singing in
heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be
given!"
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the
Lord!

4. To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy
 birth,
 Be glory and honor through heaven and
 earth,
 True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent
 Word!
 O come, let us hasten to worship the
 Lord!

Latin, 17th cent. ; E. Caswall, tr., 1848.

160

8, 7, 8, 7

- HARK! what mean those holy voices
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
2. Listen to the wondrous story
 Which they chant in hymns of joy,
 Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!
3. Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
4. Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth, His praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
5. Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
 Learn His name and taste His joy,
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!
6. Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of His glory
 Till it cover all the earth.

J. Cawood, 1819.

161

L. M. (with Hall.)

IMMANUEL, we sing Thy praise,
Thou Prince of Life and Fount of grace,
Thou Flower of heaven and Star of morn,
Thou Lord of lords, Thou Virgin-born.
Hallelujah!

2. With all Thy saints to Thee we sing,
Praise, honor, thanks to Thee we bring,
That Thou, O long-expected Guest,
Hast come at last to make us blest!
Hallelujah!
3. For Thee, since first the world was made,
So many hearts have watched and prayed;
The patriarchs' and prophets' throng
For Thee have hoped and waited long.
Hallelujah!
4. Above all others longed for Thee
Thy people's king and shepherd, he
With whom Thou, Lord, so well wert pleased
When with his harp Thy name he praised.
Hallelujah!
5. Oh, that the Savior soon would come
To break our bonds and lead us home!
Oh, that He might salvation bring!
Then Jacob would rejoice and sing.
Hallelujah!
6. Now Thou art here, Thou Ever-blest!
In lowly manger Thou dost rest;
Great things Thou makest, yet art small;
Naked Thyself, who clothest all.
Hallelujah!
7. All heavens are Thine, yet Thou dost come
To sojourn in a stranger's home;
A mother's milk dost not despise,
Who art the Joy of angels' eyes.
Hallelujah!

8. Thou hast set bounds to earth and sea,
Yet swaddling-bands encircle Thee;
Thou'rt God — a bed of straw Thou hast;
Thou'rt man — yet art the First and Last.
Hallelujah!
9. From Thee above all gladness flows,
Yet Thou must bear such bitter woes;
The Gentiles' Light and Hope Thou art,
Yet findest none to soothe Thy heart.
Hallelujah!
10. The sweetest Friend of man Thou art,
Yet many hate Thee in their heart;
By Herod's heart Thou art abhorred,
Yet Thou art our Salvation, Lord.
Hallelujah!
11. But I, Thy humblest servant, may
Confess my love and freely say,
I love Thee truly, but I would
That I might love Thee as I should.
Hallelujah!
12. I have the will, the power is weak,
Yet, Lord, my humble offering take
And graciously the love receive
Which my poor heart to Thee can give.
Hallelujah!
13. Thou to be weak dost not disdain,
Dost choose the things the world deems vain,
Art poor and needy and content
To suffer poverty and want.
Hallelujah!
14. Thou sleepest on the lap of earth;
The manger where Thou at Thy birth
Wast laid to rest, the hay, the stall,
Were mean and miserable all.
Hallelujah!

15. And therefore doth my courage rise,
Me also Thou wilt not despise;
O dearest Lord, Thy tender grace
Fills me with hope and happiness.
Hallelujah!
16. Although I've passed in sin my days
And wandered far from wisdom's ways,
Yet Thou for this to earth hast come,
To bring the wandering sinner home.
Hallelujah!
17. Had I no load of sin to bear,
Thy grace, O Lord, I could not share;
In vain had'st Thou been born for me
If from God's wrath I had been free.
Hallelujah!
18. Now fearlessly I come to Thee,
From every grief Thou mak'st me free;
Thou bear'st the wrath, dost death destroy,
And turnest sorrow into joy.
Hallelujah!
19. Thou art my Head, my Lord divine;
I am Thy member, wholly Thine,
And by Thy Spirit's gracious power
Will seek to serve Thee evermore.
Hallelujah!
20. I'll sing loud hallelujahs here
With joyful spirit year by year;
And in Thy courts of joy above
Forever I will sing Thy love.
Hallelujah!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

162

L. M.

TO shepherds, as they watched by night,
Appeared a troop of angels bright;
Behold the tender Babe, they said,
In yonder lowly manger laid,

2. At Bethlehem, in David's town,
As Micah did of old make known;
'Tis Jesus Christ, your Lord and King,
Who doth to all salvation bring.
3. Rejoice ye, then, that through His Son
God is with sinners now at one;
Made like yourselves of flesh and blood,
Your Brother is th' eternal God.
4. What harm can sin and death, then, do?
The true God now abides with you.
Let hell and Satan rage and chafe,
God is your Brother — ye are safe.
5. Not one He will, nor can, forsake
Who Him his confidence doth make;
E'en if their worst your en'mies try,
Ye may their powerless rage defy.
6. Ye must prevail at last, for ye
Have now become God's family;
To God forever give ye praise,
Patient and cheerful all your days.

Martin Luther, 1543; R. Massie, tr., a.

END OF YEAR.

163

7s 81

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2. As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Parts and leaves no trace behind;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream.
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3. Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton, 1774.

164 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7 (Iambic)

ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by,
We raise to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2. Before the cross subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing,
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee this coming year
To keep us in Thy faith and fear
And crown us with Thy blessing.
3. And while we pray, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us,
Safe home with Thee in Paradise,
Whose peace descendeth o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past
To reunite us all at last
With those who've gone before us.

4. We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies:
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrows and reverses.
5. In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells, have bound us
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us.
In many a night, when seas ran high,
Thy gracious presence, drawing nigh,
Hath made all calm around us.
6. Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever may betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us.

James Hamilton, 1882.

165

7s

- THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to Thee.
2. Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell!
 3. All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.

4. Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay,
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn Judgment Day.
 5. All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let Thy grace within us live
That we spend not years in vain.
 6. Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!
- Ray Palmer, 1858.

NEW YEAR.

166

7, 5, 81

- FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever earthly state
Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer:
Glorify Thy name.
2. Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.
 3. If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,

Let my glad heart, while it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim,
 And, whate'er the future brings,
 Glorify Thy name.

4. If Thou callest to the cross
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home,
 Let me think how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came
 And in deepest woe pray on:
 "Glorify Thy name."

L. Tuttiett, 1825.

167

L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty Hand
 By which supported still we stand;
 The opening year Thy mercy shows;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God,
 By His incessant bounty fed,
 By His unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to Thy guardian care commit
 And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depressed
 Be Thou our Joy and Thou our Rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.
5. When death shall interrupt our songs
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our soul shall boast.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

168

7s

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear!

2. Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press unto our glorious prize.
3. Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and Morning Star:
Fierce our foes and hard the fight;
Arm us, Savior, for the war.
4. In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.
5. Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
6. Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.
7. So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

H. Downton, 1841, a.

169

L. M.

THE new-born Child this early morn,
The dear Christ-child, of virgin born,
Again brings from His heavenly home
A new year to all Christendom.

2. This causes joy to angels fair,
Who love to keep us in their care;
They sing that in this wondrous Child
God now with man is reconciled.
3. Since God is reconciled with men,
What harm can Satan do us, then?
O'er Satan and the gates of hell
This Christ-child shall for us prevail.
4. He brings the year of jubilee!
Why doubt we yet despondently?
Rejoice! This is a happy day;
The Christ-child drives all care away.

C. Schneegass, † 1597; E. Cronenwett, tr., a.

170

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

- O LORD, our Father, thanks to Thee
In this new year we render,
For Thou hast been from misery
And dangers our Defender;
Through all the year that now has fled
Hast given us life and daily bread
And peace within our borders.
2. Lord Jesus Christ, our thanks to Thee
In this new year we render,
For Thou still rulest zealously
Thy fold, with mercy tender;
Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood,
Thou art our only Trust and Good,
In life and death our Savior.
 3. Lord Holy Ghost, our thanks to Thee
In this new year we render,
For by Thy grace it is that we
Enjoy Thy Word's pure splendor;
Thus Thou hast kindled from above
Within our hearts true faith and love
And other Christian virtues.

4. Our faithful God, we cry to Thee:
Still bless us with Thy favor,
Blot out all our iniquity,
And hide our sins forever;
Grant us a happy, good New Year
And, when the hour of death draws near,
A blest departure. Amen.

C. Schneegass, † 1597; A. Crull, tr.

171

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

HELP me, O Lord! Behold, I enter
Upon another year to-day;
In Thee my hopes and thoughts now
center,
Renew my courage for the way:
New life, new strength, new happiness
I ask of Thee, O hear and bless!

2. May every 'plan and undertaking
This year be all begun with Thee;
When I am sleeping or am waking,
Still let me know Thou art with me;
Abroad do Thou my footsteps guide,
At home be ever at my side.
3. Be this a time of grace and pardon;
Thy rod I take with willing mind,
But suffer naught my heart to harden;
O let me now Thy mercy find;
In Thee alone, my God, I live,
Thou only canst my sins forgive.
4. And may this year to me be holy;
Thy grace so fill my every thought
That all my life be pure and lowly
And truthful as a Christian's ought;
So make me, while yet dwelling here,
Pious and blest from year to year.

5. And grant, Lord, when the year is over,
That it for me in peace may close;
In all things care for me and cover
My head in time of fear and woes;
So may I, when my years are gone,
Appear with joy before Thy throne.

J. Rist, 1642; C. Winkworth, tr.

172**C. M.**

- O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!
2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
5. Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first
And turn to earth again.
6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
7. Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

8. O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last
And our eternal Home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

173

L. M.

THE old year now hath passed away,
We thank Thee, Christ, our Lord, to-day
That Thou hast kept us through the year
When danger and distress were near.

2. We pray Thee, O eternal Son,
Who with the Father reign'st as one,
To guard and rule Thy Christendom
Through all the ages yet to come.
3. Take not Thy saving Word away,
Our souls' true comfort, staff, and stay;
Abide with us and keep us free
From all false doctrines graciously.
4. O help us to forsake all sin,
A new and holier course begin;
From last year's sins, Lord, hide Thy face,
In this new year grant us Thy grace,
5. That as true Christians we may live
Or die in peace that Thou wilt give,
To rise again when Thou shalt come,
And enter our eternal home.

J. Steuerlein, 1588; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

174

7s

NOW let us come before Him,
With songs and prayers adore Him,
Who to our life from heaven
All needed strength hath given.

2. The stream of years is flowing,
And we are onward going,
From old to new surviving,
And by His mercy thriving.

3. In woe we often languish
And pass through times of anguish,
Of wars and trepidation,
Alarming every nation.
4. A faithful mother keepeth
Guard while her infant sleepeth,
Its fear and grief assuaging
When angry storms are raging.
5. Thus God His children shieldeth
And full protection yieldeth;
When need and woe distress them,
His loving arms caress them.
6. In vain is all our doing;
The labor we're pursuing
In our hands prospers never
Unless God watches ever.
7. Our song to Thee ascendeth,
Whose mercy never endeth;
Our thanks to Thee we render,
Who art our strong Defender.
8. O God of mercy, hear us;
Our Father, be Thou near us;
Mid crosses and in sadness
Be Thou our Fount of gladness.
9. To all that bow before Thee
And for Thy grace implore Thee,
O grant Thy benediction
And patience in affliction.
10. With richest blessings crown us,
In all our ways, Lord, own us;
Give grace, who grace bestowest
To all, e'en to the lowest.
11. To all forlorn be Father,
Thy erring children gather,
And of the poor and needy
Be Thou the Helper speedy.

12. Grant help to all afflicted;
And to the souls dejected,
By melancholy haunted,
May cheerful thoughts be granted!
 13. O Lord, assistance lend us,
Thy Holy Spirit send us
That He may make us glorious
And lead to Thee victorious.
 14. All this Thy hand bestoweth.
Thou Life, whence our life floweth;
To me and all believers
Grant, Lord, these New Year's favors.
Paul Gerhardt, † 1676; J. Kelly, tr., a.
-

CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

175

S. M.

- THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou begin'st with woe
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.
2. Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast
Are not enough; the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.
 3. Seemeth it strange to me
My own will to deny?
Seemeth it sad, my soul, to thee
Under the yoke to lie?
 4. I look, and hold my peace:
The Giver of all good
E'en from His birth takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.
 5. That I may reap in love,
Help me to sow in fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

J. Keble, 1827, a.

176

S. M.

- THE ancient Law departs,
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.
2. The Light of light divine,
True brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.
3. His infant body now
Begins our pain to feel;
Those precious drops of blood that flow
For death the victim seal.
4. To-day the name is Thine
At which we bend the knee.
They call Thee Jesus, Child Divine;
Our Jesus deign to be.
5. All praise, eternal Son,
For Thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever one,
In glorious might above.

Abbé Besnault, 1736.

177

L. M.

- O SACRED day, when first was poured
The blood of our redeeming Lord!
O solemn day, when first began
His sufferings for sinful man!
2. Just born into this world of woe,
His blood for man was made to flow.
His future death was thus expressed;
Thus, too, His early love confessed.
3. From heaven descending to fulfil
The mandates of His Father's will,
E'en now behold the Victim lie,
The Lamb of God, prepared to die.

4. Beneath the knife behold the Child,
The Innocent, the Undeiled;
For captives He the ransom pays,
For lawless man the Law obeys.
5. Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
Our fleshly natures purge away;
Thy name, Thy likeness, may we bear;
O stamp Thy holy image there.

Abbé Besnault, 1736; J. Chandler, tr., a.

178

7s

- JESUS! Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.
2. Jesus! Name decreed of old,
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.
 3. Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
"Jesus shall His people save."
 4. Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
 5. Jesus! Only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters and is saved.
 6. Jesus! Name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above.
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

W. W. How, 1854, a.

EPIPHANY.

179

7, 6, 81

O JESUS, King of Glory!
Both David's Lord and Son!
Thy realm endures forever,
In heaven is fixed Thy throne;
Help that in earth's dominions.
Throughout from pole to pole,
Thy realm may spread salvation
To each benighted soul!

2. The Eastern sages, bringing
Their tribute-gifts to Thee,
Bear witness to Thy kingdom
And humbly bow the knee.
To Thee the star is pointing,
To Thee, Incarnate Word;
Hence joyously we hail Thee:
Our Savior and our Lord!
3. Thou art a mighty Monarch,
As by the Word we're told,
Yet carest Thou but little
For earthly goods or gold;
On no proud steed Thou ridest,
Thou wear'st no jeweled crown,
Nor dwell'st in lordly castle,
But bearest scoff and frown.
4. Yet art Thou decked with beauty,
With rays of glorious light;
Thou ever teem'st with goodness,
And all Thy ways are right.
Vouchsafe to shield Thy people
With Thine almighty arm
That they may dwell in safety
From those who mean them harm.
5. Ah, look on me with pity,
Though I am weak and poor,
Admit me to Thy kingdom,
To dwell there, blest and sure!

I pray Thee, guide and keep me
 Safe from my bitter foes,
 From sin and death and Satan;
 Free me from all my woes.

6. And bid Thy Word within me
 Shine as the fairest star;
 Keep sin and all false doctrine
 Forever from me far.
 Help me confess Thee truly
 And with Thy Christendom
 Here own Thee King and Savior
 And in the world to come.

Martin Behm, 1606.

180

L. M.

THE Star proclaims the King is here;
 But, Herod, why this senseless fear?
 He takes no realms of earth away
 Who gives the realms of heavenly day.

2. The wiser Magi see from far
 And follow on His guiding star;
 And led by light to light they press
 And by their gifts their God confess.
3. Within the Jordan's crystal flood
 In meekness stands the Lamb of God
 And, sinless, sanctifies the wave,
 Mankind from sin to cleanse and save.
4. At Cana first His power is shown;
 His might the blushing waters own
 And, changing, as He speaks the word,
 Flow wine, obedient to their Lord.
5. All glory, Jesus, be to Thee
 For this Thy glad Epiphany;
 Whom with the Father we adore
 And Holy Ghost forevermore.

From the Latin of Sedulius, 5th cent.;
 J. N. Neale, tr. 1852, a.

181

11, 10, 11, 10

- BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.
2. Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are
shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of
the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all!
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly
devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from
the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor
secure.
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.
5. Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

182

8, 7, 81

HAIL, Thou Source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

2. Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
Now revealed to Eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine;
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.
3. Hail, Thou all-inviting Savior!
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise!

Basil Wood, 1813.

183

7s 61

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

2. As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed.
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3. As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring.
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
4. Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
5. In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King!

W. C. Dix, 1860.

184

7s 81

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar,
Branch of royal David's stem,
In Thy birth at Bethlehem.
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.

2. Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme,
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine.
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.

3. Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill.
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.
4. Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in man made manifest.
5. Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now
And be pure as pure art Thou,
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

C. Wordsworth, 1862.

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST.

185

8, 5, 8, 4, 7, 7

IN peace and joy I now depart
At God's disposing;
For full of comfort is my heart,
Soft reposing.
So the Lord hath promised me,
And death is but a slumber.

2. 'Tis Christ that wrought this work for me,
The faithful Savior,
Whom Thou hast made mine eyes to see
By Thy favor.
Now I know He is my Life,
My Help in need and dying.
3. Him Thou hast unto all set forth
Their great Salvation,
And to His kingdom called the earth,
Every nation,
By Thy dear and wholesome Word,
In every place resounding.
4. He is the Hope and saving Light
Of lands benighted;
By Him are they who dwelt in night
Fed and lighted;
He is Israel's Praise and Bliss,
Their Joy, Reward, and Glory.

Martin Luther, 1524; L. W. Bacon, tr., a.

186

8, 7, 61

- IN His Temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected Lord;
Ancient prophets had foretold Him,
God has now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him, His redeemed
Shall break forth with one accord.
2. In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him
Ere in faith and hope they die.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Lo, th' incarnate God most high.
 3. Jesus, by Thy presentation,
Thou, who didst for us endure,
Make us see our great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure,
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father, cleansed and pure.

H. J. Pye, 1853.

187

8, 7, 61

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2. Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heav'nly Light:
Come and worship,
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3. Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4. Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1816, a.

188

L. M.

O DEAREST Jesus, Thee I pray:
Within my heart now make Thy stay,
That I, like Simeon of old,
By faith may gladly Thee enfold.

2. Thou art my Life and Happiness,
Whom God hath sent my soul to bless;
O cleanse and purify my heart
That from Thy paths I ne'er depart.
3. Lord, with Thy light show me the way
That never I may go astray;
Ward off all sorrow and despair
And let me be Thine own fore'er.
4. Lift up Thy face upon me, Lord,
In life and death Thy help afford;
Then I'll depart most cheerfully
This life whene'er it pleaseth Thee.

John Mylius, 1596; A. Crull, tr.

189

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7 (Iambic)

- THANK God! my Jesus cleanseth me
From all sins I committed;
He paid my debt and set me free,
I, therefore, am acquitted
Of sin's and Satan's bondage fell.
My faith now laughs at death and hell,
Because my life is Jesus.
2. Why should I grieve? He who fulfilled
The Law, thus to release us,
He who His Father's wrath has stilled
By His own death, this Jesus
Still liveth, and all that He hath
He giveth unto me through faith;
Is there a greater treasure?
 3. Because my Jesus cleanseth me
From sin by His own merit,
I am from pain and fear set free,
Death cannot daunt my spirit;
I trust in Jesus' righteousness,
His innocence and blessedness
Are now my life and treasure.

4. Now I, like Simeon, can end
My life in peace and gladness,
And to my God I can commend
My spirit without sadness;
For when my weary eyes I close,
My death becomes a sweet repose,
I see the joys of heaven.
5. How happy, therefore, shall I be
When life's frail thread is broken;
When holy angels carry me
To joys that ne'er were spoken;
When I behold Him face to face,
When I have gained that blessed place,
Prepared for me by Jesus.
6. Lord, grant that e'er prepared I be,
That naught from Thee me sever.
And when I die, let me with Thee
In glory live forever;
Come quickly to deliver me,
Lord, by Thy death and agony.
Yea, come, Lord Jesus! Amen.

J. Olearius, 1671; A. Crull, tr.

190

7, 6, 81

- LIGHT of the Gentile nations,
Thy people's Joy and Love!
Drawn by Thy Spirit hither,
We gladly come to prove
Thy presence in Thy temple
And seek with earnest mind,
As Simeon once had waited
His Savior God to find.
2. Yea, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
E'en now, in every place
Where Thy true Word hath promised
That they should see Thy face.
Thou yet wilt gladly grant us,
Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,
As did that aged seer.

3. Be Thou our Joy, our Brightness,
That shines mid pain and loss,
Our Sun in times of terror,
The Glory round our cross;
A Glow in sinking spirits,
A Sunbeam in distress,
Physician, Friend, in sickness;
In death, our Happiness.
4. Let us, O Lord, be faithful
Like Simeon to the end,
So that his dying anthem
May from our hearts ascend:
"O Lord, now let Thy servant
Depart in peace, I pray,
Since I have seen my Savior,
Have here beheld His day."
5. My Savior, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of faith;
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he saith.
Within Thy heart abiding,
As Thou dost dwell in me,
No pain, no death, has terrors
To part my soul from Thee.
6. Lord, here on earth Thou seemest
At times to frown on me,
And through my tears I often
Can scarce distinguish Thee;
But in the heavenly mansions
Shall nothing dim my sight,
And I shall see forever
Thine always glorious light.

J. Franck, 1674; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

PASSION OF CHRIST.

191

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

A LAMB goes uncomplaining forth,
 The guilt of all men bearing;
 'Tis laden with the sin of earth,
 None else the burden sharing;
 It goes its way, grows weak and faint,
 To slaughter led without complaint,
 Its spotless life to offer;
 Bears shame, and stripes, and wounds,
 and death,
 Anguish and mockery, and saith,
 "Willing all this I suffer."

2. This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great
 Friend
 And everlasting Savior;
 Him, Him God chose sin's reign to end
 And bring us to His favor.
 "Go forth, My Son!" He said, "and bail
 The children who are doomed to hell
 But for Thine intercession.
 The punishment is great, and dread
 The wrath, but Thou Thy blood shalt shed
 And save them from perdition."
3. "Yea, Father, yea, most willingly
 I'll bear what Thou commandest;
 My will conforms to Thy decree,
 I do what Thou demandest."
 O wondrous Love, what hast Thou done!
 The Father offers up His Son,
 The Son, content, descendeth!
 O Love, O Love, how strong art Thou!
 In shroud and grave Thou lay'st Him low
 Whose word the mountains rendeth.
4. Thou lay'st Him, Love, upon the cross,
 With nails and spear Him bruising;
 Thou slay'st Him as a lamb, His loss
 From soul and body oozing;

From body 'tis the crimson flood
Of precious sacrificial blood;
From soul, the strength of anguish.
My gain it is; sweet Lamb to Thee
What can I give, whose love to me
For me doth make Thee languish?

5. Lord, all my life I'll cleave to Thee,
Thy love fore'er beholding,
Thee ever, as Thou ever me,
With loving arms enfolding.
Yea, Thou shalt be my Beacon-light
To guide me safe through death's dark
night
And cheer my heart in sorrow.
Henceforth myself and all that's mine
To Thee, my Savior, I consign,
From whom all things I borrow.
6. From morn till eve my theme shall be
Thy mercy's wondrous measure;
To sacrifice myself to Thee,
My foremost aim and pleasure.
My stream of life shall flow for Thee,
Its steadfast current ceaselessly
In praise to Thee outpouring;
And all that Thou hast done for me
I'll treasure in my memory,
Thy gracious love adoring.
7. Enlarge, shrine of my heart, and swell,
To thee shall now be given
A treasure that doth far excel
The worth of earth and heaven.
Away with the Arabian gold,
With treasures of an earthly mold!
I've found a better jewel.
My priceless treasure, Lord, my God,
Is Thy most holy, precious blood,
Which flowed from wounds so cruel.

8. This treasure ever I'll employ,
This every aid shall yield me;
In sorrow it shall be my joy,
In conflict it shall shield me;
In joy, the music of my feast,
And when all else has lost its zest,
This manna still shall feed me;
In thirst my drink; in want my food;
My company in solitude,
To comfort and to lead me.
9. Death's poison cannot harm me now,
Thy blood new life bestoweth;
My Shadow from the heat art Thou,
When noonday's sunlight gloweth.
When I'm by inward grief oppress'd,
On Thee my weary soul shall rest,
As sick men on their pillows.
Thou art my Anchor, when by woe
My bark is driven to and fro
On trouble's restless billows.
10. And when Thy glory I shall see
And taste Thy kingdom's pleasure,
Thy blood my royal robe shall be
And joy beyond all measure;
It then shall be my glorious crown,
Thus I'll appear before the throne
Of God and need not hide me;
And shall, by Him to Thee betrothed,
By Thee in bridal garments clothed,
Stand as a bride beside Thee.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

JESUS, I will ponder now
On Thy holy Passion;
With Thy Spirit me endow
For such meditation.

Grant that I in love and faith
May the image cherish
Of Thy suffering, pain, and death,
That I may not perish.

2. Make me see Thy great distress,
Anguish, and affliction,
Bonds and stripes and wretchedness
And Thy crucifixion;
Make me see how scourge and rod,
Spear and nails did wound Thee,
How for man Thou diedst, O God,
Who with thorns had crowned Thee.
3. Yet, O Lord, not thus alone
Make me see Thy Passion,
But its cause to me make known
And its termination.
Ah! I also and my sin
Wrought Thy deep affliction;
This the cause alone hath been
Of Thy crucifixion.
4. Grant that I Thy Passion view
With repentant grieving
Nor Thee crucify anew
By unholy living.
How could I refuse to shun
Every sinful pleasure
Since for me God's only Son
Suffered without measure?
5. If my sins give me alarm
And my conscience grieve me,
Let Thy cross my fear disarm,
Peace of conscience give me.
Grant that I may trust in Thee
And Thy holy Passion.
If His Son so loveth me,
God must have compassion.

6. Grant that I may willingly
 Bear with Thee my crosses,
 Learning humbleness of Thee,
 Peace mid pain and losses.
 May I give Thee love for love.
 Hear me, O my Savior,
 That I may in heaven above
 Sing Thy praise forever.

Sigmund von Birken, 1653 ; A. Crull, tr.

193

L. M.

- TO Thee, Lord Jesus, thanks we give,
 Who diedst for us that we might live
 And through Thy holy, precious blood
 Hast made us righteous before God.
2. We pray Thee, O true God and Man,
 Who wast for our offenses slain:
 Save us from everlasting death
 And cheer us when we yield our breath.
3. Defend us, Lord, from sin and shame;
 Help us by Thine almighty name
 To bear our crosses patiently,
 To trust in Thy great agony,
4. And thence the full assurance gain
 That Thou wilt e'er our Friend remain
 And not forsake us in our strife
 Until we enter into life.

Chr. Fischer, c. 1568 ; A. Crull, tr., a.

194

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

JESUS, grant that balm and healing
 In Thy holy wounds I find,
 Every hour that I am feeling
 Pains of body and of mind.
 Should some evil thought upstart,
 Let Thy cross defend my heart,
 Show the peril and from sinning
 Keep me ere its first beginning.

2. Should some lust or sharp temptation
Prove too strong for flesh and blood,
Let me think upon Thy Passion.
And the breach is soon made good.
Or should Satan make his way
To my heart, O let me say:
"Jesus Christ for me was wounded,"
And the Tempter flees confounded.
3. If the world my heart entices
On the broad and easy road,
Filled with mirth and pleasant vices,
Let me think upon the load
Thou didst once for me endure,
That I flee all thoughts impure,
Banishing each wild emotion.
Calm and blest in my devotion.
4. Yes, whate'er may pain or grieve me,
Let Thy wounds, Lord, make me whole.
When I'm faint, let them revive me,
Granting new life to my soul.
May Thy comfort render sweet
Every bitter cup I meet,
Thou, who by Thy death and Passion
Hast procured my soul's salvation!
5. O my God, my Rock and Tower!
Grant that in Thy death I trust,
Knowing Death has lost his power
Since Thou trod'st him in the dust.
Savior, let Thine agony
Ever help and comfort me;
Let Thy death be my protection,
Safety, life, and resurrection.
6. Jesus, grant that balm and healing
In Thy holy wounds I find,
Every hour that I am feeling
Pains of body and of mind;

And when I this world must leave,
Grant that, Lord, to Thee I cleave,
In Thy wounds find consolation,
And obtain my soul's salvation.

J. Heermann, 1644, a.

195**L. M.**

LORD Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light,
My Strength by day, my Trust by night,
On earth I'm but a passing guest
And sorely with my sins oppress.

2. Far off I see my fatherland,
Where through Thy blood I hope to stand.
But ere I reach that Paradise,
A weary way before me lies.
3. My heart sinks at the journey's length,
My wasted flesh has little strength,
My soul alone still cries in me:
"Lord, take me home, take me to Thee!"
4. O let Thy sufferings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour;
Thy sweat refresh and comfort me,
Thy bonds and fetters make me free!
5. The blows and stripes that fell on Thee
Heal up the wounds of sin in me;
Thy crown of thorns, Thy foes' mad spite,
Let be my glory and delight.
6. That thirst and bitter draught of Thine
Cause me to bear with patience mine;
Thy piercing cry uphold my soul
When floods of anguish o'er me roll.
7. O let Thy holy wounds for me
Clefts in the rock forever be
Where as a dove my soul can hide
And safe from Satan's rage abide.

8. And when my lips grow white and chill,
Thy Spirit cry within me still
And help my soul Thy heaven to find
When these poor eyes grow dark and blind.
9. And when my spirit flies away,
Thy dying words shall be my stay.
Let me depart with peaceful brow
When I in death my head shall bow.
10. Thy cross shall be my staff in life,
Thy holy grave my rest from strife;
The winding-sheet that covered Thee,
Oh, let it be a shroud for me!
11. Lord, in Thy nail-prints let me read
That Thou to save me hast decreed,
And grant that in Thy opened side
My troubled soul may ever hide.
12. Since Thou hast died, the Pure, the Just,
I take my homeward way in trust.
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide
When here I may no more abide.
13. And when the last Great Day shall come
And Thou, our Judge, shalt speak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light
And set me then upon Thy right.
14. Renew this wasted flesh of mine
That like the sun it there may shine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyself in glorious light.
15. Ah, then I'll have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angels' choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I'll behold Thy face!

Martin Behm, 1603.

196

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7

CHRIST, the Life of all the living,
Christ, the Death of death, our foe,
Who, Thyself for me once giving
To the darkest depths of woe,
Madest reconciliation
And hast saved me from damnation:
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

2. Thou, ah! Thou, hast taken on Thee
Bonds and stripes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God!
Thus didst Thou my soul deliver
From the bonds of sin forever.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
3. Thou hast borne the smiting only
That my wounds might all be whole;
Thou hast suffered, sad and lonely,
Rest to give my weary soul;
Yea, the curse of God enduring,
Blessing unto me securing.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
4. Heartless scoffers did surround Thee,
Treating Thee with cruel scorn,
And with piercing thorns they crowned
Thee;
All disgrace Thou, Lord, hast borne
That as Thine Thou mightest own me
And with heavenly glory crown me.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
5. Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee
That from pain I might be free;
Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee —
Thence I gain security;

Comfortless once Thou didst languish
Me to comfort in my anguish.

Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

6. Thou hast suffered great affliction
And hast borne it patiently,
Even death by crucifixion,
Fully to atone for me;
Thou didst choose to be tormented
That my doom should be prevented.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

E. C. Homburg, 1659.

197

7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 7, 6

WHEN o'er my sins I sorrow,
Lord, I will look to Thee
And hence my comfort borrow
That Thou wast slain for me;
Yea, Lord, Thy precious blood was spilt
For me, O most unworthy,
To take away my guilt.

2. Oh, what a marvelous offering!
Behold! the Master spares
His servants, and their suffering
And grief for them He bears.
God stoopeth from His throne on high;
For me, His guilty creature,
He deigns as man to die.

3. My manifold transgression
Henceforth can harm me none,
Since Jesus' bloody Passion
For me God's grace hath won.
His precious blood my debts hath paid;
Of hell and all its torments
I am no more afraid.

4. Therefore I will forever
Give glory unto Thee,
O Jesus, loving Savior,
For what Thou didst for me.
I'll spend my breath in songs of thanks
For Thy sad cry, Thy sufferings,
Thy wrongs, Thy guiltless death.
5. Lord, let Thy woes, Thy patience,
My heart with strength inspire
To vanquish all temptations
And spurn all base desire.
This thought I fain would cherish most —
What pain my soul's redemption
Hath Thee, O Savior, cost.
6. Whate'er may be the burden,
The cross here on me laid,
Be shame or want my guerdon,
I'll bear it with Thine aid.
Give patience, give me strength to take
Thee for my bright example
And all the world forsake.
7. And let me do to others
As Thou hast done to me:
Love all men as my brothers
And serve them willingly,
With ready heart, nor seek my own,
But as Thou, Lord, hast helped us,
From purest love alone.

J. Gesenius, 1646; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

198

11, 11, 11, 5

BELOVED Jesus, what law hast Thou
broken
That such sharp sentence should on Thee
be spoken?
Of what great crime hast Thou to make
confession,
Of what transgression?

2. They crown Thy head with thorns, they
 smite, they scourge Thee;
With cruel mockings to the cross they
 urge Thee;
They give Thee gall to drink, they still
 decry Thee;
They crucify Thee.
3. Whence come these sorrows, whence
 this mortal anguish?
It is my sins for which Thou, Lord,
 must languish;
Yea, all the wrath, the woe Thou dost
 inherit,
'Tis I do merit.
4. What strangest punishment is suffered
 yonder?
The Shepherd dies for sheep that love
 to wander;
The Master pays the debt His servants
 owe Him,
Who would not own Him.
5. The sinless Son of God must die in
 sadness;
The sinful child of man may live in
 gladness;
Man forfeited his life and is
 acquitted, —
God is committed.
6. There was no spot in me by sin
 untainted;
Sick with sin's poison, all my heart had
 fainted;
My heavy guilt to hell had well-nigh
 brought me,
Such woe it wrought me.

7. O wondrous love, whose depth no heart
hath sounded,
That brought Thee here, by foes and
thieves surrounded!
All worldly pleasures, heedless, I was
trying
While Thou wert dying.
8. O mighty King, no time can dim Thy
glory!
How shall I spread abroad Thy
wondrous story?
How shall I find some worthy gifts to
proffer?
What dare I offer?
9. For vainly doth our human wisdom ,
ponder
Thy woes; Thy mercy still transcends
our wonder.
Oh, how should I do aught that could
delight Thee!
Can I requite Thee?
10. Yet unrequited, Lord, I would not leave
Thee;
I will renounce whate'er doth vex or
grieve Thee
And quench with thoughts of Thee and
prayers most lowly
All fires unholy.
11. But since my own strength never will
suffice me
To crucify desires that still entice me,
To all good deeds, oh, let Thy Spirit
win me
And reign within me!

12. I'll think upon Thy mercy without
 ceasing,
 That earth's vain joys to me no more
 be pleasing;
 To do Thy will shall be my sole
 endeavor
 Henceforth forever.
13. Whate'er of earthly good this life may
 grant me
 I'll risk for Thee; no shame, no cross,
 shall daunt me;
 I shall not fear what man can do to
 harm me
 Nor death alarm me.
14. But, worthless is my sacrifice, I own it;
 Yet, Lord, for love's sake Thou wilt not
 disown it;
 Thou wilt accept my gift in Thy great
 meekness
 Nor shame my weakness.
15. And when, dear Lord, before Thy
 throne in heaven
 To me the crown of joy at last is given,
 Where sweetest hymns Thy saints
 forever raise Thee,
 I, too, shall praise Thee.

From the Latin of Anselm of Canterbury;
 J. Heermann, † 1647. C. Winkworth, tr., a.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the Tempter's power;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from His griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
4. Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Savior, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1825.

200

C. M.

- THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
 3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1771.

201**7, 6, 81**

- O BLEEDING Head, and wounded,
And full of pain and scorn,
In mockery surrounded
With cruel crown of thorn!
O Head, once crowned with glory
And heavenly majesty,
But now despised and gory;
Yet here I welcome Thee!
2. Men spit upon and jeer Thee,
Thou noble countenance,
Though mighty worlds shall fear Thee
And flee before Thy glance.
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does Thy visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
3. Now from Thy cheeks has vanished
Their color once so fair;
From Thy red lips is banished
The splendor that was there.
Pale Death, with cruel rigor,
Bereaveth Thee of life;
Thus lovest Thou Thy vigor
And strength in this sad strife.
4. My burden, in Thy Passion,
Lord, Thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression
Which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot;
Have mercy, I implore Thee,
Redeemer, spurn me not!

5. My Shepherd, now receive me!
My Guardian, own me Thine!
Great blessings Thou didst give me,
O Source of gifts divine!
Thy lips have often fed me
With milk and sweetest food;
Thy Spirit oft has led me
To stores of heavenly good.
6. Here I will stand beside Thee,
From Thee I will not part;
O Savior, do not chide me!
When breaks Thy loving heart,
When soul and body languish
In death's last fatal grasp,
Then, in Thy deepest anguish,
Thee in mine arms I'll clasp.
7. Naught ever so much blesses,
So much rejoices me,
As when in Thy distresses
I take a part with Thee.
Ah, well for me if lying
Here at Thy feet, my Life,
I, too, with Thee were dying
And thus might end my strife!
8. Thanks from my heart I offer
Thee, Jesus, dearest Friend,
For all that Thou didst suffer;
My good didst Thou intend.
Ah! grant that I may ever
To Thy truth faithful be;
When soul and body sever,
May I be found in Thee!
9. When hence I must betake me,
Lord, do not Thou depart!
O nevermore forsake me
When death is at my heart!

When soul and body languish,
 O leave me not alone,
 But take away mine anguish
 By virtue of Thine own!

10. Be Thou my Consolation
 And Shield when I must die;
 Remind me of Thy Passion
 When my last hour draws nigh.
 Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,
 Upon Thy cross shall dwell,
 My heart by faith enfold Thee.
 Who dieth thus dies well!

From the Latin of Bernard of Clairvaux;
 Paul Gerhardt, 1652.

202

L. M.

- ENSLAVED by sin and bound in chains,
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doomed to everlasting pains,
 We wretched, guilty captives lay.
2. Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace,
 Nor all the world's collected store
 Suffice to purchase our release;
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.
3. Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid.
 O matchless price! His precious blood
 For vile, rebellious traitors shed.
4. Jesus the sacrifice became
 To rescue guilty souls from hell;
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
 Beneath avenging Justice fell.
5. Amazing goodness! love divine!
 O may our grateful hearts adore
 The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

Anne Steele, † 1778.

GOOD FRIDAY.

203

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 8

O LAMB of God most holy,
 Upon the cursed tree slain;
 E'er patient, meek, and lowly,
 Though heaped with hate and disdain.
 All sins Thou borest for us,
 Else had despair reigned o'er us,
 Have mercy on us, O Jesus!

2. O Lamb of God, most holy,
 Upon the cursed tree slain;
 E'er patient, meek, and lowly,
 Though heaped with hate and disdain.
 All sins Thou borest for us,
 Else had despair reigned o'er us,
 Have mercy on us, O Jesus!

3. O Lamb of God, most holy,
 Upon the cursed tree slain;
 E'er patient, meek, and lowly,
 Though heaped with hate and disdain.
 All sins Thou borest for us,
 Else had despair reigned o'er us,
 Thy peace be with us, O Jesus!

N. Decius, 1526; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

204

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

205

7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 8

- SEE, world, thy Life assailèd,
On the accursed tree nailèd;
Thy Savior sinks in death!
The mighty Prince from heaven
Himself hath freely given
To shame and blows and cruel wrath.
2. Come hither now and ponder,
'Twill fill thy soul with wonder,
Blood streams from every pore.
Through grief whose depth none
knoweth,
From His great heart there floweth
Sigh after sigh of anguish o'er.
 3. Who is it that afflicts Thee?
My Savior, what dejects Thee
And causeth all Thy woe?
Sin Thou committedst never,
As we and our seed ever,
Of deeds of evil naught dost know.
 4. I, many times transgressing,
In number far surpassing
The sand upon the coast,
I thus the cause have given
That Thou with grief art riven
And with afflictions' scourging host.
 5. I've done it, and deliver
Me hand and foot forever
Thou justly might'st to hell.
The mocking to Thee offered,
The scourging Thou hast suffered,
My soul it was deserved it well.

6. The load Thou takest on Thee,
That pressed so sorely on me
Than stone more heavily.
A curse, Lord, Thou becamest,
Thus blessings for me claimest;
Thy pain must all my comfort be.
7. Not death itself Thou fearest,
As Surety Thou appearest
For all my debts and me.
For me Thy brow is crownèd
With thorns, and Thou'rt disownèd
By men and bear'st all patiently.
8. Into death's jaws Thou springest,
Deliverance to me bringest
From such a monster dire.
My death away Thou takest,
Thy grave its grave Thou makest;
O love, O unexampled fire!
9. I'm bound, my Savior, ever
By ties most sacred never
Thy service to forsake;
With soul and body ever,
With all my powers t' endeavor,
In praise and service joy to take.
10. Not much can I be giving
In this poor life I'm living,
But one thing do I say:
Thy death and sorrows ever,
Till soul from body sever,
My heart remember shall for aye.
11. Before mine eyes I'll place them
And joyfully embrace them,
Wherever I may be;
They'll be a glass revealing
Pure innocence and sealing
Love and unfeigned sincerity.

12. Of sin, how great the danger;
How it excites God's anger;
How doth His vengeance burn;
How sternly He chastiseth;
How His wrath's flood ariseth: —
Shall I from all Thy sufferings learn.
13. From them shall I be learning
How I may be adorning
My heart with quietness,
And how I still should love them
Whose malice aye doth move them
To grieve me by their wickedness.
14. When tongues of bad men grieve me,
Of peace and name deprive me,
My restive heart I'll still,
Their evil deeds enduring,
Of pardon free assuring
My neighbor for his every ill.
15. Upon the cross I'll nail me
With Thee; when sins assail me
Thou shalt my Refuge be.
Forsaking sins that grieve Thee,
Lord, let me never leave Thee,
And let me find my strength in Thee.
16. Thy groaning and Thy sighing,
Thy thousand tears and crying,
That once were heard from Thee,
They'll lead me to Thy glory,
Where I shall joy before Thee
And evermore at rest shall be!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653; J. Kelly, tr., a.

206

L. M.

THY soul, O Jesus, hallow me,
Thy Spirit steep me all in Thee,
Thy body, pierced by ruthless steel,
My wretched soul and body heal.

2. The water from Thy side that poured
For me a cleansing bath afford,
And all Thy blood, with life divine,
Revive this weakened heart of mine.
3. The sweat of death upon Thy face
Deliver me from death's embrace,
And all Thy Passion, cross, and pain,
With strength my feebleness sustain.
4. O Christ, turn not away from me,
Receive and hide me all in Thee,
Within Thy holy wounds inclose,
And keep me safe from all my foes.
5. In death's dark hour with me abide
And place me, Savior, at Thy side,
Where with Thy saints I shall adore
And praise Thee, Lord, forevermore.

J. Scheffler, † 1677; M. Loy, tr., a.

207

8, 8, 7, 8, 7

SEV'N times our blessed Savior spoke
When on the cross our sins He took
And died lest man should perish.

Let us His last and dying words
In our remembrance cherish.

2. "Father, forgive these men, for, lo,
They truly know not what they do."
So far His love extended.
Forgive us, Lord, for we, too, have
Through ignorance offended.
3. Now to the contrite thief He cries:
"Thou, verily, in Paradise
Shalt meet me ere to-morrow."
Lord, take us to Thy kingdom soon,
Who linger here in sorrow.

4. To weeping Mary, standing by,
"Behold thy Son!" now hear Him cry;
To John, "Behold thy mother!"
Provide, O Lord, for those we leave,
Let each befriend the other.
5. The Savior's fourth word was, "I thirst!"
O mighty Prince of Life, Thy thirst
For us and our salvation
Is truly great; do help us, then,
That we escape damnation.
6. The fifth, "My God, my God, O why
Forsake me?" Hark, the awful cry!
Lord, Thou wast here forsaken
That we might be received on high;
Let this hope not be shaken.
7. The sixth, when victory was won,
"Tis finished!" for Thy work was done.
Grant, Lord, that, onward pressing,
We may the work Thou dost impose
Fulfil with Thine own blessing.
8. The last, as woe and sufferings end,
"O God, My Father, I commend
Into Thy hands My spirit."
Be this, dear Lord, my dying wish;
O heavenly Father, hear it!
9. Whoe'er, by sense of sin opprest,
Upon these words his thoughts will rest,
He joy and hope obtaineth
And, through God's love and boundless
grace,
A peaceful conscience gaineth.
10. O Jesus Christ, Thou Crucified,
Who hast for our offenses died,
Grant that we e'er may ponder
Thy wounds, Thy cross, Thy bitter death,
Both here below and yonder.

Johann Boeschentain, 15th cent.; tr., anon.

208

6, 5, 6, 5

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

2. Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!
3. Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
4. Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
5. Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.
6. Lift we, then, our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood!

Italian, 18th cent.; E. Caswall, tr., 1857.

209

8, 7, 8 1

STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,
See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!
'Tis the long-expected Prophet,
David's Son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis the true and faithful Word.

2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,
Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning,
Foes insulting His distress;
Many hands were raised to wound Him,
None would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him
Was the stroke that Justice gave.
3. Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
Son of Man and Son of God.
4. Here we have a firm foundation;
Here the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation:
His the name of which we boast;
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Him their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

210

8, 7, 81

- JESUS, Refuge of the weary,
Object of the spirit's love,
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
Savior from the world above;
O how oft Thine eyes, offended,
Gaze upon the sinner's fall!
Yet, upon the cross extended,
Thou didst bear the pain of all.
2. Do we pass that cross unheeding,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
See Thy thorn-encircled brow?

Yet Thy sinless death hath brought us
 Life eternal, peace, and rest;
 Only what Thy grace hath taught us
 Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3. Jesus, may our hearts be burning
 With more fervent love for Thee;
 May our eyes be ever turning
 To Thy cross of agony;
 Till in glory, parted never
 From the blessed Savior's side,
 Graven in our hearts forever
 Dwell the cross, the Crucified!

Jerome Savonarola, † 1498.

211

C. M.

BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee!

- 2 Hark how He groans while nature shakes
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The Temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
3. 'Tis done; the precious ransom's paid;
 "Receive my soul!" He cries:
 See where He bows His sacred head!
 He bows His head and dies.
4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain
 And in full glory shine.
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like Thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sr., 1700.

212

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners, ruined by the Fall;
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all,
 In a full, perpetual tide,
 Opened when our Savior died.

2. Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.
3. Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace, may find.
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
4. He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood.
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant of blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery, 1819.

213

7s 81

SAVIOR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2. By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of th' insulting Tempter's power:
Turn, O turn, a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3. By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice:
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!
4. By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Robert Grant, 1815, a.

214

C. M.

- ALAS! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear Cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

BURIAL OF JESUS.

215

4, 4, 7, 7, 6

- O DARKEST woe!
 Ye tears, forth flow!
 Has earth so sad a wonder?
 God the Father's only Son
 Now is buried yonder!
2. O sorrow dread
 Our God is dead!
 But by His expiation
 Of our guilt upon the cross
 Gained for us salvation.
- 3 O child of man!
 It was the ban
 Of death on thee that brought Him
 Down to suffer for thy sins,
 And such woe hath wrought Him.
4. See, stained with blood,
 The Lamb of God,
 The Bridegroom, lies before thee,
 Pouring out His life that He
 May to life restore thee.
5. O Ground of faith,
 Laid low in death,
 Sweet lips now silent sleeping!
 Surely all that live must mourn
 Here with bitter weeping.
6. O Virgin-born,
 Thy death we mourn,
 Thou lovely Star of gladness!
 Who could see Thy reeking blood
 Without grief and sadness?

7. Yea, blest is he
Whose heart shall be
Fixed here, who apprehendeth
Why the Lord of Glory thus
To the grave descendeth.
8. O Jesus blest,
My Help and Rest,
With tears I now entreat Thee:
Make me love Thee to the last,
Till in heaven I greet Thee!

First stanza, anon.; J. Rist, 1641.

216

4, 4, 7, 7, 6

- SO rest, my Rest,
Thou Ever-blest!
Thy grave with sinners making;
By Thy precious death from sin
My dead soul awaking.
2. After Thy strife,
Life of my life,
Thou'rt in the tomb reposing,
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.
3. How cold art Thou,
My Savior, now!
Thy fervent love hath driven
Thee into the cold, dark grave
That I might gain heaven.
4. Breath of all breath!
I know from death
Thou wilt my dust awaken;
Wherefore should I dread the grave
Or my faith be shaken?
5. To me the tomb
Shall be a room
Where I lie down on roses;
Who by faith hath conquered death
Sweetly there reposes.

6. The body dies —
 Naught else — and lies
 In dust until victorious
 From the grave it shall arise
 Beautiful and glorious.
7. Meantime I will,
 My Savior, still
 Deep in my bosom lay Thee,
 Ever musing on Thy death.
 Leave me not, I pray Thee!

Sal. Franck, 1716.

217

L. M.

- LORD Jesus, who, our souls to save,
 Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
 Now grant us all in Thee to rest
 And here to live as seems Thee best.
2. Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
 That Thou hast purchased with Thy death
 And lead us to that glorious place
 Where we shall see the Father's face.
3. O Lamb of God, who once wast slain,
 We thank Thee for that bitter pain.
 Let us share in Thy death that we
 May enter into life with Thee.

G. Werner, 1638; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

EASTER.

218

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6

AWAKE, my heart, with gladness,
 See what to-day is done,
 How after gloom and sadness
 Comes forth the glorious Sun!
 My Savior there was laid
 Where our bed must be made
 When to the realms of light
 Our spirit wings its flight.

2. They in the grave did sink Him,
The Foe held jubilee;
Before he can bethink him,
Lo! Christ again is free,
And "Victory!" He cries
And waveth toward the skies
His banner, for the field
Is by the Hero held.
3. Upon the grave is standing
The Hero, looking round;
The Foe, no more withstanding,
His weapons on the ground
Throws down, his hellish power
To Christ he must give o'er
And to the Victor's bands
Must yield his feet and hands.
4. This is a sight that gladdens
And fills my heart with glee;
Now naughtsoever saddens
My soul nor takes from me
My trust or fortitude
Or any precious good
Which by His victory
My Savior gained for me.
5. Hell and its prince, the devil,
Now of their power are shorn,
I now am safe from evil,
And sin I laugh to scorn.
Grim Death with all his might
Cannot my soul affright;
He is a powerless form,
Howe'er he rage and storm.
6. The world against me rageth,
Its fury I disdain;
Though bitter war it wageth,
Its work is all in vain.

My heart from care is free,
 No trouble troubles me,
 Misfortune now is play;
 And night is bright as day.

7. I cleave now and forever
 To Christ, a member true;
 My Head will leave me never,
 Whate'er He passeth through.
 He treads the world beneath
 His feet and conquers death
 And hell and breaks sin's thrall;
 I'm with Him through it all.
8. To glory He ascendeth,
 I follow Him fore'er,
 For Christ, my Head, defendeth
 His member from all care.
 No enemy I fear
 Because my Head is near;
 My Savior is my Shield,
 By Him all rage is stilled.
9. He brings me to the portal
 That opens into bliss,
 Where, graved in words immortal,
 This golden scripture is:
 "Who there are scorned with Me
 Here with Me crowned shall be;
 Who there with Me shall die
 Shall here be raised as I!"

Paul Gerhardt, 1649; J. Kelly, tr., a.

219

C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 My Savior, and my Head,
 I trust in Thee, whose powerful word
 Hath raised Him from the dead.

2. Thou know'st for my offense He died
 And rose again for me,
 Fully and freely justified,
 That I might live to Thee.

3. Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus giv'n;
And all who seek, in Him shall find
The happiness of heav'n.
 4. Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me
And perfect me in love.
 5. To Thee the glory of Thy power
And faithfulness I give.
I shall in Christ at that glad hour,
And Christ in me, shall live.
- Charles Wesley, 1742.

220

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

- JESUS Christ, my sure Defense
And my Savior, ever liveth;
Knowing this, my confidence
Rests upon the hope it giveth
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.
2. Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
I, too, unto life must waken;
Endless joy my Savior gives;
Shall my courage, then, be shaken?
Shall I fear, or could the Head
Rise and leave His members dead?
 3. Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto Him by hope forever;
Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never;
Even death now cannot part
From its Lord the trusting heart.
 4. I am only flesh and blood,
And on this corruption seizeth;
But I know my Lord and God
From the grave my body raiseth
That with Him eternally
In His glory I may be.

5. Glorified, I shall again
 With this skin then be enshrouded;
In this body I shall then
 See my God with eyes unclouded;
In this flesh I then shall see
 Jesus Christ eternally.
6. Then these eyes my Lord shall know,
 My Redeemer and my Brother;
In His love my soul shall glow, —
 I myself, and not another!
Only there shall disappear
 Weakness in and round me here.
7. What now sickens, mourns, and sighs
 Christ with Him in glory bringeth;
Earthly is the seed and dies,
 Heavenly from the grave it springeth;
Natural is the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.
8. Then take comfort, nay, rejoice!
 For His members Christ will cherish;
Fear not, they will know His voice,
 Though awhile they seem to perish,
When the final trump is heard
 And the deaf, cold grave is stirred.
9. Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave
 And at death no longer tremble;
For the Lord, who comes to save,
 Round Him shall His saints assemble,
Raising them o'er all their foes,
 Mortal weakness, fear, and woes.
10. Only draw away your heart
 Now from pleasures base and hollow;
Would ye there with Christ have part,
 Here His footsteps ye must follow;
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
 Whither ye yourselves would rise!

221

7s

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.
4. Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?
5. Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head.
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
6. Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Charles Wesley, 1739.

222

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

JESUS lives! No longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal me;
Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave He will recall me.
Brighter scenes will then commence;
This shall be my confidence.

2. Jesus lives! To Him the throne
 High o'er heaven and earth is given.
 I shall go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in heaven.
 God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
 This shall be my confidence.
3. Jesus lives! For me He died,
 Hence will I, to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,
 Praise to Him and glory giving.
 Freely God doth aid dispense;
 This shall be my confidence.
4. Jesus lives! I know full well
 Naught from me His love shall sever;
 Life nor death nor powers of hell
 Part me now from Christ forever.
 God will be a sure Defense:
 This shall be my confidence.
5. Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath
 When I pass its gloomy portal.
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
 "Jesus is my confidence!"

C. F. Gellert, 1757; Frances E. Cox, tr., † 1864.

223

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- WHO is this that comes from Edom,
 All His raiment stained with blood;
 To the captive speaking freedom,
 Bringing and bestowing good;
 Glorious in the garb He wears,
 Glorious in the spoil He bears?
2. 'Tis the Savior, now victorious,
 Traveling onward in His might;
 'Tis the Savior; O how glorious
 To His people is the sight!
 Satan conquered and the grave,
 Jesus now is strong to save.

3. Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain.
Fall'n they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.
4. Mighty Victor, reign forever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done.
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly, 1809, a.

224

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 7, 4

- IN death's strong grasp the Savior lay,
For our offenses given;
But now the Lord is ris'n to-day
And brings us life from heaven.
Therefore let us all rejoice,
And praise our God with cheerful voice,
And sing loud hallelujahs.
Hallelujah!
2. No son of man could conquer Death,
Such mischief sin had wrought us,
For innocence dwelt not on earth,
And therefore Death had brought us
Into thralldom from of old
And ever grew more strong and bold
And kept us in his bondage.
Hallelujah!
 3. But Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
To our low state descended,
The cause of Death He has undone,
His power forever ended,
Ruined all his right and claim,
And left him nothing but the name, —
His sting is lost forever.
Hallelujah!

4. It was a strange and dreadful fray
 When Death and Life contended;
 But it was Life that won the day,
 The reign of Death was ended.
 Holy Scripture plainly saith
 That Death is swallowed up by Death,
 Made henceforth a derision.
 Hallelujah!
5. Here the true Paschal Lamb we see,
 Whom God so freely gave us;
 He died on the accursed tree —
 So strong His love! — to save us.
 See, His blood doth mark our door;
 Faith points to it, Death passes o'er,
 The Murderer cannot harm us.
 Hallelujah!
6. So let us keep the festival
 With heartfelt exultation.
 Christ is Himself the Joy of all,
 The Sun of our salvation.
 By His grace He doth impart
 Eternal sunshine to the heart;
 The night of sin is ended.
 Hallelujah!
7. Then let us feast this Easter Day
 On Christ, the Bread of heaven;
 The Word of Grace hath purged away
 The old and evil leaven;
 Christ alone our souls will feed,
 He is our meat and drink indeed,
 Faith lives upon no other.
 Hallelujah!

Martin Luther, 1524.

225

7s (with Hall.)

CHRIST the Lord is risen again!
 Christ has broken death's strong chain!
 Hark, the angels shout for joy,
 Singing evermore on high:
 Hallelujah!

2. He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day.
We, too, sing for joy and say:
Hallelujah!
3. He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah!
4. He whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man armed hath bound,
Now in highest heaven is crowned:
Hallelujah!
5. He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings!
Hallelujah!
6. Now He bids us tell mankind
How all may salvation find,
How poor sinners are forgiv'n,
And through faith may enter heav'n:
Hallelujah!
7. Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away
That we all may sing for aye:
Hallelujah!

Bohemian Brethren, M. Weiss, 1531; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

226

10, 6, 10, 9, 9, 4

I AM content! My Jesus liveth still,
In whom my heart is pleased;
He hath fulfilled the Law of God for me,
God's wrath He hath appeased.
Since Him from life death could not sever,
I also shall not die forever.
I am content!

2. I am content! My Jesus is my Head,
His member I will be;
He bowed His head, when on the cross
He died,
With cries of agony;
Now death is brought into subjection
For me, too, by His resurrection.
I am content!
3. I am content! My Jesus is my Lord,
My Prince of Life and Peace;
His loving heart is thirsting after man's
Welfare and future bliss.
Where He, my Lord and Master, liveth,
His servant also He receiveth.
I am content!
4. I am content! My Jesus is my Light,
My radiant Sun of Grace.
His cheering rays beam blessings forth
for all;
Sweet comfort, hope, and peace.
This Easter-sun brings life, salvation,
And everlasting exultation.
I am content!
5. I am content! Lord, draw me but to Thee
That from the dead I rise
With Thee, my Head, and enter cheerfully
Into Thy heavenly joys.
The fetters of my body sever,
Then shall my soul rejoice forever.
I am content!

J. J. Moeller, 1704 ; A. Crull, tr.

227

L. M.

WHERE wilt Thou go since night
draws near,
O Jesus Christ, Thou Pilgrim dear?
Lord, make me happy, be my Guest,
And in my heart, oh, deign to rest.

2. Grant my request, O dearest Friend,
For truly I Thy best intend;
Thou knowest that Thou ever art
A welcome Guest unto my heart.
3. The day is now far spent and gone,
The shades of night come quickly on;
Then stay with me, Thou heavenly Light,
And do not leave me in this night.
4. Enlighten me that from the way
That leads to heaven I may not stray,
That I may never be misled,
Though night of sin is round me spread.
5. And when I on my death-bed lie,
Help me and let me gently die.
Abide! I will not let Thee go!
Thou wilt not leave me, Lord, I know.

E. C. Homburg, † 1681; A. Crull, tr., a.

228

C. M.

- WELCOME, Thou Victor in the strife,
Welcome from out the cave!
To-day we triumph in Thy life
Around Thine empty grave.
2. Our enemy, is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim;
We fear our foe no more.
 3. The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found
And bringest peace with Thee.
 4. O let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free;
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to Thee.
 5. We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Savior's tomb
And seek the treasure there that time
And change can ne'er consume.

6. Fearless we lay us in the tomb
And sleep the night away;
For Thou art there to break the gloom
And call us back to day.

B. Schmolck, 1712; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

229

L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2. He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all-glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.
3. He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
4. He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint,
He lives to comfort me when faint.
5. He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
6. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives, I'll sing;
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!
7. He lives and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there.

8. He lives, all glory to His name!
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same.
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives!"

Samuel Medley, 1775.

230

L. M.

LORD Jesus Christ, strong Hero Thou,
 Grim death Thou hast o'erpowered now,
 Thou dost destroy hell's gate and chain,
 Dost on the third day rise again.

2. Thou grantest to Thy friends the grace
 To look again upon Thy face
 And showest them the glorious prize
 Won when from death Thou didst arise.
3. Grant that we and all Christians may
 Partake of this great joy to-day
 Which by Thy resurrection Thou
 To all men freely givest now.
4. Grant us that we may rise from sin,
 A holy life to lead begin,
 Till we, from sin and pain set free,
 In endless Easter live with Thee.

B. Helder, 1620; A. Crull, tr., a.

ASCENSION.

231

8, 7, 81

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
 See the King in royal state,
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
 To His heavenly palace gate!
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful alleluias sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heav'nly King.

2. Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies, —
 He hath gained the victory.
 He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan;
 He by death has spoiled His foes.
3. While He raised His hands in blessing,
 He was parted from His friends,
 While their eager eyes behold Him,
 He upon the clouds ascends;
 He who walked with God and pleased Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 He, our Enoch, is translated
 To His everlasting home.
4. Now our heav'nly Aaron enters
 With His blood within the veil;
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail;
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
 Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.
5. Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heav'nly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand.
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

C. Wordsworth, 1862.

232

L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 The Victor rises to the sky.

2. There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
3. Loose all your bars of massy light
And wide unfold the radiant scene.
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in.
4. Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, who all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
5. Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
6. Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest!

Charles Wesley, 1741.

233

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6

- LO, God to heaven ascendeth!
Throughout its regions vast
With shouts triumphant blendeth
The trumpet's thrilling blast:
Sing praise to Christ the Lord!
Sing praise with exultation,
King of each heathen nation,
The God of hosts adored!
2. With joy is heaven resounding,
Christ's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding
The Lord who set them free.
Bright myriads, thronging, come;
The cherub band rejoices,
And loud seraphic voices
Welcome Messiah home.

3. No more the way is hidden
 Since Christ, our Head, arose;
No more to man forbidden
 The road that heav'nward goes.
Our Lord is gone before;
 But here He will not leave us,
 In heaven He'll soon receive us;
He opens wide the door.
4. Christ is our place preparing;
 To heaven we, too, shall rise
And, joys angelic sharing,
 Be where our Treasure lies.
There may each heart be found,
 Where Jesus Christ has entered;
 There let our hopes be centered,
Our course still heavenward bound!
5. May we, His servants, thither
 In heart and mind ascend;
And let us sing together:
 "We seek Thee, Christ, our Friend,
Thee, God's anointed Son,
 Our Life, and Way to heaven,
 To whom all power is given,
Our Joy, and Hope, and Crown!"
6. Farewell with all thy treasures,
 O world, to falsehood giv'n!
Thy dross gives no true pleasures;
 We seek the joys of heav'n.
The Savior is our Prize;
 He comforts us in sadness
 And fills our hearts with gladness;
To Him we lift our eyes.
7. When, on our vision dawning,
 Will break the wished-for hour
Of that all-glorious morning
 When Christ shall come with power?

O come, thou welcome day!
 When we, our Savior meeting,
 His second advent greeting,
 Shall hail the heaven-sent ray.

G. W. Sacer, 1661; F. E. Cox, tr., a.

234

4, 4, 7, 4, 4, 7

DRAW us to Thee,
 For then shall we
 Walk in Thy steps forever
 And hasten on
 Where Thou art gone
 To be with Thee, dear Savior.

2. Draw us to Thee,
 Lord, lovingly;
 Let us depart with gladness
 That we may be
 Forever free
 From sorrow, grief, and sadness.

3. Draw us to Thee;
 O grant that we
 May find the road to heaven.
 Direct our way,
 Lest we should stray
 And from Thy paths be driven.

4. Draw us to Thee,
 That also we
 Thy heavenly bliss inherit
 And ever dwell
 Where sin and hell
 No more can vex our spirit.

5. Draw us to Thee
 Unceasingly,
 Into Thy kingdom take us;
 Let us fore'er
 Thy glory share,
 Thy saints and joint heirs make us.

Fr. Funcke, † 1699; A. Crull, tr.

235

L. M.

A HYMN of glory let us sing;
New songs throughout the world shall
ring:

By a new way none ever trod
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

2. May our affections thither tend
And thither constantly ascend
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own!
3. Be Thou our present Joy, O Lord,
Who wilt be ever our Reward;
And as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee!
4. All glory to the Father be,
All glory, Jesus Christ, to Thee,
Who didst to heaven above ascend,
And to the Spirit, without end.

Bede, † 735; Elizabeth R. Charles, 1858.

236

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

SINCE Christ has gone to heaven, His
home,

I, too, that home one day must share;
And in this hope I overcome

All doubt, all anguish, and despair;
For where the Head is, well we know,
The members He has left below
In time He surely gathers.

2. Since Christ has reached His glorious
throne
And mighty gifts henceforth are His,
My heart can rest in heaven alone,
On earth my Lord I always miss;
I long to be with Him on high,
My heart and thoughts forever fly
Where is my only Treasure.

3. From Thy ascension let such grace,
 Dear Lord, be ever found in me,
 That steadfast faith may guide my ways
 With step unalt'ring up to Thee,
 And at Thy voice I may depart
 With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art;
 Lord, hear my supplication!

J. Wegelin, 1637; C. Winkworth, tr.

SESSION.

237

C. M.

- THE Head that once was crowned with
 thorns
 Is crowned with glory now;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.
2. The highest place that heaven affords
 Is His by sovereign right,
 The King of kings and Lord of lords,
 And heaven's eternal Light;
3. The Joy of all who dwell above,
 The Joy of all below,
 To whom He manifests His love
 And grants His name to know.
4. To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given;
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of heaven.
5. They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him above,
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of His love.
6. The cross He bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Him:
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

238

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and Heaven rejoices, --
Jesus reigns, the God of Love.
See, He sits on yonder throne:
Jesus rules the world alone.

2. Christians, come, unite your praises
With the angels round His throne;
Soon, we hope, our God will raise us
To the place where He is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing,
"Glory, glory, to our King!"
3. Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How He bore the cross below,
How all power to Him is given,
How He reigns in glory now;
'Tis a great and endless theme,
Oh, 'tis sweet to sing of Him!
4. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above and makes it fair.
Lord of Life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy people here.
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
5. King of Glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown.
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
6. Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory, to our King!"

239

L. M. (with Hall.)

WE thank Thee, Jesus, dearest Friend,
That Thou didst into heaven ascend,
O mighty God, Immanuel;
Make soul and body strong and well.
Hallelujah!

2. Now all His Christians can rejoice
And sing His praise with cheerful voice:
Glory to God in heaven's high throne,
Our Brother is God's only Son.
Hallelujah!
3. Ascended to His throne on high,
He yet to us is always nigh;
As God and man He ever reigns
And infinite in power remains.
Hallelujah!
4. Above all heavens in glory raised,
Forever by all angels praised,
All human beings rules our Lord,
All creatures must obey His word.
Hallelujah!
5. He rules and reigns at God's right hand
And has all power at His command,
All things are subject to His rod —
The Son of man and Son of God.
Hallelujah!
6. The world, sin, Satan, death, and hell
Are vanquished by Immanuel.
Dispute who will His mighty reign,
He still the Victor must remain.
Hallelujah!
7. The man who trusts in Him is blest
And finds in Him eternal rest;
This world's allurements we despise
And fix on Christ alone our eyes.
Hallelujah!

8. We trust in Him, our Lord and God,
Who hath redeemed us by His blood;
He captive led captivity,
From bitter death to set us free.
Hallelujah!
9. We, therefore, heartily rejoice
And sing His praise with cheerful voice:
Our Brother, our own flesh and blood,
Is God and King, our greatest Good.
Hallelujah!
10. Through Him we heirs of heaven are made,
O Brother, Christ, extend Thine aid
That we may firmly trust in Thee
And live through Thee eternally.
Hallelujah!
11. Amen, Amen, O Lord! we cry;
Do Thou, who art exalted high,
In Thy pure doctrine keep our hearts
And shield us from the devil's arts.
Hallelujah!

Praetorius's *Musae Sioniae*, 1607.

INTERCESSION.

240

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

- ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
2. He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die!
4. The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear Anointed One;
 He cannot turn away,
 Cannot refuse His Son;
 His Spirit answers to the blood
 And tells me I am born of God.
5. My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh
 And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

Charles Wesley, 1742, a.

241

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

- TH' atoning work is done,
 The Victim's blood is shed,
 And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead:
 He stands in heaven their great High Priest
 And bears their names upon His breast.
2. He sprinkled with His blood
 The mercy-seat above;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of love;
 But justice now withstands no more,
 And mercy yields her boundless store.
 3. No temple made with hands
 His place of service is;
 In heaven itself He stands,
 A heavenly priesthood His.
 In Him the shadows of the Law
 Are all fulfilled and now withdraw.

4. And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come
And take His waiting people home.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

242

8, 7, 81

- HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.
2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed.
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Open is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
 3. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
 4. Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1757; Stanza 3 by M. Toplady, 1776.

243

7s

- HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
 To His throne above the skies!
 Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
 Reascends His native heaven.
2. There the glorious triumph waits:
 Lift your heads, eternal gates;
 He hath conquered death and sin;
 Take the King of Glory in!
 3. Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still He loves the earth He leaves;
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.
 4. See, He lifts His hands above;
 See, He shows the prints of love.
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings, on His Church below.
 5. Still for us His death He pleads;
 Prevalent, He intercedes;
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.
 6. There we shall with Thee remain
 Partners of Thy endless reign;
 There Thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

244

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

JESUS, my great High Priest,
 Offered His blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

2. To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
3. My Advocate appears
For my defense on high;
The Father bows His ears
And lays His thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn His heart, His love, away.
4. Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

245

C. M.

- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.
2. I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.
 3. He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
 4. Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5. When God is mine and I am His,
Of Paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley, 1742, abr.

PENTECOST.

246

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- COME, O come, Thou quickening Spirit,
God from all eternity!
Let us Thy blest grace inherit
And our souls be filled with Thee;
Then shall spirit, life, and light
Drive away our inner night.
2. Grant our hearts Thy heavenly treasure:
Wisdom, counsel, purity,
That in naught we may take pleasure
Save in that which pleaseth Thee.
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.
3. Lead us to our soul's salvation,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Shield us from the world's temptation
That might foil us in the race;
When we stumble, hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.
4. Let us trust Thy witness wholly
That we children are of God
Who rely upon Him solely
When they pass beneath the rod;
For the Father's chastenings
Bless above all earthly things.
5. Prompt us e'er to come before Him
Joyously with hope in view;
Sigh in us when we implore Him,
Ever plead for us anew;
Then our prayer shall not be vain,
And our faith new strength shall gain.

6. If our soul for comfort languish
 And despondency grow strong,
 That the heart must cry in anguish:
 "O my God, my God, how long!"
 Comfort then the aching breast,
 Grant us courage, patience, rest.
7. Mighty Spirit of reliance,
 Sure Defense in all our need,
 When the foe bids us defiance,
 Bid Thy work in us Godspeed!
 Grant us weapons for the strife
 And with victory crown our life.
8. Guard, O God, our faith forever;
 Let not Satan, death, or shame
 Ever part us from our Savior;
 Lord, our Refuge is Thy name.
 Though our flesh would fain say Nay,
 Be Thy Word to us still Yea.
9. And when death life's thread is rending,
 Then assure us yet the more,
 As the heirs of life unending,
 Of the glory there in store
 Which can never be exprest,
 But with which we shall be blest.

H. Held, † 1659.

247

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 4, 8, 4, 8

O HOLY Spirit, enter in,
 And in our hearts Thy work begin,
 Thy temple deign to make us;
 Sun of the soul, Thou Light Divine,
 Around and in us brightly shine,
 To joy and gladness wake us.
 That we To Thee
 Truly living, To Thee giving
 Prayer unceasing,
 May in love be still increasing.

2. Give to Thy Word impressive power
That in our hearts, from this good hour,
As fire it may be glowing;
That we confess the Father, Son,
And Thee, the Spirit, Three in One,
Thy glory ever showing.
O stay And sway
Our souls ever That they never
May forsake Thee,
But by faith their refuge make Thee.
3. Thou Fountain, whence all wisdom flows
Which God on pious hearts bestows,
Grant us Thy consolation
That in our pure faith's unity
We faithful witnesses may be
Of grace that brings salvation.
Hear us, Cheer us
By Thy teaching; Let our preaching
And our labor
Praise Thee, Lord, and bless our neighbor.
4. Left to ourselves, we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us
And give us steadfastness that we
May ever faithful prove to Thee
Whatever woes betide us.
Lord, now Heal Thou
All hearts broken And betoken
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.
5. Thy heavenly strength sustain our heart
That we may act the valiant part
With Thee as our Reliance;
Be Thou our Refuge and our Shield
That we may never quit the field,
But stand in bold defiance.

Descend, Defend
From all errors And earth's terrors;
Thy salvation
Be our constant consolation.

6. O mighty Rock, O Source of Life,
Let Thy dear Word, mid doubt and strife,
Be so within us burning
That we be faithful unto death,
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wisdom learning.
Thy grace And peace
On us shower; By Thy power
Christ confessing,
Let us win our Savior's blessing.
7. O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
With power upon the hearts of all,
Thy tender love instilling,
That heart to heart more closely bound,
In kindly deeds be fruitful found,
The law of love fulfilling;
Then, Lord, Discord
Shall not grieve Thee; We receive Thee;
Where Thou livest,
Peace and love and joy Thou givest.
8. Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be passed,
Be Thou our Strength forever;
Grant that our hearts henceforth be free
From sinful lust and vanity,
Which us from Thee must sever.
Keep Thou Pure now
From offenses Heart and senses.
Blessed Spirit,
Let us heavenly life inherit.

Michael Schirmer, 1640; Stanza 2 anon., c. 1660.

248

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

SEND, O God, a gentle shower,
For my heart is dry as sand;
Father, bathe Thy drooping flower,
Water Thou Thy thirsty land;
Let Thy Holy Spirit's boon
O'er me from Thy heavenly throne
Like abundant streams be flowing,
Blessings on my heart bestowing.

2. By a human father, even
Though he is by sin defiled,
Only good gifts will be given
Unto a beloved child;
How much more dost Thou the same,
For "Good Father" is Thy name!
Thou wilt send to me Thy Spirit;
Thy good gifts I shall inherit.
3. Jesus, who for my salvation
To the Father didst ascend.
Hear my earnest supplication,
Unto me Thy Spirit send;
Let the Comforter for aye
Bide with me, my Strength and Stay,
That in faith I may not waver,
Steadfast in the truth forever.
4. Holy Ghost, Strength of the simple,
O make Thine abode with me,
Let me ever be Thy temple;
Cheerfully I welcome Thee.
Do Thou purify my heart,
Cast out all things that might part
Me from those sweet joys of heaven
Which by Thee to faith are given.
5. With Thy gifts my heart endowing,
Make it new and clean and fair;
Let in true love it be glowing,
Living in Thy grace fore'er;

Give me courage bold and good,
 Sanctify my flesh and blood,
 Let me, trusting in Christ's merit,
 Worship God in truth and spirit.

6. Thus myself I will deliver,
 Lord, to Thee; my soul shall strive
 Only after heaven forever
 Until there I shall arrive
 Where the Father and the Son
 And Thyself in heaven's high throne
 I shall praise and all Thy treasures
 In angelic, heavenly measures.

M. Kraemer, 1683; A. Crull, tr.

249

8, 8, 8, 7

COME, God, Creator, Holy Ghost,
 And visit Thou the souls of men;
 Fill them with graces, as Thou dost,
 Thy creatures make pure again.

2. For Comforter Thy name we call,
 Sweet Gift of God most high above,
 A holy Unction to us all,
 A living Fount, Fire, and Love.
3. Our minds enlighten and refresh,
 Deep in our hearts let love burn bright;
 Thou know'st the weakness of our flesh;
 O strengthen us with Thy might.
4. Thou with Thy wondrous sevenfold gifts,
 The Finger art of God's right hand;
 The Father's Word Thou sendest swift
 On tongues of fire to each land.
5. Drive far from us our wily foe,
 Grant us Thy blessed peace within,
 That in Thy footsteps we may go
 And shun the dark ways of sin.

6. Teach us to know the Father well
 And Jesus Christ, His Son, our Lord,
 That in our hearts true faith may dwell,
 Spirit of both, aye adored!

7. To God the Father, God the Son,
 Who from the dead is risen again,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be evermore praise. Amen.

From the Latin *Veni, Creator Spiritus*,
 Martin Luther, 1524; L. W. Bacon, tr., a.

250

L. M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 O shed Thine influence from above
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.

2. In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's surpassing glory sung;
 Let all the listening earth be taught
 The wonders by our Savior wrought.

3. Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
 Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
 Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

Anon., 1774.

251

L. M.

O HOLY Ghost, eternal God,
 Blest Comfort for life's rugged road,
 With all my heart I pray to Thee;
 Hear my entreaty graciously.

2. O Lord, be Thou my Comforter
 Lest in my sins I might despair;
 Protect me from the snares of hell,
 Grant that in Jesus Christ I dwell;

3. That always I may ready be
To serve this Master faithfully
And own Him in true living faith
My Lord and Savior unto death.
4. O lead me in the narrow way
And from the fold let me not stray,
That when this mortal frame I leave,
The crown of life I may receive.

B. Helder, † 1635; A. Crull, tr.

252

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6

- O ENTER, Lord, Thy temple,
Be Thou my spirit's Guest,
Who gavest me, the earth-born,
A second birth more blest.
Thou in the Godhead, Lord,
Though here to dwell Thou deignest,
Forever equal reignest,
Art equally adored.
2. O enter, let me know Thee
And feel Thy power within,
The power that breaks our fetters
And rescues us from sin;
So wash and cleanse Thou me
That I may serve Thee truly
And render honor duly
With perfect heart to Thee.
 3. An olive wild by nature
Thou graftedst me anew;
Death preyed upon my vitals
And claimed me as his due:
But Christ's atoning blood,
In death true comfort granting,
Drowned death with all his vaunting,
In His baptismal flood.

4. Thou art, O Holy Spirit.
The true anointing Oil,
Through which are consecrated
Soul, body, ease, and toil
To Christ, whose guardian wings,
Where'er their lot appointed,
Protect His own anointed,
His prophets, priests, and kings.
5. 'Tis Thou, O Spirit, teachest
The soul to pray aright;
Thy songs have sweetest music,
Thy prayers have wondrous might;
Unheard they cannot fall,
They pierce the highest heaven,
Till He His help hath given
Who surely helpeth all.
6. Joy is Thy gift, O Spirit,
Thou wouldst not have us pine;
In darkest hours Thy comfort
Doth aye most brightly shine;
And oh, how oft Thy voice
Hath shed its sweetness o'er me
And opened heaven before me
And bid my heart rejoice!
7. All love is Thine, O Spirit;
Thou hatest enmity;
Thou lovest peace and friendship,
All strife wouldst have us flee;
Where wrath and discord reign,
Thy whisper inly pleadeth
And to the heart that heedeth
Brings love and light again.
8. The whole wide world, O Spirit,
Upon Thy hands doth rest;
Our wayward hearts Thou turnest
As it may seem Thee best;

Once more Thy power make known,
As Thou hast done so often,
Convert the wicked, soften
Thou all the hearts of stone.

9. O Holy Spirit, hear us
And make our sorrow cease;
Thy scattered flock restore now
To union, joy, and peace;
Bid flourish once again
The lands by men forsaken,
The churches spoiled and shaken
By war's unhallowed train.

10. On those that rule our country,
Oh! shower Thy blessings down
And in Thy loving-kindness
Adorn, as with a crown,
With piety our youth,
With godliness our nation,
That all, to gain salvation,
May know Thy heavenly truth.

11. With holy zeal then fill us
To keep the faith still pure;
And bless our lands and houses
With wealth that may endure;
And make the Foe to flee,
Who in us with Thee striveth,
From out our heart he driveth
Whate'er delighteth Thee.

12. Grant steadfastness and courage
That bravely we contend
Against the wiles of Satan;
O Lord, Thy flock defend!
Help us to battle well,
To triumph o'er the devil,
To overcome the evil
And all the powers of hell.

13. Direct our paths in all things
 According to Thy mind,
 And when this life is over
 And all must be resigned,
 O grant us then to die
 With calm and fearless spirit
 And after death inherit
 Eternal life on high.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

253

78

- GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove Divine,
 Let Thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
2. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in His precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me impart;
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Dwell Thyself within my breast,
 Earnest of eternal rest.
4. Let me never from Thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy divine;
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777, a.

254

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8

LET songs of praises fill the sky:
 Christ, our ascended Lord,
 Sends down His Spirit from on high
 According to His word:
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost!

2. The Spirit by His heavenly breath
Creates new life within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
3. The things of Christ the Spirit takes
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul His temple makes;
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
4. Come, Holy Spirit, from above
With Thy celestial fire;
Come and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire!
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

255

C. M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!
 3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
 4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate —
Our love so cold, so faint to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

256

6, 5, 6, 5

- HOLY Spirit, hear us
On this sacred day;
Come to us with blessing,
Come with us to stay.
2. Come as once Thou camest
To the faithful few,
Patiently awaiting
Jesus' promise true.
3. Up to heaven ascending,
Our dear Lord has gone;
Yet His little children
Leaves He not alone.
4. To His blessed promise
Now in faith we cling.
Comforter, most holy!
Spread o'er us Thy wing.
5. Lighten Thou our darkness,
Be Thyself our Light;
Strengthen Thou our weakness,
Spirit of all might.
6. Spirit of adoption,
Make us overflow
With Thy sevenfold blessing
And in grace to grow.
7. Into Christ baptized
Grant that we may be,
Day and night, dear Spirit,
Perfected by Thee!

J. Mohr, 1818; C. F. Hernamann, tr.

257

7, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 8

COME, Holy Ghost, God and Lord!
 Be all Thy graces now outpoured
 On each believer's mind and heart;
 Thy fervent love to them impart.
 Lord, by the brightness of Thy light
 Thou in the faith dost men unite
 Of every tongue and every nation;
 We, therefore, sing with exultation:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2. Thou holy Light, Guide Divine,
 O cause the Word of Life to shine;
 Teach us to know our God aright
 And call Him Father with delight.
 From error, Lord, our souls defend
 That they on Christ alone attend,
 In Him with living faith abiding,
 In Him with all their might confiding.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3. Thou holy Fire, Source of rest,
 Grant that, with joy and hope possess,
 We always in Thy service stay
 And trouble drive us not away.
 Lord, by Thy power prepare each heart,
 To our weak nature strength impart
 That firmly here we be contending,
 Through life and death to Thee ascending.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

From the Latin *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*;
 Martin Luther, 1524.

258

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
 Let Thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

2. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
3. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.
5. Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

259

78

- HOLY Ghost, with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
2. Let me see my Savior's face,
Let me all His beauties trace;
Show those glorious truths to me
Which are only known to Thee.
 3. Holy Ghost, with power divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
In Thy mercy pity me,
From sin's bondage set me free.
 4. Holy Ghost, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Let it grow and still increase.

5. Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme and reign alone.
6. See, to Thee I yield my heart,
Shed Thy life through every part;
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

260

9, 9, 11, 10, 4

- NOW do we pray God the Holy Ghost
For the true faith which we need the most
And that He defend us when life is
 ending
And from exile home we shall be wending.
 Lord, have mercy!
2. Shine in our hearts, O most precious
 Light,
That we Jesus Christ may know aright,
Clinging to our Savior, whose blood has
 bought us,
Who again to our true home has
 brought us.
 Lord, have mercy!
 3. Thou sweetest Love, grace on us bestow,
Set our hearts with heavenly fire aglow,
That with hearts united we love each
 other,
Of one mind, in peace with every brother.
 Lord, have mercy! .
 4. Thou highest Comfort in every need!
Grant that neither shame nor death we
 heed,

That e'en then our courage may never
 fail us
 When at last th' Accuser shall assail us.
 Lord, have mercy!

Martin Luther, 1524; Stanza 1, 13th century.

TRINITY.

261

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

ALL glory be to God on high,
 Who hath our race befriended!
 To us no harm shall now come nigh,
 The strife at last is ended;
 God showeth His good will to men,
 And peace shall reign on earth again;
 O thank Him for His goodness!

2. We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
 And give Thee thanks forever,
 O Father, that Thy rule is just
 And wise and changes never.
 Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
 Done is whate'er Thy will ordains:
 Well for us that Thou rulest!
3. O Jesus Christ, Thou only Son
 Of God, Thy heavenly Father,
 Who didst for all our sins atone
 And the lost sheep dost gather:
 Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high,
 From out our depths, we sinners cry,
 Have mercy on us, Jesus!
4. O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
 Thou Comforter unfailing,
 O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift
 And let Thy power availing
 Avert our woes and calm our dread;
 For us the Savior's blood was shed,
 We trust in Thee to save us.

N. Decius, 1526; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

262

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!
3. Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come and Thy people bless
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend.
4. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Power!
5. To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see
And to eternity
Love and adore!

263

11, 12, 12, 10

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall
 rise to Thee;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore
 Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns
 around the glassy sea,
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down
 before Thee,
 Which wert and art and evermore
 shalt be.
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness
 hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
 may not see,
 Only Thou art holy; there is none beside
 Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name
 in earth and sky and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

264

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

THE mystery hidden from the eyes
 Of learned men and sages,
 God hath revealed us from the skies,
 In Scripture's holy pages,
 That He alone is King above
 All other gods whatever,
 Great, mighty, faithful, full of love,
 His people's Shield and Savior;
 One Essence, but Three Persons.

2. As Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The righteous seed adore Him;
So named, so praised, He is the boast
Of all who bow before Him;
He's Abraham's and Isaac's God,
And Jacob's, whom He knoweth,
The Lord of hosts, who every good,
Both night and day, bestoweth;
Who only worketh wonders.
3. The Father hath the Son begot,
First-born of every creature;
The Son took our weak flesh, but not
Our sinfulness of nature;
Both from the Father and the Son
The Holy Ghost proceedeth
From all eternity; yet none
In might and power exceedeth;
All equal, coeternal.
4. Be glad, my heart, thy Portion see,
Thy priceless Pearl and Treasure!
He is thy Friend, supply will He
Thy needs with bounteous measure;
He made thee in His image, was
For thy offenses smitten,
With true faith fill thee, through His
grace
Doth all thy crosses sweeten
With His dear word of promise.
5. Rise, then, to Him, the Ever-blest,
And learn to know Him rightly;
Such knowledge can alone bring rest
And make thy soul burn brightly
With the pure flame of holy love,
Which cheers thy course to heaven;
For God will show thee things above
Which here 'tis only given
To hear of and see darkly.

6. But woe to the ungodly race,
 In wilful blindness living,
 Rejecting God and His dear grace,
 Their hearts to creatures giving.
 On them, alas! hell's dreadful gates
 Ere long will close forever;
 For him who God rejects and hates
 God will reject and sever
 From His eternal kingdom.
7. O Prince of Might, Thy mercy show,
 Thou God of earth and heaven;
 To every sinner here below
 Thy saving grace be given!
 Bring back Thy sheep that go astray
 And blinded eyes enlighten,
 And turn Thou everything away
 That wickedly might frighten
 Thine own, whose faith is feeble.
8. Grant this, that we, Thy people, may
 All reach the heavenly portals
 And in Thy kingdom sing for aye
 Mid all the blest immortals:
 That Thou, O Lord, art King alone,
 Above all gods whatever,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, One,
 Thy people's Shield and Savior,
 One Essence, but Three Persons!

Paul Gerhardt, 1666.

265

8, 8, 8, 6

GOD of my life, Thy boundless grace
 Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
 My Rest, my Home, my Dwelling-place:
 Father, I come to Thee.

2. Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield,
 Whose precious blood was shed for me,
 Into Thy hands my soul I yield:
 Savior, I come to Thee.

3. Spirit of glory and of God,
 Long hast Thou deigned my Guide to be;
 Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed:
 My God, I come to Thee.
4. I come to join that countless host
 Who praise Thy name unceasingly;
 Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 My God, I come to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

266

L. M.

- THOU who art Three in unity,
 True God from all eternity,
 The sun is fading from our sight,
 Shine Thou on us with heavenly light.
2. We praise Thee with the dawning day,
 To Thee at even also pray;
 With our poor song we worship Thee
 Now, ever, and eternally.
 3. Let God the Father be adored,
 And God the Son, the only Lord,
 And God the Holy Spirit be
 Adored throughout eternity!

From the Latin of St. Ambrose;

M. Luther, 1543; R. Massie, tr.

267

C. M.

- FATHER of glory, to Thy name
 Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim
 And bid us rebels live.
2. Immortal honor to the Son,
 Who makes Thine anger cease;
 Our lives He ransomed with His own
 And died to make our peace.
 3. To Thine almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory given,
 Whose teachings bring us near to Thee
 And train us up for heaven.

4. Let men with their united voice
Adore th' eternal God
And spread His honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.
5. Let faith and love and duty join
One grateful song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

Isaac Watts, c. 1721.

268

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

- GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit;
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!
2. Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!
 3. Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations;
Heaven and earth, your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of Glory bring!
 4. Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

H. Bonar, 1866.

269

L. M.

FATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls has found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2. Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
3. Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.
4. Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

E. Cooper, 1805.

270

S. M.

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
All glory, power, and praise receive
For Thy creating love.

2. O Thou Incarnate Word,
Let all Thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For Thy redeeming grace.
3. Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
4. Eternal Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon, Thy love.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

271

7s 141

GOD the Father, be our Stay

When hell's dread powers assail us;

Cleanse us from our sins, we pray,

Nor in our last hour fail us.

Keep us from the Evil One,

Firm in the faith abiding,

In Christ, our Savior, hiding,

And heartily confiding.

Let us put God's armor on:

With all true Christians running

Our heavenly race and shunning

The devil's wiles and cunning.

Amen, Amen, this be done,

So sing we, Hallelujah!

2. Jesus Christ, be Thou our Stay

When hell's dread powers assail us;

Cleanse us from our sins, we pray,

Nor in our last hour fail us.

Keep us from the Evil One,

Firm in the faith abiding,

In Christ, our Savior, hiding,

And heartily confiding.

Let us put God's armor on:

With all true Christians running

Our heavenly race and shunning

The devil's wiles and cunning.

Amen, Amen, this be done,

So sing we, Hallelujah!

3. Holy Ghost, be Thou our Stay

When hell's dread powers assail us;

Cleanse us from our sins, we pray,

Nor in our last hour fail us.

Keep us from the Evil One,

Firm in the faith abiding,

In Christ, our Savior, hiding,

And heartily confiding.

Let us put God's armor on:
 With all true Christians running
 Our heavenly race and shunning
 The devil's wiles and cunning.

Amen, Amen, this be done,
 So sing we, Hallelujah!

Adapted by Martin Luther, 1524,
 from 15th Cent. Litany.

272

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

THE Lord, my God, be praised,
 My Light, my Life from heaven;
 My Maker, who to me
 Hath soul and body given;
 My Father, who protects
 My life from infancy
 And mighty gifts of love
 Hath e'er bestowed on me.

2. The Lord, my God, be praised,
 My Trust, my Life from heaven,
 The Father's own dear Son,
 Whose life for me was given;
 Who thus atoned for me
 With His most precious blood;
 Who giveth to my faith
 The greatest heavenly good.
3. The Lord, my God, be praised,
 My Hope, my Life from heaven,
 The Father's Spirit, whom
 The Son to me hath given;
 He who revives my heart
 And gives me strength and power,
 Help, comfort, and support
 In sorrow's gloomy hour.
4. The Lord, my God, be praised,
 He who forever liveth,
 To whom the heavenly host
 E'er praise and honor giveth.

The Lord, my God, be praised,
 In whose great name I boast,
 God Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost.

5. To Him we now sing praise,
 With joy our offering bringing
 And with the angel host
 The "Holy! Holy!" singing.
 To Him all Christendom
 Sings praises joyfully;
 The Lord, my God, be praised
 Throughout eternity!

J. Olearius, 1671; A. Crull, tr.

REFORMATION.

273

8, 7, 8, 7, 5, 5, 5, 6, 7

A MIGHTY Fortress is our God,
 A trusty Shield and Weapon;
 He helps us free from every need
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old evil Foe
 Now means deadly woe;
 Deep guile and great might
 Are his dread arms in fight,
 On earth is not his equal.

2. With might of ours can naught be done,
 Soon were our loss effected;
 But for us fights the Valiant One,
 Whom God Himself elected.
 Ask ye, Who is this?
 Jesus Christ it is,
 Of Sabaoth Lord,
 And there's none other God,
 He holds the field forever.

3. Though devils all the world should fill,
 All eager to devour us,
 We tremble not, we fear no ill,
 They shall not overpower us.
 This world's prince may still
 Scowl fierce as he will,
 He can harm us none,
 He's judged; the deed is done;
 One little word can fell him.
4. The Word they still shall let remain
 And not a thank have for it;
 He's by our side upon the plain
 With His good gifts and Spirit.
 And take they our life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife:
 Let these all be gone,
 They yet have nothing won;
 The Kingdom ours remaineth.

Martin Luther, 1527.

274

L. M.

- LORD, keep us in Thy Word and work,
 Restrain the murderous Pope and Turk,
 Who fain would tear from off Thy throne
 Christ Jesus, Thy beloved Son.
2. Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known,
 For Thou art Lord of lords alone;
 Shield Thy poor Christendom that we
 May evermore sing praise to Thee.
 3. Thou Comforter of priceless worth,
 Give one mind to Thy flock on earth,
 Stand by us in our final strife,
 And lead us out of death to life.
 4. Destroy their counsels, Lord, our God,
 And smite them with an iron rod,
 And let them fall into the snare
 Which for Thy Christians they prepare,

5. So that at last they may perceive
That, Lord, our God, Thou still dost live
And dost deliver mightily
All those who put their trust in Thee.

Martin Luther, 1541; Stanzas 4 and 5, J. Jonas, 1544.

275

L. M.

- THINE honor rescue, Christ, our Lord!
Hear Zion's sighs and help afford;
Destroy the wiles of mighty foes,
Who now Thy Word and truth oppose.
2. Their craft and vaunting pomp is great;
High beat their hearts, with power elate;
Our dearest hopes they but deride.
They deem us nothing in their pride.
3. Forgive, O Lord, our sins forgive,
Grant us Thy grace and let us live;
Convince Thy foes throughout the land
That godless counsels shall not stand.
4. Preserve Thy little flock in peace,
Nor let Thy boundless mercy cease;
Let it to all the world appear
That Thy true Church indeed is here.
5. That Thou art with us loud proclaim,
Who put'st our enemies to shame,
Dost all their haughtiness suppress
And help Thine own in their distress.

J. Heermann, 1630; M. Loy, tr., a.

276

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

FEAR not, O little flock, the Foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes
faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2. Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
His Gideon shall for you arise,
Uphold you and His Word.
3. As true as God's own Word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.
4. Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare.
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

J. M. Altenburg, † 1640; C. Winkworth, tr., 1855, a.

277

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

- THE mouth of fools doth God confess,
But while their lips draw nigh Him,
Their heart is full of wickedness,
And all their deeds deny Him.
Corrupt are they, and every one
Abominable works hath done;
There is not one well-doer.
2. The Lord looked from His heavenly throne
On all mankind below Him
To see if there were any one
Who truly sought to know Him,
And all his understanding bent
To search His holy Word, intent
To do His will in earnest.

- 3 But none there was who walked with God,
 For all aside had slidden,
 Delusive paths of folly trod,
 And followed lusts forbidden;
 Not one there was who practised good,
 Though many deemed, in haughty mood,
 Their deeds to God were pleasing.
4. "How long, by folly blindly led,
 Will they oppress the needy
 And My own flock devour like bread?"
 So fierce are they and greedy!
 In God they put no trust at all,
 Nor on His name in trouble call,
 But be their own providers.
5. Therefore their heart is never still,
 A constant fear dismays them,
 God is with him who doth His will,
 Who trusts Him and obeys Him;
 Ye shame the counsel of the poor
 And mock him when he doth assure
 That God is e'er his Refuge.
6. Who shall to Israel's outcast race
 From Zion bring salvation?
 God will Himself at length show grace
 And loose the captive nation;
 That will He do by Christ, their King;
 Let Jacob then be glad and sing
 And Israel be joyful.

Ps. 14. Martin Luther, 1524; R. Massie, tr.

278

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

O GOD, from heaven look down and see,
 A sight which well may move Thee:
 Of godly men, how few there be;
 Forsaken we who love Thee!
 Withheld is Thy pure Word, the light
 Of faith itself extinguished quite
 In all the sons of Adam.

2. Fictions they teach with cunning art
And lies of man's invention;
Not grounded on God's Word, their heart
Breeds naught but strange dissension;
One chooses this, another that,
Untold division they create
Though saintlike in appearance.
3. May God root out all heresy
And of false teachers rid us,
Who proudly say: "Now, where is he
Who would our speech forbid us!
We have the right and might alone,
And what we say must stand, we own
None as our lord and master."
4. Therefore saith God: "I must arise
To quell their great wrong-doing;
To Me ascend My people's sighs,
And I have heard their suing.
My saving Word shall take the field,
Shall be the poor man's strength and
shield,
Shall conquer all opponents."
5. As silver seven times furnace-tried,
Is pure from all its drosses,
So doth the Word of God abide
The brighter for its crosses;
For trial shows its worth aright
And manifests its strength and light,
That through all lands it shineth.
6. O God, preserve it pure and free
From this vile generation
And let us be preserved by Thee
From their abomination.
The wicked walk on every side
When mid Thy flock the vile abide
In power and are exalted.

279

10, 10, 10, 4

- CHRIST, Thou the Champion of the
band who own
Thy Cross, O make Thy succor quickly
known!
The schemes of those who long our blood
have sought
Bring Thou to naught.
2. Do Thou Thyself for us, Thy children,
fight,
Withstand the devil, quell his rage and
might;
Whate'er assails Thy members left
below
Do Thou o'erthrow.
3. And give us Thy peace: peace in Church
and school;
Peace to the powers who o'er our country
rule;
Peace to the conscience, peace within
the heart,
Do Thou impart.
4. So shall Thy goodness here be still
adored,
Thou Guardian of Thy little flock, dear
Lord;
And heaven and earth through all
eternity
Shall worship Thee.

M. A. von Loewenstern, 1644; C. Winkworth, tr., abr.

280

11, 11, 11, 5

AH! Lord, our God, let them not be
confounded
Who, though by want and woe and pain
surrounded,
Yet day and night still for Thy hope are
sighing,
To Thee are crying.

2. But put to shame Thy foes who breathe
defiance
And make their own vain might their
sole reliance.
O turn in mercy to Thy generation;
Lord, have compassion!
3. We stand bereft of help and poor and
lonely;
'Twere vain to trust in man. With Thee,
Lord, only
We may defeat the enemies around us
Who seek to wound us.
4. Thou art our Champion, who canst
overthrow them
And save the little flock now crushed
below them.
We trust in Thee; for Jesus' sake be
near us;
Help, Helper, hear us!

J. Heermann, 1630; C. Winkworth, tr.

281

L. M.

NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been a Rock,
A Fortress, and Defense to me.

2. Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power.
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad;
At home, my Safeguard and my Tower.
3. To Thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

4. Let the eternal Lord be praised,
 The Rock on whose defense I rest.
 O'er highest heavens His name be raised
 Who me with His salvation blest.
 Ps. 18. Tate and Brady, 1698, abr.

282

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

- HAD God not come, may Israel say,
 Had God not come to aid us,
 Our enemies before this day
 Would surely have dismayed us;
 For we are but a handful small,
 Held in contempt and scorn by all,
 All men rise up against us.
2. Their furious wrath, did God permit,
 Would surely have consumed us
 And in the deep and yawning pit
 With life and limb entombed us;
 Like men o'er whom dark waters roll,
 The streams had gone e'en o'er our soul
 And mightily o'erwhelmed us.
3. Blest be the Lord, who from the pit
 Snatched us when it was gaping;
 Our souls, like birds that break the net,
 To the blue skies escaping;
 The snare is broken — we are free!
 Our help is ever, Lord, in Thee,
 The God of earth and heaven.
- Ps. 124. Martin Luther, 1525; R. Massie, tr., a.

283

L. M.

- WHEN Rome had shrouded earth in night,
 God said again, Let there be light!
 And Luther with the Gospel came
 To spread the truth in Jesus' name.
2. When Rome the saints of God oppressed,
 And burdened souls could find no rest,
 Through Luther God deliv'rance sent
 By His pure Word and Sacrament.

3. Though hosts against us stand arrayed,
Christ bids us still, Be not afraid.
Though all its powers the truth assail,
The gates of hell shall not prevail.
4. To-day with joyful hearts we sing
The guardian care of Christ, our King,
Who through His chosen instrument
To us hath this salvation sent.
5. O Lord, whose mercies still endure,
Preserve to us Thy Gospel pure;
Let it alone within us reign
That Thine the glory may remain.

M. Loy, 1880.

284

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

IF God were not upon our side
When round us foes are raging,
Were not Himself our Help and Guide
When bitter war they're waging,
Were He not Israel's mighty Shield,
To whom their utmost craft must yield,
We surely must have perished.

2. But now no human wit or might
His chosen people frighteth;
God sitteth in the highest height,
And He their counsels blighteth.
When craftiest snares and nets they lay,
God doth His work another way
And makes a path before us.
3. Against our souls they rage and mock,
Exciting great commotion;
As billows meet with angry shock
Out on the stormy ocean,
So they our lives with fury seek.
But God hath pity on the weak,
And Him they have forgotten.

4. They call us heretics and aye
 Their Christian name are flaunting;
They seek to spill our blood, while they
 Their fear of God are vaunting.
Ah, God! that precious name of Thine
O'er many a wicked deed must shine,
 But Thou wilt once avenge it.
5. They open wide their ravenous jaws
 And threaten to devour us,
But thanks to God, who rules our cause,
 They shall not overpower us;
Their snares He yet will bring to naught
And overthrow what they have taught;
 God is too mighty for them.
6. How richly He consoleth those
 Whom no one else befriendeth!
The door of grace doth never close;
 Sense cannot comprehend it
How this may be and deems all lost,
When through this very cross a host
 Of champions God is raising.
7. Our foes, O God, are in Thy hand,
 Thou knowest their endeavor;
But only give us strength to stand
 And let us waver never,
Though reason strives with faith, and still
It fears to wholly trust Thy will
 And sees not Thy salvation.
8. But heaven and earth, O Lord, are Thine,
 For Thou alone hast made them;
Thy light let on Thy people shine
 And in their sorrow aid them.
Ignite our hearts to love and faith
That shall be steadfast e'en to death,
 Howe'er the world may murmur.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

285

10s 4l

STARS of the morning, so gloriously
 bright,
 Filled with celestial resplendence and
 light,
 These that, where night never followeth
 day,
 Raise the "Thrice holy, Lord!" ever
 and aye!

2. These are Thy ministers, these dost
 Thou own,
 Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne.
 These are Thy messengers; these dost
 Thou send,
 Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.
3. When by Thy word earth was first
 poised in space,
 When the far planets first sped on their
 race,
 When was completed the six days'
 employ,
 Then "all the sons of God shouted for
 joy."
4. Still let them succor us; still let them
 fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right,
 Till, where their anthems they cease-
 lessly pour,
 We with the angels may bow and adore.

Joseph of the Studium, c. 850; J. M. Neale, tr., 1862, a.

286

L. M.

LORD God, we all to Thee give praise,
 Thank-offerings meet to Thee we raise,
 That Thou didst angel hosts create
 Around Thy glorious throne to wait.

2. They glow with light and heavenly grace
And constantly behold Thy face;
Obedience to Thy voice they yield
And are with godly wisdom filled.
3. They never rest nor sleep as we;
Their whole delight is but to be
Forever near Thee, gracious Lord,
Thy little flock to watch and guard.
4. The foul old Dragon and dread Foe
With envy, hate, and wrath doth glow;
It always is his aim and pride
Thy Christian people to divide.
5. As he has blighted earth of old,
He keeps e'en now his deathly hold,
Chafes madly to annihilate
All virtue, honor, Church, and State.
6. Therefore no halt or rest he knows;
A roaring lion round he goes,
Or lies in wait with baneful snare
To drive the Christians to despair.
7. But watchful is the angel band
That follows Christ on every hand
And guards Thy holy Christendom
From harm that might from Satan come.
8. From Daniel's case this may be seen
When he sat in the lions' den,
And likewise angels rescued Lot
That the ungodly harmed him not.
9. When the three Hebrews were at last
Into the fiery furnace cast,
No power had fiercest flames to harm
Against the rescuing angel's arm.

10. And thus our God, still at this day,
From harm and many an evil way
Keeps near us His dear angel guard,
Placed over us as watch and ward.
11. For this, now and eternally,
Our praise shall rise, O God. to Thee,
Whom all the angel hosts adore
With joy now and forevermore.
12. We also pray Thee to defend
By them unto the latter end
Thy fold, that little flock, O Lord,
That holds in honor Thy blest Word.

From the Latin of Philip Melanchthon.
Paul Eber, 1566.

287

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

- JESUS, Brightness of the Father,
Life and Strength of all who live!
In the presence of the angels
Glory in Thy name we give:
And Thy wondrous praise rehearse,
Singing in harmonious verse.
2. Blessed Lord, by their protection
Shelter us from harm this day;
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit;
Save us from the Foe, we pray:
And vouchsafe us by Thy grace
In Thy paradise a place.
 3. Glory to th' almighty Father,
Sing we with the heavenly host;
Glory to the great Redeemer,
Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Three in One, and One in Three,
Throughout all eternity!
- Rhabanus Maurus, † 856; E. Caswall, tr., 1848, a.
-

ALL SAINTS.

288

7, 6, 8, 6, 81

TEN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2. What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!
3. Oh, then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless
Nor widows desolate.
4. Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign.
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Savior, come!

H. Alford, 1867.

289

S. M.

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2. For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward
And strove in Thee to die.

3. They all in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4. For this Thy name we bless
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness
And live and die in Thee.

R. Mant, 1837, abr.

290

8, 7, 81

HARK! the sound of holy voices
Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee!
Multitudes which none can number
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hand.

2. Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3. They have come from tribulation
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood.
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.
4. Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Savior and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.
5. Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite.
Love and peace they taste forever
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

C. Wordsworth, 1862.

HARVEST AND THANKSGIVING.

291

L. M. 61

O LORD, whose bounteous hand again
Hath poured Thy gifts in plenty down,
Who all creation dost sustain
And all the earth with goodness crown:
Lord of the harvest, here we own
Our joy Thy gift, and Thine alone.

2. O may we ne'er with thankless heart
Forget from whom our blessings flow.
Still, Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart;
Still teach us what to Thee we owe.
Lord, may our lives with fruit divine
Return Thy care and prove us Thine.
3. Lord, grant that each may sow to Thee;
Grant us in endless life to reap.
Of every heart the Guardian be;
By day and night Thy servants keep
That all to Thee may joy afford
On Thy great harvest-day, O Lord.

Anon.

292

C. M.

- O LORD, I sing with lips and heart,
Joy of my soul, to Thee;
To earth Thy knowledge I impart
As it is known to me.
2. Thou art the Fount of grace, I know,
And Spring so full and free,
Whence saving health and goodness flow
Each day so bounteously.
 3. For what have all that live and move
Through this wide world below
That does not from Thy bounteous love,
O heavenly Father, flow?
 4. Who built the lofty firmament?
Who spread th' expanse of blue?
By whom are to our pastures sent
Refreshing rain and dew?
 5. Who warmeth us in cold and frost?
Who shields us from the wind?
Who orders it that oil and must
We in their season find?

6. Who is it life and health bestows?
Who keeps us with His hand
In golden peace, wards off war's woes
From our dear native land?
7. O Lord, of this and all our store
Thou art the Author blest;
Thou keepest watch before our door
While we securely rest.
8. Thou feedest us from year to year
And constant dost abide;
With ready help in time of fear
Thou standest at our side.
9. With patience dost Thou ever chide
And chasten'st sparingly;
Thou castest all our sins aside
And drown'st them in the sea.
10. When silent woe our bosom rends,
Thy pity sees our grief
And gives what to our glory tends
No less than our relief.
11. Thou knowest when a Christian weeps
And why his tear-drops fall;
And in the book Thy mercy keeps
These things are noted all.
12. Our deepest needs dost Thou supply,
Thou giv'st what lasts for aye;
Thou lead'st us to our home on high
When hence we pass away.
13. Rejoice, my heart, be glad and sing,
A cheerful trust maintain!
For God, the Source of everything,
Thy Portion will remain.
14. He is thy Treasure, He thy Joy,
Thy Life and Light and Lord,
Thy Counselor when doubts annoy,
Thy Shield and great Reward.

15. In restless thought or blank despair
Why spend each day and night?
On Him who made thee cast thy care;
He makes our burdens light.
16. Did not His love and truth and power
Watch o'er thy childhood's day?
Has He not oft in threatening hour
Turned dreaded ills away?
17. His wisdom never plans in vain,
Ne'er falters or mistakes;
All that His counsels did ordain
A happy ending makes.
18. Upon thy lips, then, lay thy hand
And trust His guiding love;
Then firm as rock thy peace shall stand
Here and in heaven above.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

293

C. M.

- WE sing th' almighty power of God,
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. We sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines, too, at His command,
And all the stars obey.
 3. We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who formed His creatures by a word
And then pronounced them good.
 4. Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er we turn our eyes,
Whene'er we view the ground we tread
Or gaze upon the skies!

5. There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
6. On Thee each moment we depend;
If Thou withdraw, we die.
Oh, may we ne'er that God offend
Who is forever nigh! Isaac Watts, 1715.

294

8, 7, 81

- TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation:
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.
2. And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.
3. We bear the burden of the day
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves forevermore
To garners bright elected.
4. Oh, blessed is that land of God
Where saints abide forever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.

The strains of all its holy throng
 With ours to-day are blending;
 Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
 Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix, 1864.

295

7s 81

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home;
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied.
 Come to God's own temple, come;
 Raise the song of Harvest-home.

2. We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown;
 First the blade and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear.
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
3. For the Lord, our God, shall come
 And shall take His harvest home;
 From His field shall purge away
 All that doth offend, that day;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.
4. Come, Thou Lord of harvest, come
 To Thy final Harvest-home;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
 There, forever purified,
 In Thy garner to abide.
 Come with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

H. Alford, 1845.

296

7s 81

CHRIST, by heav'nly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sov'reign Lord,
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
By the Church with joy confest,
God o'er all forever blest;
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our land.

2. On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea.
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.
3. Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace.
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

H. Harbaugh, 1860.

297

7s

PRAISE, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2. Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3. And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4. Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
5. And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
6. Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
7. And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
8. Glory to our bounteous King,
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One!

H. W. Baker, 1861.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2. All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
3. Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
4. As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

A. L. (Aikin) Barbauld, 1773, abr.

• NATIONAL.

299

7s 81

- SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land.
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
2. Here, beneath a peaceful sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong, 1799.

300

L. M.

- O BLESS, Thou heavenly Potentate,
 With wisdom, strength, the powers of
 state,
 That wrong and violence may cease
 And Church and home abide in peace.
2. Bless rich and poor, the great and small,
 Both friend and foe; Lord, bless Thou all
 The family on earth in love
 And fit all for Thy home above.
3. Thus, with Thy blessing on each hand,
 Will peace and plenty fill the land
 And righteousness spring from the earth
 And life below have higher worth.
4. All praise to Thee, O King of kings,
 Whose grace to us such blessings brings;
 Thee, with the Father, we adore,
 And Holy Ghost, forevermore.

Anon.

301

7s 6 l

- WHAT our Father does is well:
 Blessed truth His children tell!
 Though He send, for plenty, want,
 Though the harvest-store be scant,
 Yet we rest upon His love,
 Seeking better things above.
2. What our Father does is well:
 Shall the wilful heart rebel
 If a blessing He withhold
 In the field or in the fold?
 Is He not Himself to be
 All our store eternally?
3. What our Father does is well:
 Though He sadden hill and dell,
 Upward yet our praises rise
 For the strength His Word supplies.
 He has called us sons of God;
 Can we murmur at His rod?

4. What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.
5. Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise.
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be
Now and through eternity.

B. Schmolck, 1720 ; H. W. Baker, tr., 1861.

302**C. M.**

- LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!
2. Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness!
 3. Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
 4. Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
 5. Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

John R. Wreford, 1837.

303

C. M.

- ALMIGHTY Lord, before Thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend;
 'Tis on Thy grace in Christ alone
 Our failing hopes depend.
2. Dark judgments from Thy heavy hand
 Thy dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
3. How changed, alas! are truths divine
 For error, guilt, and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name!
4. O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
 Convert us by Thy grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey Thy Word
 And see again Thy face.
5. Then, should oppressing foes invade,
 We will not yield to fear,
 Secure of all-sufficient aid,
 When God in Christ is near.

Anne Steele, † 1778.

304

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

- TO Thee, our God, we fly
 For mercy and for grace;
 Oh, hear our lowly cry
 And hide not Thou Thy face!
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.
2. Arise, O Lord of hosts,
 Be jealous for Thy name,
 And drive from out our coasts
 The sins that put to shame.
 O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3. Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
4. The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand
And guard and bless our Fatherland.
5. The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

W. W. How, 1871.

305

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

C. T. Brooks, 1834; J. S. Dwight, 1844.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

306

L. M. 61

MY hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness veils His lovely face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale
 My anchor holds within the veil.
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.
3. His oath, His covenant, and blood
 Support me in the sinking flood;
 When every earthly prop gives way,
 He then is all my Hope and Stay.
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.
4. When I shall launch to worlds unseen,
 Oh, may I then be found in Him,
 Dressed in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the throne!
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
 All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote, 1836.

307

C. M.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been:
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

2. But, O my soul, forever praise,
 Forever love, His name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.

3. 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done,
But we are saved by love and grace
Abounding through His Son.
4. 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our souls are washed from sin.
5. 'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
6. Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too
And see our Father's face.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

308

C. M.

- ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
2. The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
 3. The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.
 4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live!

5. All that I am, e'en here on earth,
 All that I hope to be
 When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to Thee. H. Bonar, 1853.

309

L. M.

- BLEST is the man, forever blest,
 Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confessed
 And covered with his Savior's blood.
2. Blest is the man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward
 And not on works, but grace relies.
3. From guile his heart and lips are free,
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree
 And join to prove his faith sincere.
4. How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins,
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Through his whole life appears and
 shines! Isaac Watts, 1719.

310

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

- DEAR Christians, one and all rejoice,
 With exultation springing
 And with united heart and voice
 And holy rapture singing.
 Tell how our God beheld our need
 And sing His sweet and wondrous deed;
 Right dearly it hath cost Him.
2. Fast bound in Satan's chains I lay,
 Death brooded darkly o'er me,
 My sin oppressed me night and day,
 Therein my mother bore me;
 And ever deeper yet I fell,
 Life had become a living hell,
 So firmly sin possessed me.

3. My good works could avail me naught,
For they with sin were stainèd;
Free will against God's judgment fought
And dead to good remainèd;
Grief drove me to despair, and I
Had nothing left me but to die,
To hell I fast was sinking.
4. Then God beheld my wretched state
With deep commiseration;
He thought upon His mercy great
And willed my soul's salvation;
He turned to me a Father's heart—
Not small the cost! —to heal my smart,
He gave His best and dearest.
5. He spake to His beloved Son:
"Tis time to have compassion;
Then go, My heart's most Precious One,
And bring to man salvation;
From sin and sorrow set him free,
Slay bitter death for him that he
May live with Thee forever."
6. The Son His Father did obey,
And, born of virgin mother,
He came a while on earth to stay
That He might be my Brother.
His mighty power He hidden bore,
A servant's form like mine He wore
To lead the devil captive.
7. He spake to me: "Hold fast by Me,
I am thy Rock and Castle;
I wholly give Myself for thee,
For thee I strive and wrestle;
For I am thine, and thou art Mine,
Henceforth My place is also thine;
The foe shall never part us.

8. "The foe shall shed My precious blood,
 Me of My life bereaving.
 All this I suffer for thy good;
 Be steadfast and believing.
 Life shall from death the victory win,
 Mine innocence shall bear thy sin,
 So art thou blest forever.
9. "Now to My Father I depart,
 From earth to heaven ascending.
 Thence heavenly wisdom to impart,
 The Holy Spirit sending;
 He shall in trouble comfort thee,
 Teach thee to know and follow Me,
 Into all truth shall guide thee.
10. "What I have done and taught do thou
 To do and teach endeavor;
 So shall My kingdom flourish now
 And God be praised forever.
 Take heed lest men with base alloy
 The heavenly treasure should destroy;
 This counsel I bequeath thee."

Martin Luther, 1523.

311

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

BY grace I'm saved, grace free and
 boundless!

My heart, believ'st thou this or not?
 Why tremblest thou with terror
 groundless?

Has Scripture e'er a falsehood taught?
 Then this word also true must be:
 By grace there is a crown for thee.

2. By grace! Our works are all rejected,
 All claims of merit pass for naught;
 The mighty Savior, long expected,
 To us this blissful truth has brought,
 That He by death redeems our race
 And we are saved alone by grace.

3. By grace! Mark well these words' true
 meaning,
 When thou dost sorrow sin-opprest.
When Satan tempts with pride
 o'erweening,
 When troubled conscience sighs for rest.
What reason cannot comprehend
It pleases God by grace to send.
4. By grace His Son, on earth appearing,
 Vouchsafed beneath thy woe to bend;
Hadst thou, damnation justly fearing,
 Done aught to render Him thy Friend?
Was't not that He thy welfare sought
And but by grace deliverance wrought?
5. By grace! This ground of our salvation,
 As long as God is true, endures;
What saints have penned by inspiration,
 What God by His own Word assures,
What all our faith must rest upon,
Is grace, free grace, through His dear Son.
6. By grace! But think not, thou who livest
 Securely on in godless ways,
That thou — though all are called —
 receivest
 The promised rest that wakes our praise.
By grace none find in heaven a place
Who live in sin in hope of grace.
7. By grace! They who have heard this
 sentence
 Must all hypocrisy forego;
For only after deep repentance
 Can any soul this treasure know;
To sin free grace a trifle seems,
To faith it bright with glory beams.

8. By grace the timid hearts that languish
 Find access to the Father's heart,
 When conflicts fierce and bitter anguish
 Bid all their joy and hopes depart.
 Where oftentimes should I strength obtain,
 Did grace my anchor not remain!
9. By grace! On this in death I'll rest me,
 Rejoicing e'en though feeling naught;
 I know my sin, — it oft oppressed me, —
 But Him, too, who salvation brought.
 My heart exults, grief flees apace,
 Because my soul is saved by grace.
10. By grace! May sin and Satan hearken!
 I bear my flag of faith in hand
 And pass — for doubts my joy can't
 darken —
 The Red Sea to the Promised Land.
 I cling to what my Savior taught
 And trust it, whether felt or not.

C. L. Scheidt, 1742; M. Loy, tr., a.

312

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

- NOW I have found the sure foundation
 Where evermore my anchor grounds.
 It lay there ere the world's creation,
 Where else but in my Savior's wounds?
 Foundation, which unmoved shall stay
 When earth and heaven pass away.
2. It is that mercy never-ending,
 Which all conception far transcends,
 Of Him who, with love's arms
 extending,
 To wretched sinners condescends;
 Whose heart with pity still doth break
 Whether we seek Him or forsake.

3. Our ruin God has not intended,
Salvation He would fain bestow;
For this His Son to earth descended
And then to heaven again did go;
For this so loudly evermore
He knocketh at our heart's closed door.
4. O depth of love, in which, past finding,
My sins through Christ's blood
disappear;
This is for wounds the safest binding,
There is no condemnation here;
For Jesus' blood through earth and skies
Forever Mercy! Mercy! cries.
5. I never will forget this crying,
In faith I'll trust it all my days,
And when o'er all my sins I'm sighing,
I towards my Father's heart will gaze;
For there is always to be found
Free mercy without end and bound.
6. Though I be robbed of every pleasure
That soul and body can make glad,
Bereft of every earthly treasure,
Forlorn, forsaken, lone, and sad,—
However far His help may be,
His mercy yet is left to me.
7. Though earthly cares and want oppress me
And cause me sorrow and regret
That things so vain can still distress me
And give me so much trouble yet,
Though I am bowed down to the dust,
Still in His mercy I will trust.
8. Though in the best of all my actions,
In works that are admired the most,
I must perceive great imperfections,
I surely have no right to boast;
Yet this sweet comfort doth abide:
In mercy only I confide.

9. Be it with me as He is willing,
 Whose mercy is a boundless sea;
 May He Himself my heart be stilling
 That this may ne'er forgotten be;
 Then it will rest, in joy and woe,
 On mercy while it beats below.

10. On this foundation I unshrinking
 Will stand while I on earth remain;
 This shall engage my acting, thinking,
 While I the breath of life retain;
 Then I will sing eternally,
 Unfathomed Mercy, still of Thee.

J. A. Rothe, † 1758.

313

L. M.

- WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
 'Tis God who justifies their souls,
 And mercy, like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
-
2. He lives! He lives! and sits above,
 Forever interceding there:
 Who shall divide us from His love,
 Or what should tempt us to despair?

 3. Shall persecution or distress,
 Famine or sword or nakedness?
 He who hath loved us bears us through
 And makes us more than conquerors too.

 4. Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor powers on high nor powers below,
 Shall cause His mercy to remove
 Or wean our hearts from Christ, our Love.

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

314

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

SALVATION unto us has come
By God's free grace and favor;
Good works cannot avert our doom,
They help and save us never:
Faith looks to Jesus Christ alone,
Who did for all the world atone;
He is the Mediator.

2. What God doth in His Law demand
No man to Him can render,
And so He draws His flaming brand
To punish the offender:
Our flesh has not those pure desires
Which first of all the Law requires,—
We are in condemnation.
3. It was a false, misleading dream
That God His Law had given
For us to keep and merit claim
And earn our way to heaven.
God's Law is but a mirror bright
To bring' the inbred sin to sight
That lurks within our nature.
4. By our own strength to put aside
God's wrath and win His blessing
Is useless task, by many tried,
Is only guilt increasing.
For God hypocrisy abhors;
Flesh with the spirit ever wars,
For 'tis by nature evil.
5. And yet the Law fulfilled must be,
Or we were lost forever;
Therefore God sent His Son that He
Might us from death deliver;
He all the Law for us fulfilled
And thus His Father's anger stilled
Which over us impended.

6. Since Christ hath full atonement made
And brought to us salvation,
Each Christian therefore may be glad
And build on this foundation.
Thy grace alone, dear Lord, I plead.
Thy death my life now is indeed.
For Thou hast paid my ransom.
7. Not doubting this, I trust in Thee,
Thy Word cannot be broken;
Thou all dost call, "Come unto Me!"
No falsehood hast Thou spoken.
"He that believes and is baptized,
He shall be saved," say'st Thou, O Christ,
"And he shall never perish."
8. He's just 'fore God, and he alone,
Who by this faith is living;
This faith will by good works be known,
To God the glory giving.
Faith gives thee peace with God above,
But thou thy neighbor, too, wilt love
If thou art a new creature.
9. The Law reveals the guilt of sin
And makes man conscience-stricken;
The Gospel then doth enter in
The sinful soul to quicken.
Come to the Cross, trust Christ and live;
The Law to you no peace can give
With all its good endeavors.
10. From faith in Christ, whene'er 'tis right,
Good works are surely flowing;
The faith is dead that shuns the light,
No good works ever showing.
By faith alone the just shall live,
Good works alone the proof can give
Of love, which true faith worketh.

315

7s 6l

BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Christ's own blood;
 They are ransomed from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.
 With them numbered may we be
 Here and in eternity!

2. They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy the Savior's peace;
 All their sins are washed away,
 They shall stand in God's great Day.
 With them numbered may we be
 Here and in eternity!

3. They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heavenly birth;
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.
 With them numbered may we be
 Here and in eternity!

J. Humphreys, 1743.

316

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 (C. P. M.)

I DO not come because my soul
 Is free from sin and pure and whole,
 And worthy of Thy grace;
 I do not speak to Thee because
 I've ever justly kept Thy laws
 And dare to meet Thy face.

2. I know that sin and guilt combine
 To reign o'er every thought of mine
 And turn from good to ill;
 I know that when I try to be
 Upright and just and true to Thee,
 I am a sinner still.

3. I know that often when I strive
To keep a spark of love alive
For Thee, the powers within
Leap up in unsubmissive might
And oft benumb my sense of right
And pull me back to sin.
4. I know that, though in doing good
I spend my life, I never could
Atone for all I've done;
But though my sins are black as night,
I dare to come before Thy sight
Because I trust Thy Son.
5. In Him alone my trust I place,
Come boldly to Thy throne of grace,
And there commune with Thee.
Salvation sure, O Lord, is mine,
And, all unworthy, I am Thine,
For Jesus died for me.

F. B. St. John, 1878.

317

8, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7

- O HOW great is Thy compassion,
Faithful Father, God of grace,
That upon our wretchedness,
That upon man's sinful station
Thou took'st pity, so that we
Might be saved eternally!
2. Thy great love for this hath striven
That man from all pain shall free
And forever blessed be.
Yea, Thy Son Himself hath given
And extends an earnest call
To His Supper unto all.
 3. And for this our soul's salvation
Voucheth Thy good Spirit, Lord,
In Thy Sacraments and Word;
He doth prosper Thy vocation,
Granteth us the gift of faith
That we fear nor hell nor death.

4. Lord. Thy mercy will not leave me, —
 Truth doth evermore abide, —
 Then in Thee I will confide;
 Since Thy Word cannot deceive me,
 My salvation is to me
 Well assured eternally.
5. I will praise Thy great compassion,
 Faithful Father, God of grace,
 That upon my wretchedness,
 That upon my sinful station
 Thou took'st pity graciously;
 Evermore be praise to Thee!

J. Olearius, 1671; A. Crull, tr.

318

L. M.

- JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
2. Just as I am and waiting not
 To rid my' soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836, a.

319**S. M.**

- NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.
4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.
5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

320**S. M.**

- NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2. Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.
3. Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
4. Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest
And set my spirit free.
5. Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
6. I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Savior mine.

H. Bonar, 1861.

321

8, 8, 8, 6

- DRAWN to the cross, which Thou hast
blessed
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
To find in Thee my life, my rest,
Christ Crucified, I come.
2. Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;
Yet now to Thee with contrite tears,
Christ Crucified, I come.
 3. Wash me and take away each stain;
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ Crucified, I come.

4. And then for work to do for Thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ Crucified, I come.

Genevieve M. Irons, 1880.

322**7, 6, 81**

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious
Till not a spot remains.
2. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.
4. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar, 1849.

323

7, 6, 81

THROUGH Jesus' blood and merit
I am at peace with God;
What, then, can daunt my spirit,
However dark my road?
My courage shall not fail me,
For God is on my side;
Though hell itself assail me,
Its rage I may deride.

2. There's nothing that can sever
Me from the love of God;
No want, no pain whatever,
No famine, peril, blood.
Though thousand foes surround me
And in their base design
A sheep for slaughter count me,
The victory still is mine.
3. Yea, neither life's temptation
Nor death's terrific hour,
Nor angels of high station,
Nor any other power,
Nor things that now are present,
Nor things that are to come,
Nor height, however pleasant,
Nor depth of deepest gloom,
4. Nor any creature ever
Shall from the love of God
This wretched sinner sever;
For in my Savior's blood
This love its fountain taketh;
He hears my faithful prayer
And nevermore forsaketh
This child of His and heir.

324

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

NEARER, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
Through Word and Sacrament,
Thou com'st to me.
Thy grace is ever near,
Thy Spirit ever here,
Drawing to Thee.

2. Ages on ages rolled
Ere earth appeared;
Yet Thine unmeasured love
The way prepared.
E'en then Thou yearn'st for me
That I might nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

3. Thy Son has come to earth
My sin to bear,
My every wound to heal,
My pain to share.
"God in the flesh" for me,
Brings me now nearer Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4. Lo! all my debt is paid,
My guilt is gone.
See! He has ris'n for me,
My throne is won.
Thanks, O my God, to Thee!
None now can nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

5. Welcome, then, to Thy home,
Blest One in Three!
As Thou hast promised, come!
Come, Lord, to me!
Work, Thou, O God, through me;
Live, Thou, O God, in me,
Ever in me!

6. By the baptismal stream,
Which made me Thine,
By the dear flesh and blood,
Thy love made mine,
Purge Thou all sin from me
That I may nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

7. Surely it matters not
What earth may bring,
Death is of no account,
Grace will I sing.
Nothing remains for me
Save to be nearer Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

H. E. Jacobs, 1887.

325

7s 61

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of 'sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy Law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly, —
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. M. Toplady, 1776, a.

326

L. M.

- JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
2. Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
 3. The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.
 4. Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me — e'en for my soul — was shed.
 5. Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.
 6. When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived and died for me.
 7. Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

L. v. Zinzendorf, 1739; J. Wesley, 1740.

327

L. M.

OUR God so loved the world that He
Gave His own Son and did decree
That all who would in Him believe
Should everlasting life receive.

2. Christ Jesus is the ground of faith,
Who was made flesh and suffered death;
All that confide in Him alone
Are built on this chief Corner-stone.
3. God would not have the sinner die;
His Son with saving grace is nigh,
His Spirit in the Word doth teach
How man the blessed goal may reach.
4. Be of good cheer, for God's own Son
Forgives all sins which thou hast done;
Thou'rt justified by Jesus' blood,
Thy Baptism grants the highest good.
5. If thou be sick, if death draw near,
This truth thy troubled heart can cheer:
Christ Jesus saves my soul from death;
That is the firmest ground of faith.
6. Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O blessed Trinity,
Be praise now and eternally!

J. Olearius, 1671; A. Crull, tr.

328

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
4. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
5. Grace taught my soul to pray
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day
And will not let me go.
6. Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

329

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

- THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done,
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?
2. Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?
 3. Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4. Thy righteousness, O Christ,
 Alone can cover me;
 No righteousness avails
 Save that which is of Thee.
 To whom, save Thee, who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

H. Bonar, 1857.

330

C. M.

- O MYSTERY of Love Divine
 That thought and thanks o'erpowers!
 Lord Jesus, was our portion Thine,
 And is Thy portion ours?
2. Emmanuel, didst Thou take our place
 To set us in Thine own?
 Didst Thou our low estate embrace
 To lift us to Thy throne?
3. Didst Thou fulfil each righteous deed,
 God's perfect will express,
 That we, th' unfaithful ones, might plead
 Thy perfect faithfulness?
4. On Thy pure soul did dread and gloom
 In that drear garden rise?
 Are ours the brightness and the bloom
 Of Thine own Paradise?
5. For Thee the Father's hidden face?
 For Thee the bitter cry?
 For us the Father's endless grace,
 The song of victory?
6. Our load of sin and misery
 Didst Thou, the Sinless, bear?
 Thy spotless robe of purity
 Do we, the sinners, wear?

7. Lord Jesus, is it even so?
 Have we been lovèd thus?
 What love can we on Thee bestow
 Who hast exchanged with us?
8. Thou, who our very place didst take,
 Dwell in our very heart.
 Thou, who Thy portion ours dost make,
 Thyself, Thyself, impart.
- T. H. Gill, 1864.

SANCTIFICATION.

OBEDIENCE.

331 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5

- JESUS, still lead on
 Till our rest be won;
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow calm and fearless.
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our fatherland.
2. If the way be drear,
 If the Foe be near,
 Let no faithless fears o'ertake us;
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;
 For through many a woe
 To our home we go.
3. When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief;
 When temptations come alluring,
 Make us patient and enduring;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.
4. Jesus, still lead on
 Till our rest be won.
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, control, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our fatherland.
- L. v. Zinzendorf, 1721; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

332

L. M.

- GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath
led;
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:
2. In all my ways Thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see.
O help me still my course to run
And still direct my path to Thee.
3. Whither, O whither should I fly
But to my loving Savior's breast?
Secure within Thine arms to lie
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!
4. I have no skill the snare to shun;
But Thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run;
But Thou art greater than my heart.
5. Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.
6. Enlarge my heart to make Thee room;
Enter and in me ever stay.
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

333

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7

LET us ever walk with Jesus,
Follow His example pure,
Flee the world, that would deceive us
And to sin our soul allure.
Ever in His footsteps treading,
Body here, yet soul above,
Full of faith and hope and love,
Let us do the Father's bidding.
Faithful Lord, abide with me;
Savior, lead, I follow Thee.

2. Let us suffer here with Jesus,
 To His image e'er conform;
 Heaven's glory soon will please us,
 Sunshine follow on the storm.
 Having sown in tears, in gladness
 We shall reap. With patient cheer
 Let us hope and, void of fear,
 Bide the turning of our sadness.
 Christ, I suffer here with Thee,
 There, oh, share Thy joy with me!

3. Let us also die with Jesus.
 His death from the second death,
 From our soul's destruction, frees us,
 Quickens us with life's glad breath.
 Let us mortify, while living,
 Flesh and blood and die to sin;
 And the grave that shuts us in
 Shall but prove the gate to heaven.
 Jesus, here I die to Thee,
 There to live eternally.

4. Let us also live with Jesus;
 Since He's risen from the dead,
 Must the conquered grave release us.
 Jesus, Thou art now our Head,
 We Thy body's cherished members.
 Where Thou livest, live shall we;
 Own us evermore to be,
 Dearest Friend, Thy loved brethren.
 Jesus, here I live to Thee,
 Yonder, too, eternally.

S. v. Birken, 1652; J. A. Rimbach, tr., a.

334

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8

COME, follow Me, the Savior spake,
 All in My way abiding;
 Deny yourselves, the world forsake,
 Obey My call and guiding;
 O bear the cross, whate'er betide,
 Take My example for your guide.

2. I am the Light, I light the way,
 A virtuous life displaying;
 Who comes to Me and follows, aye,
 I lead from his dark straying.
 I am the Way, and well I show
 How men should sojourn here below.
3. My heart in lowliness abounds,
 My soul with love is glowing,
 And from My mouth are words and sounds
 Of meekness overflowing.
 My heart, My mind, My strength, My all
 To God I yield, on Him I call.
4. I teach you to avoid and flee
 What harms your soul's salvation,
 Your heart to purify and free
 From sin's abomination.
 Your Rock and Fortress e'er am I
 And lead you to the life on high.
5. But if too hot you find the fray,
 I, at your side, stand ready;
 I fight Myself, I lead the way,
 At all times firm and steady.
 A coward he who will not heed
 When the chief Captain takes the lead.
6. Who seeks to find his soul's welfare
 Without Me, he shall lose it;
 But who to lose it may appear,
 In God shall introduce it.
 Who bears no cross nor follows hard,
 Deserves not Me nor My reward.
7. Then let us follow our dear Lord,
 And bear the cross appointed
 And, bravely cleaving to His Word,
 In suffering be undaunted.
 Who has not stood the battle's strain
 The crown of life shall ne'er obtain.

335

8, 7, 81

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
5. Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 What a Father's smile is thine,
 What a Savior died to win thee, —
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6. Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1824.

336

8, 7, 81

HOLY Father! Thou hast taught me
 I should live to Thee alone;
 Year by year Thy hand hath brought me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered, Thou hast found me;
 When I doubted, sent me light;
 Still Thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in Thy sight.

2. In the world will foes assail me,
 Crafty, 'stronger far than I;
 And the strife will never fail me,
 Well I know, before I die.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need,
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.
3. I would trust in Thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
 Follow wholly Thy directing,
 Thou mine only Guard from harm!
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to Thee when tried;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at Thy side.

J. M. Neale, 1842, a.

337

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

SAVIOR, I follow on,
 Guided by Thee,
 Seeing not yet the hand
 That leadeth me.
 Hushed be my heart and still,
 Fear I no further ill,
 Only to meet Thy will
 My will shall be.

2. Riven the rock for me
 Thirst to relieve,
 Manna from heaven falls
 Fresh every eve;
 Never a want severe
 Causeth my eye a tear
 But Thou dost whisper near,
 "Only believe!"

3. Often to Marah's brink
 Have I been brought;
 Shrinking the cup to drink,
 Help I have sought;
 And with the prayer's ascent
 Jesus the branch hath rent,
 Quickly relief hath sent,
 Sweetening the draught.

4. Savior, I long to walk
 Closer with Thee;
 Led by Thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be
 Constantly near Thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for Him who died
 Freely for me.

C. S. Robinson, 1862.

338

S. M. 81

O THOU who wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who diedst Thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery,

Teach me my course to run,
While yet I sojourn here,
That when Thou comest on Thy throne
I may with joy appear.

2. Thou art Thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I pass my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will;
So shall I love my God
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1749, a.

339

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 (C. P. M.)

MAY we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfil
And do on earth our Father's will
As angels do above;
Still walk in Christ, the living Way,
With all Thy children and obey
The law of Christian love.

2. So may we join Thy name to bless,
Thy grace adore, Thy power confess,
From sin and strife to flee.
One is our calling, one our name,
The end of all our hopes the same,
A crown of life with Thee.
3. Spirit of Life, of Love and Peace,
Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
Thy gracious help supply.
To each of us the blessing give
In Christian fellowship to live,
In joyful hope to die.

Edward Osler, 1836, a.

340

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty.
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more!

2. Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow,
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

Wm. Williams, 1745; P. Williams, tr., 1771.

341

S. M.

- THE man is ever blest
 Who shuns the sinners' ways,
 Among their counsels never stands,
 Nor takes the scorers' place;
2. But makes the Law of God
 His study and delight
 Amid the labors of the day
 And watches of the night.
 3. He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root;
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
 His works are heavenly fruit.

4. Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
5. How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?
6. He knows and He approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

342

C. M.

- O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!
2. Order my footsteps by Thy Word
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
 3. Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And should I e'er forget Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.
 4. Make me to walk in Thy commands,—
'Tis a delightful road,—
Nor let my head or heart or hands
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

343

7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8

GOD, from all eternity

In Thy Son Thou didst elect me;
Therefore, Father, graciously

In my course to heaven direct me;
Send to me Thy Holy Spirit
That His gifts I may inherit.

2. Though alive, I'm dead in sin,
To all good things lost by nature;
Holy Ghost, change me within.
Make of me a new-born creature;
For the flesh deserves damnation
And can never gain salvation.
3. Drive away the gloomy night
Of my sinful meditation;
Quench all thoughts that are not right,
Reason hold in limitation;
Grant that I from Thee with yearning
Wisdom always may be learning.
4. All desires and thoughts of mine,
From my youth, are only evil;
Save me by Thy power divine
From myself and from the devil;
Give me strength in ample measure,
Both to will and do Thy pleasure.
5. Such a heart create in me,
That in Thee, O God, believing,
At the base iniquity
Of my sins I may be grieving;
And when hours of woe betide me,
In the wounds of Jesus hide me.
6. "As a branchlet in the Vine,
In my blessed Lord, implant me;
Ever of my Head divine
To remain a member grant me;
Oh, let Him, my Lord and Savior.
Be my Life and Love forever!

7. Faith and hope and charity
 Graciously, O Father, give me;
 Be my Guardian constantly
 That no devil e'er may grieve me;
 Grant me humbleness and gladness,
 Peace and patience in my sadness.
8. Help me speak what's right and just,
 And keep silence on occasion;
 Help me pray, Lord, as I must;
 Help me bear my tribulation;
 Help me die and let my spirit
 Everlasting life inherit.

C. Neumann, 1680; A. Crull, tr.

344

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

- HOW can I thank Thee, Lord,
 For all Thy loving-kindness?
 Thou hast so long a time
 Had patience with my blindness
 When dead in many sins
 And trespasses I lay,
 And kindled, holy God,
 Thine anger every day.
2. Lord, Thou hast shown to me
 Divine commiseration:
 I persevered in sin,
 But Thou in great compassion;
 I did resist Thee, Lord,
 Deferring to repent;
 Thou didst defer Thy wrath
 And instant punishment.
 3. It is Thy work alone
 That now I am converted,
 Thy power o'er Satan's work
 In me Thou hast asserted;

Thy mercy, that doth reach
Unto the clouds, O Lord,
Did break my stony heart
By Thine almighty Word.

4. Though able to offend
Thee, Lord, by sin and failing,
Still to regain Thy grace
My strength was unavailing.
Though I could fall from grace
And choose the way of sin,
I had no strength to rise,
A new life to begin.
5. But Thou hast raised me up
And with divine compassion
Hast shown me, Lord, the way
That leadeth to salvation.
I thank Thee, Lord, that now
My former sins I hate
And freely — not from fear —
Dead works abominate.
6. That I may not backslide,
But life in heaven inherit,
Grant me, while here I live,
O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit
That He may give me strength
In mine infirmity
And e'er renew my heart
To serve Thee willingly.
7. O guide and lead me, Lord,
While here below I wander;
Grant that I follow Thee,
My Guide and my Commander.
For if I lead myself,
I soon am led astray;
But if Thou leadest me,
I do my duty aye.

8. O Father, God of Love,
 Hear now my supplication!
 Lord Jesus, Son of God,
 O grant me Thy salvation!
 And Thou, O Holy Ghost,
 Always abide with me
 That I may serve Thee here
 And there eternally!

G. Gesenius, c. 1647; A. Crull, tr.

CONSECRATION.

345

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

- SOUL, what return has God, thy Savior,
 For all He gives thee day by day?
 O hast thou in thy gift a favor
 That can delight and please Him? — say!
 The best of offerings He requires;
 Give Him thy heart with its desires.
2. Give God His own if aught thou'rt giving;
 Say, soul, to whom belongs thy heart?
 Can Satan, he who hates the living,
 Or any creature claim a part? —
 To Thee alone I will assign,
 O Lord, my heart and all that's mine.
3. Accept the gift which Thou requirest,
 The first-fruits of my heart, O God!
 The offerings Thou so much desirest,
 For which Thy Son paid with His blood.
 To Thee alone I now resign
 My heart, to be forever Thine.
4. Whom should I give my heart's affection
 But Thee, who givest Thine to faith?
 Thy fervent love is my protection;
 Lord, Thou hast loved me unto death.
 My heart with Thine shall ever be
 One heart throughout eternity.

C. F. Lochner, c. 1673.

346

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

- O GOD, Thou faithful God,
Thou Fount that ever flowest,
Without whom nothing is,
Who all good gifts bestowest,
A pure and healthy frame
O give me and within
A conscience free from blame,
A soul unhurt by sin.
2. And grant me, Lord, to do,
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er Thou shalt command,
My calling here fulfilling;
To do it when I ought,
With all my strength; and bless
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou must give success.
3. O let me never speak
What bounds of truth exceedeth;
Grant that no idle word
From out my mouth proceedeth;
And grant, when in my place
I must and ought to speak,
My words due power and grace,
Nor let me wound the weak.
4. If dangers gather round,
Still keep me calm and fearless;
Help me to bear the cross
When life is dark and cheerless;
Let me subdue my foe
By words and actions kind;
When counsel I would know,
Good counsel let me find.
5. And let me with all men,
As far as in me lieth,
In peace and friendship live;
And if Thy gift supplieth

Me wealth and honor fair,
Then this refuse me not,
That naught be mingled there
Of goods unjustly got.

6. And if a longer life
Be here on earth decreed me,
And Thou through many a strife
To age at last wilt lead me,
Thy patience in me shed,
Avert all sin and shame,
And crown my hoary head
With pure, untarnished fame.

7. Let me depart this life
Confiding in my Savior;
Do Thou my soul receive,
That it may live forever;
And let my body have
A quiet resting-place
Beside a Christian's grave;
And let it sleep in peace.

8. And on that solemn day
When all the dead are waking,
Stretch o'er my grave Thy hand,
Thyself my slumbers breaking;
Then let me hear Thy voice,
Change Thou this earthly frame,
And bid me aye rejoice
With those who love Thy name.

J. Heermann, 1630.

347

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

O God, forsake me not!
Thy gracious presence lend me;
Lead Thou Thy helpless child,
Thy Holy Spirit send me

That I my course may run.

Be Thou my Light, my Lot,
My Staff, my Rock, my Shield, —
O God, forsake me not!

2. O God, forsake me not!

Take not Thy Spirit from me
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me;
Increase my feeble faith,
Which Thou Thyself hast wrought;
Be Thou my Strength and Power, —
O God, forsake me not!

3. O God, forsake me not!

Lord, hear my supplication!
In every evil hour
Help me o'ercome temptation;
And when the Prince of hell
My conscience seeks to blot,
Be Thou not far from me, —
O God, forsake me not!

4. O God, forsake me not!

Thy mercy I'm addressing;
O Father, God of Love,
Grant me Thy heavenly blessing
To do the duty which
To me Thou didst allot,
To do what pleaseth Thee, —
O God, forsake me not!

5. O God, forsake me not!

Lord, I am Thine forever.
Grant me true faith in Thee;
Grant that I leave Thee never;
Grant me a blessed end
When my good fight is fought,
Help me in life and death, —
O God, forsake me not!

348

L. M. 61

- O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wand'rings wild and
drear, —
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine, to be.
2. O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born
And like to us in all things made, —
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine, to be.
3. O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with
bitter woe;
O Love, who, wrestling thus, didst gain
That we eternal joy might know, —
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine, to be.
4. O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour, —
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine, to be.
5. O Love, who thus hast bound me fast
Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine;
Love, who hast conquered me at last,
Enrapturing this heart of mine, —
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine, to be.
6. O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Who for me e'er dost intercede, —
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine, to be.

7. O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours;
 O Love, who once above yon skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers, —
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine, to be.

J. Scheffler, 1657; C. Winkworth, tr., a., 1858.

349

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 6

- THEE will I love, my Strength, my
 Tower,
 Thee will I love, my Hope, my Joy,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 With ardor time shall ne'er destroy.
 Thee will I love, O Light Divine,
 So long as life is mine.
2. Thee will I love, my Life, my Savior,
 Who art my best and truest Friend;
 Thee will I love and praise forever,
 For never shall Thy kindness end;
 Thee will I love with all my heart,
 For Thou my Bridegroom art.
3. Alas! that I so late have known Thee,
 Who art the Fairest and the Best,
 Nor sooner for my Lord could own Thee,
 Our highest Good, our only Rest!
 Now bitter shame and grief I prove
 O'er this my tardy love.
4. I wandered long in willing blindness;
 I sought Thee, but I found Thee not;
 For still I shunned Thy beams of kindness,
 The creature-light filled all my thought.
 And if at last I see Thee now,
 'Twas Thou to me didst bow!

5. I thank Thee, Jesus, Sun from heaven,
Whose shining hath brought light to me;
I thank Thee, who hast richly given
All that could make me glad and free;
I thank Thee that my soul is healed
By what Thy lips revealed.
6. O keep me watchful, then, and humble
And suffer me no more to stray;
Uphold me when my feet would stumble,
Nor let me loiter by the way;
Fill all my nature with Thy light,
O Radiance strong and bright!
7. O teach me, Lord, to love Thee truly
With soul and body, head and heart,
And grant me grace that I may duly
Practise fore'er love's sacred art;
Grant that my every thought may be
Directed e'er to Thee.
8. Thee will I love, my Crown of gladness,
Thee will I love, my God and Lord,
Amid the darkest depths of sadness,
Not for the hope of high reward,
For Thine own sake, O Light Divine,
So long as life is mine.

J. Scheffler, 1657; C. Winkworth, tr., a., 1863.

350

L. M.

- RENEW me, O eternal Light,
And let my heart and soul be bright,
Illumined with the light of grace,
That issues from Thy holy face.
2. Destroy in me the lust of sin,
From all impureness make me clean;
O grant me power and strength, my God,
To strive against my flesh and blood.

3. Create in me a new heart, Lord,
That gladly I obey Thy Word
And naught but what Thou wilt, desire;
With such new life my soul inspire.
4. Grant that I only Thee may love
And seek those things which are above,
Till I behold Thee face to face,
O Light eternal, through Thy grace.

J. F. Ruopp, 1704; A. Crull, tr.

351

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

- MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!
 3. While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
 4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830.

352

6s 6l

THY life was giv'n for me,
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 That I might ransomed be
 And quickened from the dead.
 Thy life was giv'n for me:
 What have I giv'n for Thee?

2. Thy Father's home of light,
 Thy rainbow-circled throne,
 Were left for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 Yea, all was left for me:
 Have I left aught for Thee?
3. And Thou hast brought to me,
 Down from Thy home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love.
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
 What have I brought to Thee?
4. Oh, let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent,
 World's fetters all be riven,
 And pain with joy be blent!
 Thou gavest Thyself for me;
 I give myself to Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1858, abr. and a.

353

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

SAVIOR, Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me;
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee.
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfil its vow,
 Some off'ring bring Thee now,
 Something for Thee.

2. O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise or pray'r,
Something for Thee.
3. Give me a faithful heart —
Likeness to Thee —
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.
4. All that I am and have —
Thy gifts so free —
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity
Something for Thee. S. D. Phelps, 1867.

354

C. M.

- O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;
2. That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4. That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;
5. A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.
6. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst, 1830, a.

355

7s

- TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
 3. Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
 4. Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
 5. Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1874.

356

7, 7, 7, 5

- JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep
Guarded still by Thee.
2. In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak — we hear — at Thy command
We will follow Thee.
3. By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,
By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.
4. Father, draw us to Thy Son;
We with joy will follow on
Till the work of grace is done
And, from sin set free,
5. We, in robes of glory dressed,
Join th' assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest
In the fold with Thee.

Henry Cook, 1868.

GIVING.

357

8, 8, 8, 4

- O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?
2. Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

3. Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of Life and Love and Power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.
4. For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all?
5. We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have, as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
6. Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

C. Wordsworth, abr., 1863.

358

8, 7, 81

LORD of Glory, Thou hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice;
And with that hast freely given
Blessings countless as the sand,
To th' unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand.

2. Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
Gladly, freely, of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone,
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

3. Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you"?
4. Lord of Glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But oh! best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

E. S. Alderson, 1868, abr.

359

C. M.

- LORD, lead the way the Savior went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.
2. Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
 3. For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
 4. Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

W. Crosswell, 1831.

360

L. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, heav'n and earth
With lavish wealth before Thee bow;
Those treasures owe to Thee their birth,
Creator, Ruler, Giver, Thou.

2. The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,
The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,
The waving corn, the bending tree,
Are Thine; to us Thou lendest them.
3. To Thee, as early morning's dew,
Our praises, alms, and prayer shall rise,
As rose, when joyous earth was new,
Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.
4. We, Lord, would lay, at Thy behest,
The costliest offerings on Thy shrine;
But when we give, and give our best,
We only give Thee what is Thine.
5. O Father, whence all blessings come,
O Son, Dispenser of God's store,
O Spirit, bear our offerings home;
Lord, make them Thine forevermore.

E. A. Dayman, 1868.

361

S. M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2. May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give!
3. To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless —
Is angels' work below.

4. The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace —
It is a Christlike thing.
5. And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be.
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1858, abr.

362

8, 8, 8, 6

- O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.
2. And Thou, who cam'st on earth to die
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
 3. Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee.
 4. For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.
 5. In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee!
 6. And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

G. Thring, 1879.

363

TRUST.

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

ALL depends on our possessing
 God's free love and grace and blessing,
 Though all earthly wealth depart;
 He who God for his hath taken
 Mid the changing world unshaken
 Keeps a free, heroic heart.

2. He who hitherto hath fed me
 And to many a joy hath led me
 Is and ever shall be mine;
 He who did so gently school me,
 He who still doth guide and rule me,
 Will not leave me now to pine.
3. Shall I weary me with fretting
 O'er vain trifles and regretting
 Things that never can remain?
 I will strive but that to win me
 Which can shed true rest within me,
 Rest the world must seek in vain.
4. When my heart with longing sickens,
 Hope again my courage quickens,
 For my wish shall be fulfilled.
 If it please His will most tender,
 Soul and body I surrender
 Unto Him on whom I build.
5. Well He knows how best to grant me
 All the longing hopes that haunt me;
 All things have their proper day.
 I would dictate to Him never;
 As God wills, so be it ever;
 When He wills, I will obey.
6. If on earth He bids me linger,
 He will guide me with His finger
 Through the years that now look dim.
 All that earth has fleets and changes,
 As a river onward ranges,
 But I rest in peace on Him.

Anon., 1673; C. Winkworth, tr., a., 1858.

364

C. M.

O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2. To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.
3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread
And raiment fit provide.
4. O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
5. To Thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign
And thankful own that all we are,
And all we have, is Thine.

Philip Doddridge, 1737, a.

365

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 6, 8

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
To Thee I now commend me,
Let not my heart and hope grow faint,
But deign Thy grace to send me.
True faith from Thee, my God, I seek,
The faith that loves Thee solely,
Keeps me lowly
And prompt to aid the weak,
And mark each word that Thou dost speak.

2. Yet more from Thee I dare to claim,
Whose goodness is unbounded;
O let me ne'er be put to shame,
My hope be ne'er confounded,
But e'en in death still find Thee true,
And in that hour, else lonely,
Trust Thee only,
Not aught that I can do;
For such false trust I sore should rue.
3. O grant that from my very heart
My foes be all forgiven;
Forgive my sins and heal their smart
And grant new life from heaven.
Thy Word, that blessed food, bestow,
Which best the soul can nourish;
Make it flourish
Through all the storms of woe
That else my faith might overthrow.
4. Then be the world my foe or friend,
Keep me to her a stranger,
Thy steadfast follower to the end,
Through pleasure and through danger;
From Thee alone comes such high grace,
No works of ours obtain it
Or can gain it;
Our pride hath here no place —
This Thy free promise we embrace.
5. Help me, for I am weak; I fight,
Yet scarce can battle longer;
I cling but to Thy grace and might,
'Tis Thou canst make me stronger;
When sore temptations are my lot
And tempests round me lower,
Break the power:
So, through deliverance wrought,
I know that Thou forsak'st me not.

366

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 4, 8, 8

O LORD, I love Thee from my heart;
I pray Thee, ne'er from me depart,
With tender mercy cheer me;
I scorn the richest earthly lot,
E'en heaven and earth attract me not,
If only Thou be near me.
Yea, though my heart be like to break,
Thou shalt my Trust that naught can
shake,
My Portion and my Comfort be,
Who by Thy blood hast purchased me,
Lord Jesus Christ!
My God and Lord, my God and Lord!
Forsake me not who trust Thy Word.

2. Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy free bounty gave
My body, soul, and what I have
In this poor life of labor;
O grant that I may through Thy grace
Use all my powers to show Thy praise
And serve and help my neighbor.
From all false doctrine keep me, Lord,
From Satan's lies and malice ward,
In every cross uphold Thou me
That I may bear it patiently.
Lord Jesus Christ!
My God and Lord, my God and Lord!
In death Thy comfort still afford.
3. Ah! Lord, let Thy dear angels come
At my last end to bear me home,
That I may die unfearing;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body safe in painless sleep
Until Thy reappearing;
And then from death awaken me
That these mine eyes with joy may see,

O Son of God, Thy glorious face,
My Savior and my Fount of grace.
Lord Jesus Christ!
My prayer attend, my prayer attend,
And I will praise Thee without end.

M. Schalling, c. 1567.

367

C. M.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2. My soul He doth restore again
And me to walk doth make
Within the path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

F. Rous, 1643.

368

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

369

S. M.

- MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Savior, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.
2. In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
 3. Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide
Nor fear the coming storm.
 4. Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

370

8, 5, 8, 3

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2. I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.
4. I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
5. I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee forever
And for all.

F. R. Havergal, 1874.

371

7, 6, 81

TO Thee, O dear, dear Savior,
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favor,
My pillow on Thy breast;
Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Savior mine.

2. In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then forever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3. My grief is in the dulness
 With which this sluggish heart
 Doth open to the fulness
 Of all Thou wouldst impart;
 My joy is in Thy beauty
 Of holiness divine,
 My comfort in the duty
 That binds my life in Thine.
4. Alas, that I should ever
 Have failed in love to Thee,
 The only One who never
 Forgot or slighted me!
 Oh, for a heart to love Thee
 More truly as I ought
 And nothing place above Thee
 In deed or word or thought!
5. Oh, for that choicest blessing
 Of living in Thy love
 And thus on earth possessing
 The peace of heaven above!
 Oh, for the bliss that by it
 The soul securely knows
 The holy calm and quiet
 Of faith's serene repose!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

372

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 (C. P. M.)

- WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
 The counsel of my God I ask,
 Who ruleth all things right;
 Unless He give both thought and deed,
 The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
 And vain must be man's might.
2. For what can all my toil avail?
 My care, my watching,—all must fail
 Unless my God is there.
 Then let Him order all for me
 As in His will He shall decree;
 On Him I cast my care.

3. For naught can come, as naught has been,
But what my Father has foreseen
And what shall work my good.
Whate'er He gives me I will take,
Whate'er He chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.
4. I lean upon His mighty arm,
Which shieldeth me from every harm
And all calamity.
If in His precepts I shall live,
Whate'er is useful He will give;
And naught can injure me.
5. But only may He of His grace
The record of my guilt efface
And wipe out all my debt;
Though I have sinned, He will not straight
Pronounce His judgment, He will wait,
Have patience with me yet.
6. I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
Which He hath bid me fill;
And He will bless me with His light
That I may serve His world aright
And make me know His will.
7. And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Jesus Christ is with me there,
The Lord Himself is near;
In all my dangers He will come,
And He who kept me safe at home
Can keep me safely here.
8. Yes, He will speed me on my way
And point me where to go and stay
And help me still and lead;
Let me in health and safety live
And time and wind and weather give
And whatsoe'er I need.

9. His holy angel being near,
My enemies I need not fear,
For He protects me well;
I owe it to my faithful Guide,
Who never yet hath left my side,
That I in peace may dwell.
10. When late at night my sleep I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
At rest, or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds.
When, vexed with fears, my heart desponds,
God's Word is e'er my stay.
11. Since, then, my course is traced by Him,
I will not fear that future dim,
But go, whate'er befall,
Well knowing naught awaits me there
Too hard for me through Him to bear;
With Him I'll conquer all.
12. To Him myself I wholly give,
At His command I die or live,
I trust His love and power;
And if to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,
He knows the proper hour.
13. But if it please that Love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Be whispering not in vain,
I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song
When in my home again.
14. To those I love will He be near,
With His consoling light appear,
Who is my Shield and theirs;
And He will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With tears and fervent prayers.

Paul Fleming, 1642; C. Winkworth, tr., 1858, a.

373

S. M.

- JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which Thou wilt lead aright.
2. My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor Thou art;
O let me never leave Thy side
Nor from Thy paths depart!
3. Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be Thou my Power,
My Help and Refuge in distress,
My Fortress and my Tower.
4. Give me to trust in Thee;
Be Thou my sure Abode;
My Horn and Rock and Buckler be,
My Savior and my God.
5. Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.
6. My soul to Thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend.
Thou, Jesus, having loved Thine own,
Wilt love me to the end!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

374

S. M.

- THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass
And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim
 And guides me in His own right way
 For His most holy name.
4. While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Though I should walk through death's
 dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
5. The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

375

11 s 4 l

- HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent
 Word!
 What more can He say than to you He
 hath said,
 Who unto the Savior for refuge
 have fled?
2. In every condition,—in sickness, in
 health,
 In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the
 sea,—
 As thy days may demand, shall thy
 strength ever be.
 3. Fear not, I am with Thee, oh, be not
 dismayed;
 For I am thy God and will still give
 thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent
 hand.

4. When through the deep waters I call
 thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to
 bless
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
5. When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
 supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only
 design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to
 refine.
6. E'en down to old age all My people shall
 prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their
 temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My
 bosom be borne.
7. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
 repose
I will not, I will not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should
 endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

Keen, 1787.

WARFARE.

376

L. M.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy Strength and Christ thy
 Right.
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2. Run the straight race through God's
good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the Path and Christ the Prize.
3. Cast care aside; upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its Life and Christ its Love.
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

377

7, 6, 81

- STAND up! — stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.
 3. Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.

Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up! — stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. Duffield, 1858.

378

C. M.

- AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause
Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar
With faith's discerning eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

379

S. M.

- MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2. O watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode. George Heath, 1781.

380

S. M.

- SOLDIERS of Christ, arise
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts
And in His mighty power.
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
3. Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4. That, having all things done
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.
5. From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day.
6. Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

381

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

- RISE, my soul, to watch and pray,
From thy sleep awake thee,
Lest at last the evil day
Suddenly o'ertake thee;
For the Foe, Well we know,
Oft his harvest reapeth
While the Christian sleepeth.
2. But first rouse thee and awake
From secure indiff'rence;
Else will follow in its wake
Woe without deliv'rance.
O beware! Soul, take care!
Death in sins might find thee
Ere thou look behind thee.
 3. Wake and watch, or else thy night
Christ can ne'er enlighten;
Far off still will seem the light
That thy path should brighten;
God demands Eyes and hands
Open for the offers
He so richly proffers.

4. Watch against the devil's snares
Lest asleep he find thee;
For, indeed, no pains he spares
To deceive and blind thee;
Satan's prey Oft are they
Who are soundly sleeping
And no good watch keeping.
5. Watch against the world that frowns
Darkly to dismay thee;
Watch when she thy wishes crowns,
Smiling to betray thee;
Watch and see Thou art free
From false friends that charm thee
While they seek to harm thee.
6. Watch against thyself, my soul;
See thou do not stifle
Grace that should thy thoughts control
Nor with mercy trifle.
Pride and sin Lurk within
All thy hopes to scatter;
List not when they flatter.
7. But while watching, also see
That thou pray unceasing;
For the Lord must make thee free,
Strength and faith increasing,
So to do Service true.
Let not sloth enslave thee;
Pray, and He will save thee.
8. Yea, indeed, He bids us pray,
Promising to hear us,
E'er to be our Staff and Stay,
Ever to be near us.
Ere we plead Will He heed,
Strengthen, keep, defend us,
And deliv'rance send us.

9. Courage, then, for all things must
Work for good and bless us,
If we but in prayerful trust
To His Son address us;
For He will Richly fill
And His Spirit send us,
Who to Him commend us.
10. Therefore let us watch and pray
Ever without ceasing,
For we know with every day
Dangers are increasing,
And the end Doth impend;
When the trumpet calleth,
Earth in ruins falleth.

J. B. Freystein, 1704.

382

S. M.

- YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly Word
And watchful at His gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
3. Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near.
Mark the first signal of His hand
And ready all appear.
4. O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

RESIGNATION.

383

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

LORD, as Thou wilt, deal Thou with me,
 No other wish I cherish;
 In life and death I cling to Thee,
 O Lord, let me not perish!
 Let but Thy grace ne'er from me part,
 Else as Thou wilt; grant patient heart:
 Thy will the best is ever.

2. Grant honor, truth, prosperity,
 And love Thy Word to ponder;
 False doctrines, Lord, keep far from me
 And grant both here and yonder
 What serves my everlasting bliss;
 Preserve me from unrighteousness
 In all my life and doings.
3. When at Thy summons I must leave
 This world of sin and sadness,
 Grant me Thy grace, Lord, not to grieve,
 But to depart with gladness.
 My spirit I commend to Thee;
 O Lord, a blessed end give me
 Through Jesus Christ; — yea. Amen.

C. Melissander, 1574.

384

6s 8l

- THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out my path for me.
 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not if I might.
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
2. The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

3. Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All. H. Bonar, 1857.

385

6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6

WHAT is the world to me
 And all its vaunted pleasure
 When Thou, and Thou alone,
 Lord Jesus, art my Treasure!
 Thou only, dearest Lord,
 My soul's Delight shalt be;
 Thou art my Peace, my Rest,—
 What is the world to me!

2. The world is like the smoke,
 A fleeting exhalation,
 A shadow faint and dim,
 Of very short duration.
 My Jesus, doth abide,
 Though all things fade and flee;
 My everlasting Rock,—
 What is the world to me!

3. The world strives to be praised
 And honored by the mighty
 Nor will at all reflect
 How frail they are and flighty.
 But what I glory in
 Above all things is He,
 My Jesus, He alone,—
 What is the world to me!

4. The world seeks after wealth,
And unto Mammon offers
Its all, content if gold
Is hoarded in its coffers.
I know a higher good,
Which e'er my joy shall be;
My Jesus is my Wealth,—
What is the world to me!
5. The world is sorely grieved
Whenever it is slighted,
As though an enemy
Its honor would have blighted.
Christ, I bear Thy reproach
While thus it pleaseth Thee!
I'm honored by my Lord,—
What is the world to me!
6. The world cannot extol
Too highly sinful pleasures
And foolishly resigns
For them the heavenly treasures.
Let others love the world
To please their vanity:
I love the Lord, my God,—
What is the world to me!
7. What is the world to me!
It rapidly must vanish;
With all its gorgeous pomp
Pale death it cannot banish;
Its riches pass away,
And all its joys must flee.
But Jesus doth abide,—
What is the world to me!
8. What is the world to me!
My Jesus is my Treasure,
My Life, my Wealth, my All,
My Friend, my Love, my Pleasure,

My heavenly Happiness
And Bliss eternally.

Once more, then, I would say,
What is the world to me!

G. M. Pfefferkorn, 1667; A. Crull, tr.

386

8, 8, 8, 4

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2. Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not.
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3. What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4. Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

5. Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

6. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

7. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

8. Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!" Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

387

6s 8l

- MY Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as Thine own
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy Word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear,
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone.
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
4. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- B. Schmolck, † 1737; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1854.

388

S. M.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way
Only to love Thee for Thyself
And for that love obey.

2. O Thou, our soul's chief Hope,
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
3. Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
The darkest night is as the day
If Thy light on us shine.
4. Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

John Austin, 1668.

389

C. M.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2. Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
3. No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.
4. Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

W. Cowper, 1779.

CATECHISM.

390

L. M.

LORD, grant that we e'er pure retain
 The catechismal doctrine plain
 As Luther taught the heavenly truth
 In simple words to tender youth.

2. That we Thy holy Law may know
 And mourn our sin and all its woe
 And yet believe in Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One.
3. That we on Thee, our Father, call,
 Who canst and wilt give help to all;
 That as Thy children we may live,
 Whom Thou in Baptism didst receive.
4. That, if we fall, we rise again,
 Repentingly confess our sin,
 And take the Sacrament in faith. —
 Amen. God grant a happy death!

L. Helmbold, 1577; M. Loy, tr.

LAW.

391

8, 8, 8, 7, 4

THAT man a godly life might live,
 God did these Ten Commandments give
 By His true servant Moses, high
 Upon the Mount Sinai.
 Have mercy, Lord!

2. I am thy God and Lord alone,
 No other god beside Me own;
 Put thy whole confidence in Me
 And love Me e'er cordially.
 Have mercy, Lord!
3. By idle word and speech profane
 Take not My holy name in vain
 And praise but that as good and true
 Which I Myself say and do.
 Have mercy, Lord!

4. Hallow the day which God hath blest
That thou and all thy house may rest;
Keep hand and heart from labor free
That God may so work in thee.
Have mercy, Lord!
5. Give to thy parents honor due,
Be dutiful, and loving too,
And help them when their strength decays,
So shalt thou have length of days.
Have mercy, Lord!
6. In sinful wrath thou shalt not kill,
Nor hate, nor render ill for ill;
Be patient and of gentle mood,
And to thy foe do thou good.
Have mercy, Lord!
7. Be faithful to thy marriage vows,
Thy heart give only to thy spouse;
Thy life keep pure, and lest thou sin,
Use temperance and discipline.
Have mercy, Lord!
8. Steal not; all usury abhor
Nor wring their life-blood from the poor,
But open wide thy loving hand
To all the poor in the land.
Have mercy, Lord!
9. Bear not false witness nor belie
Thy neighbor by foul calumny;
Defend his innocence from blame;
With 'charity hide his shame.
Have mercy, Lord!
10. Thy neighbor's house desire thou not,
His wife, nor aught that he hath got,
But wish that his such good may be
As thy heart doth wish for thee.
Have mercy, Lord!

11. God these commandments gave, therein
 To show thee, child of man, thy sin
 And make thee also well perceive
 How man unto God should live.
 Have mercy, Lord!

12. Help us, Lord Jesus Christ, for we
 A Mediator have in Thee.
 Our works cannot salvation gain;
 They merit but endless pain.
 Have mercy, Lord!

Martin Luther, 1524; R. Massie, tr., a.

392

8, 8, 8, 7, 4

WILT thou, O man, live happily
 And dwell with God eternally?
 The Ten Commandments keep, for thus
 Our God Himself biddeth us.
 Have mercy, Lord!

2. I am thy Lord and God; take heed
 Lest other gods do thee mislead.
 Thy heart shall trust alone in Me;
 Thou shalt My own kingdom be.
 Have mercy, Lord!

3. Honor My name in word and deed
 And call on Me in time of need.
 Hallow the Sabbath that I may
 Work in thy heart on that day.
 Have mercy, Lord!

4. Obedient always, next to Me,
 To father and to mother be.
 Kill no man, but to wrath be slow.
 Be true to thy marriage vow.
 Have mercy, Lord!

5. Steal not nor do thy neighbor wrong
 By bearing witness with false tongue.
 Thy neighbor's wife desire thou not
 Nor grudge him aught he hath got.
 Have mercy, Lord!

Martin Luther, 1525; R. Massie, tr., a.

CREED.

393

8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

WE all believe in one true God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Present Helper in all need,
Praised by all the heavenly host,
By whose mighty power alone
All is made and wrought and done.

2. And we believe in Jesus Christ,
Son of God and Mary's Son,
Who from heaven above came down
And leads us to heaven's throne;
By whose blood and death are we
Rescued from all misery.
3. And we confess the Holy Ghost,
Who from both fore'er proceeds;
Who upholds and comforts us
In the midst of fears and needs.
Blest and holy Trinity,
Praise forever be to Thee!

T. Clausnitzer, † 1684.

394

8s 10 l

WE all believe in one true God,
Maker of the earth and heaven,
The Father, who to us in love
Hath the claim of children given;
He in soul and body feeds us,
All we want His hand provides us,
Through all snares and perils leads us
Watches that no harm betides us;
He cares for us by day and night,
All things are governed by His might.

2. And we believe in Jesus Christ,
His own Son, our Lord, possessing
An equal Godhead, throne, and might,
Through whom comes the Father's
blessing:

Conceived of the Holy Spirit,
 Born of Mary, virgin-mother,
 That lost man might life inherit,
 Made true man, our Elder Brother,
 Was crucified for sinful men,
 And raised by God to life again.

3. We in the Holy Ghost believe,
 Who sweet grace and comfort giveth
 And with the Father and the Son
 In eternal glory liveth;
 Who the Christian Church doth even
 Keep in unity of spirit.
 Sins are truly here forgiven
 Through the blest Redeemer's merit.
 All flesh shall rise again, and we
 Shall live with God eternally. Amen.

Martin Luther, 1525.

PRAYER.

395

8, 7, 81

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear, —
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness, —
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our Refuge, —
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, 1855.

396**L. M. 61**

- OUR Father, Thou in heaven above,
Who biddest us to dwell in love,
As brothers of one family,
And cry for all we need to Thee:
Teach us to mean the words we say
And from our inmost heart to pray.
2. Thy name be hallowed! Help us, Lord,
To keep in purity Thy Word
And lead according to Thy name
A holy life, untouched by blame.
Let no false teachings do us hurt,
All poor, deluded souls convert.
3. Thy kingdom come! Thine let it be
In time and through eternity!
Oh, let Thy Holy Spirit dwell
With us to rule and guide us well.
From Satan's mighty power and rage
Preserve Thy Church from age to age.
4. Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,
As where in heaven Thou art adored!
Patience in time of grief bestow,
Obedience in weal and woe;
Our sinful flesh and blood control
That thwart Thy will within the soul.

5. Give us this day our daily bread
And all that for this life we need;
From war and strife be our Defense,
From famine and from pestilence,
That we may live in godly peace,
Unvexed by cares and avarice.
6. Lord, all our trespasses forgive
That they our hearts no more may grieve,
As we forgive their trespasses
Who unto us have done amiss.
Thus let us dwell in charity
And serve each other willingly.
7. Into temptation lead us not;
And when the Foe doth war and plot
Against our souls on every hand,
Then, armed with faith, O may we stand
Against him as a valiant host,
Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.
8. From evil, Lord, deliver us;
The times and days are perilous.
Redeem us from eternal death;
And when we yield our dying breath,
Console us, grant us calm release,
And take our souls to Thee in peace.
9. Amen! that is, So let it be!
Confirm our faith continually
That we may doubt not, but believe
That what we ask we shall receive;
Thus in Thy name and at Thy word
We say: Amen; O hear us, Lord!

Martin Luther, 1539.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.

2. Thy kingdom come; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy holy will above.
3. Our daily bread supply
While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.
4. From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour
And guide us to the end.
5. Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The scepter, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

James Montgomery, 1825.

398

C. M.

- PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
 3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
 4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
6. The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
7. Nor prayer is made by man alone,—
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on th' eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.
8. O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod.—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery, 1818.

399

C. M.

- APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
2. Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
 3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
 4. Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce Accuser face
And tell him Thou hast died.

5. O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners such as I
 Might plead Thy gracious name!

John Newton, 1779.

BAPTISM.

400

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

BAPTIZED into Thy name most holy,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 I claim a place, though weak and lowly,
 Among Thy seed, Thy chosen host.
 Buried with Christ and dead to sin,
 Thy Spirit now shall live within.

2. My loving Father, Thou dost take me
 To be henceforth Thy child and heir;
 My faithful Savior, Thou dost make me
 The fruit of all Thy sorrows share;
 Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
 When darkest clouds around I see.
3. And I have vowed to fear and love Thee
 And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
 I felt Thy Holy Spirit move me
 And freely pledged myself Thine own,
 Renouncing sin to keep the faith
 And war with evil unto death.
4. My faithful God, Thou failest never,
 Thy covenant surely will abide;
 O cast me not away forever
 Should I transgress it on my side;
 If I have sore my soul defiled,
 Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.
5. Yea, all I am and love most dearly,
 To Thee I offer new the whole;
 O let me make my vows sincerely,
 Take full possession of my soul;
 Let naught within me, naught I own,
 Serve any will but Thine alone.

6. Depart, depart, thou Prince of Darkness!
 No more by thee I'll be enticed.
 Mine is indeed a tarnished conscience,
 But sprinkled with the blood of Christ.
 Away, vain world! O sin, away!
 Lo! I renounce you all this day.
7. And never let my purpose falter,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 But keep me faithful to Thine altar
 Till Thou shalt call me from my post;
 So unto Thee I'll live and die
 And praise Thee evermore on high.

J. J. Rambach, † 1735; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

401

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

- TO Jordan came our Lord, the Christ,
 To do God's pleasure willing,
 And there was by Saint John baptized,
 All righteousness fulfilling;
 There did He consecrate a bath
 To wash away transgression
 And quench the bitterness of death
 By His own blood and Passion,
 He would a new life give us.
2. So hear ye all and well perceive
 What God doth call a Baptism
 And what a Christian should believe
 Who error shuns and schism:
 That we should water use the Lord
 Declareth is His pleasure,
 Not simple water, but the Word
 And Spirit without measure; —
 He is the true Baptizer.
3. To show us this, He hath His Word
 With signs and symbols given;
 On Jordan's banks was plainly heard
 The Father's voice from heaven:

“This is My well-beloved Son,
In whom My soul delighteth;
Hear Him!” Yea, hear Him, every one,
Whom He Himself inviteth;
Hear and obey His teaching!

4. In tender manhood God the Son
In Jordan's water standeth;
The Holy Ghost from heaven's throne
In dovelike form descendeth;
That thus the truth be not denied,
Nor should our faith e'er waver,
That all three Persons do preside
At Baptism's holy laver
And dwell with the believer.
5. Thus Jesus His disciples sent:
Go, teach ye every nation,
That, lost in sin, they must repent
And flee from condemnation.
He that believes and is baptized
Shall thereby have salvation,
A new-born man he is in Christ,
From death free and damnation,
He shall inherit heaven.
6. Who in this mercy hath not faith
Nor aught therein discerneth,
Is yet in sin, condemned to death
And fire that ever burneth;
His holiness avails him not,
Nor aught which he is doing;
His inborn sin brings all to naught
And maketh sure his ruin;
Himself he cannot succor.
7. The eye of sense alone is dim
And nothing sees but water;
Faith sees Christ Jesus and in Him
The Lamb ordained for slaughter;

It sees the cleansing fountain, red
 With the dear blood of Jesus,
 Which from the sins, inherited
 From fallen Adam, frees us
 And from our own misdoings.

Martin Luther, 1543; R. Massie, tr., a.

402

7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8

BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,
 Met to do as Thou hast spoken;
 And this child, at Thy command,
 Now we bring to Thee in token
 That to Christ it here is given;
 For of such shall be Thy heaven.

2. Yes. Thy warning voice is plain,
 And we would obey it duly:
 "He who is not born again,
 Heart and life renewing truly,
 Born of water and the Spirit,
 Will My kingdom ne'er inherit."
3. Therefore hasten we to Thee;
 Take the pledge we bring, O take it!
 Let us here Thy glory see
 And in tender pity make it
 Now Thy child and leave it never,
 Thine on earth and Thine forever.
4. Wash it, Jesus, in Thy blood
 From the sin-stain of its nature;
 Let it rise from out this flood
 Clothed in Thee, a new-born creature;
 May it, washed as Thou hast bidden,
 In Thine innocence be hidden.
5. Turn its darkness into light,
 To Thy grace receive and save it;
 Heal the Serpent's venom'd bite
 In the font where now we lave it;
 Here let flow a Jordan river
 And from leprosy deliver.

6. Make it, Head, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of Peace, its Peace be Thou;
Way of Life, to heaven lead it;
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Graft by faith in Thee forever.
7. Now into Thy heart we pour
Prayers that from our hearts proceeded;
Let our sighing heavenward soar,
Let our warm desires be heeded.
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.
- B. Schmolck, 1704; C. Winkworth, tr.

403

L. M.

- NOW Christ, the very Son of God,
On sinners sends another flood;
It is the water which the Lord
Has comprehended in the Word.
2. This flood, to cleanse sin's leprosy,
Mere earthly water cannot be;
But water and God's gracious Word
Conjoined, this saving bath afford.
3. "Go ye," says Christ, "My Word proclaim,
Baptize the nations in God's name;
All who are baptized and believe
My full salvation shall receive."
4. God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To be baptized invites the host;
He will be present, though unseen,
From all their sins to wash them clean.
5. So, too, by our repentance, must
The old man, with his sins and lust,
Be daily drowned and then arise
A new man, righteous, pure, and wise.

6. That by the water and the Word
We're born again, we thank Thee, Lord.
In life and death Thine let us be
And Thine in all eternity.

N. Selnecker, 1572; C. H. L. Schuette, tr., 1880.

404

L. M.

THIS child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong
And let Thy love its life prolong.

2. Oh, may Thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy Law!
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth!
3. We, too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite
And would renew its solemn vow
With love and thanks and praises now.
4. Grant that with true and faithful heart
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

From the German. S. Gilman, tr., 1823.

405

10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 8, 4

FATHER of heaven, who hast created all
And rulest all, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious
call

Now enters on life's way.
Oh, make it Thine; Thy blessing give,
That to Thy glory it may live,
Father of heav'n!

2. O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold,
We bring this babe to Thee:
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,
Forever Thine to be;
Defend it through this earthly strife
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God!
3. O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled,
And make it evermore to be
An heir of bliss, a shrine for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!
4. O Triune God, what Thou hast willed
is done;
We speak, but Thine the might.
This babe hath hardly seen our earthly
sun,
Yet on it pour Thy light
Of faith and hope and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God!

A. Knapp, 1841; C. Winkworth, tr., 1858.

406

S. M.

THE Savior kindly calls
Our children to His breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2. "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."
3. With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

H. U. Onderdonk, 1826.

407

S. M.

- STAND, soldier of the Cross,
 Thy high allegiance claim
 And vow to hold the world but loss
 For Thy Redeemer's name.
2. Arise and be baptized
 And wash thy sins away;
 Thy league with God be solemnized,
 Thy faith confessed to-day.
3. No more thine own, but Christ's;
 With all the saints of old,
 Apostles, seers, evangelists,
 And martyr-throngs enrolled:
4. In God's whole armor strong,
 Front hell's embattled powers.
 The warfare may be sharp and long,
 The victory must be ours.
5. O bright the conqueror's crown,
 The song of triumph sweet.
 When faith casts every trophy down
 At our great Captain's feet!

E. H. Bickersteth, 1870, a.

CONFIRMATION.

408

7, 6, 81

- LET me be Thine forever,
 Thou faithful God and Lord;
 Let me forsake Thee never
 Nor wander from Thy Word;
 Lord, do not let me waver,
 But give me steadfastness,
 And for such grace forever
 Thy holy name I'll bless.
2. Lord Jesus, my Salvation,
 My Light, my Life divine,
 My only Consolation,
 O make me wholly Thine!

For Thou hast dearly bought me
With blood and bitter pain;
Let me, since Thou hast sought me,
Eternal life obtain.

3. And Thou, O Holy Spirit,
My Comforter and Guide,
Grant that in Jesus' merit
I always may confide,
Him to the end confessing,
Whom I have known by faith.
Give me Thy constant blessing
And grant a Christian death.
N. Selnecker, 1572; M. Loy, tr., a., 1380.

409 6, 5, 81

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee.
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall
Nor from fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2. With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm.
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.
3. Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4. When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again,
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesus, take me, dying,
 To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834, a.

410

L. M. 81

ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
 With shield of faith and Spirit's sword.
 Forth to the battle may they go
 And boldly fight against the foe,
 With banner of the Cross unfurled,
 And by it overcome the world;
 And so at last receive from Thee
 The palm and crown of victory.

2. Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come
 And make Thy servants' hearts Thy
 home;
 May each a living temple be,
 Hallowed forever, Lord, to Thee!
 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
 With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
 With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
 With counsel, strength, fear, godliness.
3. O Trinity in Unity,
 One only God and Persons Three;
 In whom, through whom, by whom we
 live,
 To Thee we praise and glory give.
 O grant us so to use Thy grace
 That we may see Thy glorious face
 And ever with the heavenly host
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth, 1862.

411

7s

THINE forever, God of Love!
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be
Here and in eternity.

2. Thine forever, Lord of Life!
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
3. Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Savior, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!
4. Thine forever! Savior, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep!
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
5. Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven;
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude, 1848.

412

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day
And make it always Thine
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2. Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all!
3. Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face
And worship at Thy throne!

4. May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!
5. Let every thought and work and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

M. Bridges, 1848.

CONFESSION.

413

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4, 8

- LORD Jesus Christ, in Thee alone
My only hope on earth I place;
For other comforter is none,
No help have I but in Thy grace.
There is no man nor creature here,
No angel in the heavenly sphere,
Who in my need can succor me.
I cry to Thee,
For Thee I trust implicitly.
2. My sin is very sore and great,
I mourn beneath its dreadful load;
O free me from this heavy weight,
My Savior, through Thy precious blood;
And with Thy Father for me plead
That Thou hast suffered in my stead;
From me the burden then is rolled.
Lord, I lay hold
On Thy dear promises of old.
 3. And in Thy mercy now bestow
True Christian faith on me, O Lord,
That all the sweetness I may know
Which in Thy holy Cross is stored,
Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,
And love my neighbor as myself;
And when at last is come my end,
Be Thou my Friend,
From Satan's wiles my soul defend.

4. Glory to God in highest heaven,
The Father of eternal love;
To His dear Son, for sinners given,
Whose watchful grace we daily prove;
To God the Holy Ghost on high;
Oh, ever be His comfort nigh,
And teach us, in His love and fear,
To please Him here
And serve Him in the heavenly sphere!

J. Schneesing, 1542; C. Winkworth, tr., a., 1858.

414

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

“JESUS sinners doth receive!”

O may all this saying ponder
Who in sin's delusions live
And from God and heaven wander!
This alone sure hope can give —
“Jesus sinners doth receive!”

2. We deserve but grief and shame,
Yet His words, rich grace revealing,
Pardon, peace, and life proclaim;
Here their ills have perfect healing
Who with humble hearts believe —
“Jesus sinners doth receive!”
3. Sheep that from the fold did stray
Every faithful shepherd seeketh;
Weary souls that lost their way,
Christ, the Shepherd, seeks and taketh
In His arms that they may live —
“Jesus sinners doth receive!”
4. Come, ye sinners, one and all,
Come, ye all have invitation;
Come, obey His gracious call,
Come, accept His free salvation!
Firmly in these words believe:
“Jesus sinners doth receive!”

5. I, a sinner, come to Thee
 And acknowledge my transgression;
 Tender mercy show to me,
 Grant me graciously remission;
 Let these words my soul relieve:
 "Jesus sinners doth receive!"
6. Henceforth I need fear no foe;
 Were as scarlet my transgression,
 It shall be as white as snow
 By the virtue of Thy Passion;
 For in these words I believe:
 "Jesus sinners doth receive!"
7. Now my conscience is at ease,
 Now I fear no condemnation.
 He who grants me full release
 Hath atoned for my transgression.
 In true faith to Him I cleave,—
 "Jesus sinners doth receive!"

Erdmann Neumeister, 1718.

415

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

- OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
 Lord, hear my lamentation;
 Bend down Thy gracious ear to me
 And grant my supplication;
 For if Thou fix Thy searching eye
 On all sin and iniquity,
 Who, Lord, can stand before Thee?
2. But love and grace with Thee prevail,
 O God, our sins forgiving;
 The best and holiest deeds must fail
 Of all before Thee living;
 Before Thee none can boasting stand,
 But all must fear Thy strict demand
 And live alone by mercy.

3. My hope I rest, then, on the Lord
And build not on my merit;
My heart shall trust His gracious Word,
His goodness stays my spirit.
His precious Word assureth me
He will my Joy and Comfort be;
This is my firm reliance.
4. And though it tarry till the night
And till the morn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might,
It doubteth not nor feareth.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.
5. Though great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth,
Our Shepherd is the Lord, and He
At last shall set His Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

Martin Luther, 1524.

416

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8

LORD, to Thee I make confession,
I have sinned and gone astray,
I have multiplied transgression,
Chosen for myself my way.
Led at last to see my errors,
Lord, I tremble at Thy terrors.

2. Yet, though conscience' voice appall me,
Father, I will seek Thy face;
Though Thy child I dare not call me,
Yet receive me to Thy grace;
Do not for my sins forsake me,
Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.

3. For Thy Son hath suffered for me,
And the blood He shed for sin,
That can heal me and restore me,
Quench this burning fire within;
'Tis alone His cross can vanquish
These dark fears and soothe this anguish.
4. Then on Him I cast my burden,
Sink it in the depths below!
Let me feel Thy gracious pardon,
Wash me, make me white as snow.
Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
Make me only Thine forever!

J. Franck, 1649; C. Winkworth, tr., 1862.

417

L. M.

- O JESUS, Lamb of God, who art
The Life and Comfort of my heart,
I, wretched sinner, come to Thee
And bring so many sins with me.
2. O God, my sinfulness is great,
I groan beneath a dreadful weight;
Yet be Thou merciful, I pray,
Take guilt and punishment away.
 3. Saint John the Baptist biddeth me
To cast my burden, Lord, on Thee,
Since Thou hast left Thy heavenly throne
That for our sins Thou might'st atone.
 4. Help me amend my ways, O Lord,
And willingly obey Thy Word;
Do always, then, abide with me,
And when I die, take me to Thee.

B. Helder, 1620; A. Crull, tr., 1880.

418

L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me!

2. I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppress;
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!
3. Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!
4. Nor alms nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!
5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

C. Elven, 1852.

419

L. M.

- O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
 3. I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore
And guard me that I fall no more.
 4. Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let me now come near Thy throne
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

5. A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye
And save the soul condemned to die.
6. O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

420

L. M. 61

- TH' abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me and bars me in;
Like billows my transgressions roll —
Be Thou the Pilot of my soul —
And to salvation's harbor bring,
Thou Savior and Thou glorious King!
2. My Father's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused,
To shame and want and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitless thought: —
I cry to Thee, who lovest men,
O pity and receive again!
 3. In hunger now, no more possess
Of that my portion bright and blest,
The exile and the alien see
Who yet would fain return to Thee.
And save me, Lord, who seeks to raise
To Thy dear love the hymn of praise!
 4. With that saved thief my prayer I make,
"Remember for Thy mercy's sake!"
With that poor publican I cry,
"Be merciful, O God most high!"
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again.

5. Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care
And raise to Christ the contrite prayer: —
O Thou, who freely wast made poor
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with Thy boundless grace!

Joseph of the Studium, c. 860; J. M. Neale, tr., 1862.

421

8, 7, 8, 7

- ALAS, my God! my sins are great,
My conscience doth upbraid me;
And now I find that in my strait
No man hath power to aid me.
2. And fled I hence in my despair
In some lone spot to hide me,
My griefs would still be with me there
And peace still be denied me.
3. Lord, Thee I seek. I merit naught,
Yet pity and restore me;
Be not Thy wrath, just God, my lot;
Thy Son hath suffered for me.
4. If pain and woe must follow sin,
Then be my path still rougher.
Here spare me not; if heaven I win,
On earth I gladly suffer.
5. But curb my heart, forgive my guilt,
Make Thou my patience firmer;
For they must miss the good Thou wilt
Who at Thy chastenings murmur.
6. Then deal with me as seems Thee best,
Thy grace will help me bear it,
If but at last I see Thy rest
And with my Savior share it.

M. Rutilius, 1604; C. Winkworth, tr, a.

422

S. M.

- AND wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I,
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?
2. So deep are they engraved,
So terrible their fear:
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?
3. O Thou Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul
And me, by many a sin opprest,
Restore and keep me whole.
4. I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love;
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

Joseph of the Studium, c. 860; J. M. Neale, tr., 1862.

423

S. M.

- OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.
2. Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within;
3. Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame.
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious name.
4. Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

H. W. Baker, 1868.

ABSOLUTION.

424

L. M.

O GOD, Thou righteous, faithful Lord,
I have not kept Thy holy Word,
But sinned and oft offended Thee;
Now I repent, it grieveth me.

2. Thou, Father, merciful and kind,
No pleasure in my death dost find,
But strong desire doth in Thee burn
That I should unto Thee return.
3. Since Thou, dear Father, callest me,
I, poor lost sinner, come to Thee,
Relying on Christ's precious blood
Which from His holy five wounds flowed.
4. I pray through Christ, Thine only Son,
Who for my good our flesh put on,
To me let Thy love never fail,
O'er justice let Thy grace prevail.
5. In mercy, Father, let Thy grace
Through Jesus' blood my sins efface;
Then I, the poor lost child, will be
From all my sins forever free.
6. Grant that, according to Thy Word,
I lead a godly life, O Lord,
And let me, after time is o'er,
Inherit life forevermore.

Anon., 1650; A. Crull, tr., 1880.

425

L. M.

O FAITHFUL God, we worship Thee!
Thou pardon'st our iniquity,
Thou grantest help in sin's distress,
And soul and body Thou dost bless.

2. Thou, through Thy servant, say'st to me:
"Thy sins are all forgiven thee,
Depart in peace; but sin no more
And e'er My pardoning grace adore."

3. O Lord, we bless Thy gracious heart,
For Thou Thyself dost heal our smart
Through Christ our Savior's precious blood,
Which for the sake of sinners flowed.
4. Give us Thy Spirit, peace afford
Now and forever, gracious Lord!
Thy Word and holy Sacrament
Preserve to us till life is spent.

N. Selnecker, 1587.

426

L. M.

- YEA, as I live, Jehovah saith,
I do not wish the sinner's death,
But that he turn from error's ways,
Repent, and live through endless days.
2. Hence Christ His servants gave command:
"Go forth and preach in every land;
Forgiveness to each soul extend
That mourns, believes, and will amend.
 3. "Whose sins soever ye remit,
I truly pardon and acquit;
Whose sins soever ye retain,
Condemned and guilty shall remain.
 4. "What ye shall bind, that bound shall be;
What ye shall loose, that shall be free;
To all alike the keys are given
To ope and close the gates of heaven.
 5. "They who believe, when ye proclaim
The joyful tidings in My name,
That I for them My blood have shed,
Are free from guilt and Judgment dread."
 6. The words which absolution give
Are His who died that we might live;
The minister whom Christ has sent
Is but His humble instrument.

7. However great our sin may be,
The absolution sets us free,
Appointed by God's own dear Son
To bring the pardon He has won.
8. When ministers lay on their hands,
Absolved by Christ the sinner stands;
He who by grace the Word believes
The purchase of His blood receives.
9. This is the power of holy keys,
It binds and doth again release;
The Church retains them at her side,
Our mother and Christ's holy bride.
10. Let those who stings of conscience bear,
Whom sin would drive to dark despair,
To Jesus come with trustful mind
And peace in absolution find.
11. All praise, eternal Son, to Thee
For absolution full and free,
In which Thou showest forth Thy grace;
From false indulgence guard our race.
12. Praise God the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As 'twas, is now, and so shall be,
World without end, eternally!

Nikolaus Herman, 1560; M. Loy, tr., 1880.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

427

10s

DRAW nigh and take the body of your
Lord

And drink the holy blood for you
outpoured.

Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the
Priest.

2. He that in this world rules His saints
and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields,
With heavenly bread makes them that
hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
3. Approach ye, then, with faithful hearts
sincere
And take the pledges of salvation here.
O Judge of all, our only Savior Thou,
In this Thy feast of love be with us now.

Latin, c. 680; J. M. Neale, tr., 1851, a.

428

L. M.

- O JESUS, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape or bread of wheat,
The Life of life without our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet!
2. We come to show Thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, Thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.
 3. O Heart, that with a double tide
Of blood and water maketh pure;
O Flesh, once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure, —
 4. Let nevermore our sinful souls
The anguish of Thy cross renew
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced Thy victim body through.
 5. Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with Thee, Jesus, enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink
His precious blood, wash out our sin.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

429

L. M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led
And let them all its sweetness know.

2. Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
3. Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for us the Victim slain?
Are we forbid the children's bread?
4. O let Thy table honored be
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

Philip Doddridge, 1755, abr.

430

S. M.

THY table I approach,
Dear Savior, hear my prayer;
Oh, let no unrepented sin
Prove hurtful to me there!

2. Lo, I confess my sins
And mourn their wretched bands;
A contrite heart is ever wont
To find grace at Thy hands.
3. Thy body and Thy blood,
Once slain and shed for me,
Are taken at Thy table here—
A wondrous mystery!
4. Here I with mouth and soul,
Incomprehensibly,
Shall eat the precious flesh of Christ
In blest reality.

5. Search not how this takes place,
Nor whether it can be;
God can accomplish vastly more
Than seemeth plain to thee.
6. Vouchsafe, O blessed Lord,
That earth and hell combined
May ne'er about this Sacrament
A doubt raise in my mind!
7. And may I never fail
To thank Thee day and night
For Thy true body and true blood,
O God, my Peace and Light!

G. W. Molanus, 1673; M. Loy, 1880, a.

431

11, 8, 11, 8, 5, 9, 9, 6, 7, 5

- MAY God be praised henceforth and blest
forever,
Who, Himself both Gift and Giver,
With His own flesh and blood our souls
doth nourish;
May they grow thereby and flourish!
O Lord, have mercy!
By Thy holy body, the selfsame
Which from Thine own mother Mary came,
By the drops Thou didst bleed,
Help us in the hour of need.
O Lord, have mercy!
2. Thou hast to death Thy holy body given,
Life to win for us in heaven;
By stronger love, dear Lord, Thou couldst
not bind us,
Whereof this should well remind us.
O Lord, have mercy!
Lord, Thy love constrained Thee for our
good
Mighty things to do by Thy dear blood;
Thou hast paid all we owed,
Thou hast made our peace with God.
O Lord, have mercy!

3. May God bestow on us His grace and
 blessing,
 That, His holy footsteps tracing,
 We walk as brethren dear in love and
 union
 Nor repent this sweet Communion.
 O Lord, have mercy!
 Let not Thy good Spirit forsake us,
 Grant that heavenly-minded He make us,
 That Thy poor Church may see
 Days of peace and unity.
 O Lord, have mercy!

1st stanza 15th cent.; Martin Luther, 1524;
 R. Massie, tr., a.

432

L. M. 81

- DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
 Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
 Come into the daylight's splendor,
 There with joy thy praises render
 Unto Him whose grace unbounded
 Hath this wondrous banquet founded;
 High o'er all the heavens He reigneth,
 Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.
2. Hasten as a bride to meet Him
 And with loving reverence greet Him;
 For with words of life immortal
 Now He knocketh at thy portal;
 Haste to ope the gates before Him,
 Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
 "Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
 And I nevermore will leave Thee."
3. He who costly goods desireth
 To obtain much gold requireth;
 But to freely give the treasure
 Of Thy love is Thy good pleasure;
 For on earth there is no coffer
 Which as payment we might offer
 For this cup, Thy blood containing,
 And this manna, on us raining.

4. Ah, how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit!
Oft have I, with sighs fast thronging,
Thought upon this food with longing,
In the battle well-nigh worsted,
For this cup of life have thirsted,
For the Friend, who here invites us
And to God Himself unites us.
5. Now I sink before Thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder,
How, by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man hath ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden,
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.
6. Nay, though reason here doth ponder,
It can never reach this wonder,
That this bread is never lessened,
Though it nourish thousands present,
And that Christ His blood is giving
With the wine we are receiving.
Oh, these mysteries, unsounded,
Are by God alone expounded!
7. Sun, who all my life doth brighten,
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth, —
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.
8. Lord, Thy fervent love hath driven
Thee to leave Thy throne in heaven,
For us on the cross to languish
And to die in bitter anguish,

To forego all joy and gladness
 And to shed Thy blood in sadness,
 Which we drink now; grant that never
 We forget Thy love, dear Savior!

9. Jesus, Bread of life, I pray Thee,
 Let me gladly here obey Thee,
 Never to my hurt invited,
 Be Thy love with love requited;
 From this banquet let me measure,
 Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure.
 Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
 As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

J. Franck, 1649; C. Winkworth, tr.

433

7s

LO, upon the altar lies
 Bread of heaven from the skies,
 Food to mortal wanderers given,
 To the sons and heirs of heaven.

2. Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep!
 Thou Thy flock in safety keep.
 Living Bread! Thy life supply;
 Strengthen us, or else we die.
3. Thou, who feedest us below,
 Source of all we have or know,
 Grant that with Thy saints above
 We may reach Thy feast of love!

Thomas Aquinas, † 1274; E. Caswall, tr., 1848.

434

L. M.

THE death of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
 We celebrate with one accord;
 It is our comfort in distress,
 Our heart's sweet joy and happiness.

2. He blotted out with His own blood
 The judgment that against us stood;
 He full atonement for us made,
 And all our debt He fully paid.

3. That this is so and ever true
He gives an earnest ever new,
In this His holy Supper here
We taste His love so sweet, so near.
4. For His true body, as He said,
And His true blood, for sinners shed,
In this communion we receive;
His sacred Word we do believe.
5. A precious food this is indeed,—
It never faileth, such we need.—
A heavenly manna for our soul.
That we may safely reach our goal.
6. Then blessed is each worthy guest
Who in this promise finds His rest;
For Jesus will in love abide
With those who do in Him confide:
7. The guest that comes with true intent
To turn to God and to repent,
To live for Christ, to die to sin,
And thus a holy life begin.
8. Who does unworthy here appear,
Does not believe nor is sincere,
Salvation here he cannot find.
May we this warning bear in mind!
9. O Jesus Christ, our Brother dear,
Unto Thy cross we now draw near;
Thy sacred wounds indeed make whole
A wounded and afflicted soul.
10. Help us sincerely to believe
That we Thy mercy do receive
And in Thy grace do find our rest.
Amen. He who believes is blest.

435

7, 6, 81

O LIVING Bread from heaven,
How hast Thou fed Thy guest!
The gifts Thou now hast given
Have filled my heart with rest.
O wondrous Food of blessing!
O Cup that heals our woes!
My heart, this gift possessing,
In thankful song o'erflows.

2. My Lord, Thou here hast led me
Within Thy holiest place
And there Thyself hast fed me
With treasures of Thy grace;
And Thou hast freely given
What earth could never buy,
The Bread of life from heaven,
That now I shall not die.

3. Thou givest all I wanted.
The food can death destroy,
And Thou hast freely granted
The cup of endless joy.
Ah, Lord, I do not merit
The favor Thou hast shown,
And all my soul and spirit
Bow down before Thy throne.

4. Lord, grant me that, thus strengthened
With heavenly food, while here
My course on earth is lengthened,
I serve with holy fear;
And when Thou call'st my spirit
To leave this world below,
I enter, through Thy merit,
Where joys unmingled flow.

J. Rist, 1651, a.; C. Winkworth, tr., 1858.

436

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

LORD Jesus, Thou art truly good;
Thou spread'st for our salvation
Thy body and Thy blood as food
And giv'st us invitation;

As weary souls, with sin opprest,
We come to Thee for needed rest,
For counsel and forgiveness.

2. Although Thou didst ascend to heaven,
Where angels bow before Thee,
And now to mortals 'tis not given
By sight here to adore Thee,
Until begins Thy Judgment grand,
When we before Thy throne shall stand
And cheerfully behold Thee;
3. Yet art Thou ever with us, Lord,
And with Thy congregation
And not confined — so says Thy Word —
To any habitation.
Firm as a rock Thy Word still stands,
Unshaken by the en'mies' hands
Though they be e'er so cunning.
4. Thou say'st: "This is My body; eat
And orally receive Me.
This is My blood; drink all of it
And henceforth never leave Me."
What Thou hast spoken true must be;
Thou art almighty, and with Thee
Impossible is nothing.
5. Although my reason cannot see
How in so many places
Thy body at one time may be,
Yet faith Thy Word embraces.
How it can be I leave to Thee;
Thy Word alone sufficeth me,
For Thou wilt that we trust it.
6. Lord, I believe in simple trust,
Strength in my weakness give me,
For I am naught but sinful dust,
Nor of Thy Word bereave me!
Thy Baptism, Supper, and Thy Word
My consolation are, O Lord,
For they contain my treasure.

7. Grant that we worthily receive
Thy Supper, Lord, our Savior,
That for our sins we truly grieve
And prove by our behavior
That we obtained Thy saving grace
And trust in it throughout our days;
Then will our life be godly.
8. For Thy consoling Supper, Lord,
Be praised throughout all ages!
Preserve it, for with one accord
The world against it rages.
Grant that Thy body and Thy blood
May be my comfort and sweet food
In my last moments. Amen.

S. Kinner, 1638; E. Cronenwett, tr., 1880.

437

L. M.

- AN awful mystery is here
To challenge faith and waken fear;
The Savior comes as food divine,
Concealed in earthly bread and wine.
2. This world is loveless — but above,
What wondrous boundlessness of love!
The King of Glory stoops to me
My spirit's Life and Strength to be.
 3. In consecrated wine and bread
No eye perceives the mystery dread;
But Jesus' words are strong and clear:
"My body and My blood are here."
 4. How dull are all the powers of sense,
Employed on proofs of love immense!
The richest food remains unseen,
And highest gifts appear how mean!
 5. But here we have no boon on earth,
And faith alone discerns its worth;
The Word, not sense, must be our guide
And faith assure, since sight's denied.

6. Lord, show us still that Thou art good
And grant us evermore this food;
Give faith to ev'ry wav'ring soul
And make each wounded spirit whole.

M. Loy, 1880.

438

L. M.

INVITED, Lord, by boundless grace,
I stood a guest before Thy face;
As host Thou spread'st no common food;
Here is Thy body and Thy blood!

2. How holy is this Sacrament,
Where pardon, peace, and life are spent!
This bread and cup my lips have pressed;
Thou blessedst, and my soul is blessed.
3. Now lettest Thou Thy guest depart
With full assurance in his heart;
For such communion, Lord, with Thee
May a new life my offering be!
4. When Thou shalt in Thy glory come
To gather all Thy people home,
Then let me, as Thy heavenly guest,
In anthems praise Thee with the blest!

E. Cronenwett, c. 1880.

439

L. M.

"TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and blessed and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!
3. "This is My body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food";
Then took the cup and blessed the wine:
"'Tis the new covenant in My blood."

4. "Do this," He said, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend.
Meet at My table and record
The love of your departed Lord."
5. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

440

L. M.

- AT Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.
2. Our faith adores Thy bleeding love
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.
 3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Savior's name
And make our triumphs in His cross.
 4. With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

441

8, 8, 7, 8

- JESUS Christ, our blessed Savior,
Turned away God's wrath forever;
Suffering pains no tongue can tell,
He saved us from the pains of hell.
2. To remind us that, to save us,
He hath died, His flesh He gave us
With this bread, a quick'ning food,
And with this wine His precious blood.

3. Whoso to this board repaireth
Take good heed how he prepareth;
Death instead of life shall he
Receive who comes unworthily.
4. Thou shalt hold with faith unshaken
That this food is to be taken
By the sick who are distressed,
By those whose heart is sin-oppressed.
5. Christ says: "Come, ye heavy-laden,
I your weary hearts will gladden;
They that are yet strong and well,
Despise the best physician's skill.
6. "Couldst thou earn thine own salvation,
Useless were My death and Passion;
This feast is not spread for thee
If thine own helper thou wilt be."
7. If thou this believest truly
And confession makest duly,
Thou a welcome guest art here,
This heavenly food thy soul shall cheer.
8. But the fruits must not be missing,
Love thy neighbor without ceasing;
That true love let him receive
Which here to thee thy God doth give.

John Huss, † 1415; Martin Luther, 1524.

HOME, MARRIAGE, CHILDREN.

442

7, 6, 7, 6

- THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing, —
It hath not passed away.
2. Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3. Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.
4. Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.
5. Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
6. O spread Thy pure wings o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,
7. To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

J. Keble, 1857, a.

443

C. M. 81

- LORD, who at Cana's wedding-feast
Didst as a Guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy presence here;
For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The marriage-vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.
2. The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blessed by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

3. On those who now before Thee kneel,
 O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
 That each may wake the other's zeal
 To love Thee more and more.
 Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
 In purity and love,
 And, this world leaving, to receive
 A crown of life above.

A. Thrupp, 1853, a.

444

11, 10, 11, 10

- O PERFECT Love, all human thought
 transcending,
 Lowly we kneel in pray'r before Thy
 throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows
 no ending,
 Whom Thou forevermore dost join in one.
2. O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,
 With childlike trust, that fears nor pain
 nor death.
3. Grant them the joy which brightens
 earthly sorrow;
 Grant them the peace which calms all
 earthly strife,
 And to life's day the glorious unknown
 morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Bloomfield, 1883.

445

L. M.

O BLEST the house, whate'er befall,
 Where Jesus Christ is all in all;
 Yea, if He were not dwelling there,
 How poor and dark and void it were!

2. O blest that house where faith ye find,
And all within have set their mind
To trust their God and serve Him still
And do in all His holy will!
3. O blest the parents who give heed
Unto their children's foremost need
And weary not of care or cost!
To them and heaven shall none be lost.
4. Blest such a house, it prospers well,
In peace and joy the parents dwell,
And in their children's lot is shown
How richly God can bless His own.
5. Then here will I and mine to-day
A solemn covenant make and say:
Though all the world forsake Thy Word,
I and my house will serve the Lord.

C. C. von Pfeil, 1782; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

446**L. M.**

- HAPPY the man who feareth God,
Whose feet His holy ways have trod;
Thine own good hand shall nourish thee,
And well and happy shalt thou be.
2. Lo! to that man these blessings cleave
Who in God's holy fear doth live;
From him the ancient curse hath fled
By Adam's race inherited.
 3. Out of Mount Zion God shall send
And crown with joy thy latter end,
That thou Jerusalem may'st see
In favor and prosperity.
 4. He shall be with thee in thy ways
And give thee health and strength of days;
Yea, thou shalt children's children see,
And peace on Israel shall be.

5. Praise God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
As 'twas through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Martin Luther, 1524; R. Massie, tr., abr.

447

8, 7, 61

- GRACIOUS Savior, gentle Shepherd,
Children all are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms and carried
In Thy bosom may they be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.
2. Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way!
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.
3. Cleanse their hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead them,
Where Thine own still waters glide.
4. Let Thy holy Word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy powerful grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.
5. Taught to lisp Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts, unfeignèd,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise their Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson, 1857.

418

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing
And here our children bring
To join Thy praise.

2. Thou art our holy Lord,
O all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife.
Thou didst Thyself abase
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.
3. Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.
4. Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our Staff and Song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thine enduring Word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.
5. So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong
Unite and swell the song
To Christ, our King!

Clement of Alexandria, 211; H. M. Dexter, tr., 1846.

449

8, 7, 8, 7

SAVIOR, who Thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share, —

2. Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy Word believing,
 Only there secure from harm.
3. Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the Lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them through life's dangerous way.
4. Then within Thy fold eternal
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muehlenberg, 1826.

CHURCH.

LAYING OF CORNER-STONE.

450

L. M.

- O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
 The bounds of the eternal hills
 And yet vouchsaf'st, in Christian lands,
 To dwell in temples made with hands;
2. Grant that all we who here to-day
 Rejoicing this foundation lay
 May be in very deed Thine own,
 Built on the precious Corner-stone.
 3. The heads that guide endue with skill,
 The hands that work preserve from ill,
 That we, who these foundations lay
 May raise the top-stone in its day.

4. But now and ever, Lord, protect
 The temple of Thine own elect;
 Be Thou in them and they in Thee,
 O ever-blessed Trinity!

J. M. Neale, 1844, abr.

451

8, 7, 81

- IN the name which earth and heaven
 Ever worship, praise, and fear,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Shall a house be builded here.
 Here with prayer its deep foundations,
 In the faith of Christ, we lay,
 Trusting by His help to crown it
 With the top-stone in its day.
2. Here as in their due succession
 Stone on stone the workmen place;
 Thus, we pray, unseen, but surely,
 Jesus, build us up in grace;
 Till, within these walls completed,
 We complete in Thee are found
 And to Thee, the one Foundation,
 Strong and living stones, are bound.
3. Fair shall be Thine earthly temple;
 Here the careless passer-by
 Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
 Of the holier house on high;
 Weary hearts and troubled spirits
 Here shall find a still retreat;
 Sinful souls shall bring their burden
 Here to the Absolver's feet.
- 4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
 Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
 Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemed,
 Robes her for her marriage morn;
 Clothed in garments of salvation,
 Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
 Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
 Till she may behold His face.

5. Here in due and solemn order
 May her ceaseless prayer arise;
 Here may strains of holy gladness
 Lift her heart above the skies;
 Here the Word of Life be spoken;
 Here the child of God be sealed;
 Here the Bread of Heaven be broken,
 "Till He come," Himself revealed.
6. Praise to Thee, O Master Builder,
 Maker of the earth and skies;
 Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple,
 Fitly framed together, lies;
 Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
 Binding all that lives in one,
 Till our earthly praise be ended
 And th' eternal song begun!

J. Ellerton, 1871, a.

452

C. M.

- BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
 Which God in Zion lays
 To build our heavenly hopes upon
 And His eternal praise!
2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 Let saints adore the name;
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.
 3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest
 And envy rage in vain.
 4. What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise;
 'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

453

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build:
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heav'n are filled;
 On His great love our hopes we place,
 Of present grace and joys above.

2. Oh, then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing
 And thus proclaim in joyful song,
 Both loud and long, that glorious name.

3. Here, gracious God, do Thou
 Forevermore draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful vow
 And mark each suppliant sigh;
 In copious shower, on all who pray,
 Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

4. Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore,
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day when all the blest
 To endless rest are called away!

From the Latin, 6th or 7th cent.; J. Chandler, tr., 1837.

DEDICATION OF CHURCH.

454

8, 7, 61

CHRIST, Thou art the sure Foundation,
 Thou the Head and Corner-stone;
 Chosen of the Lord and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one;
 Thou Thy Zion's Help forever
 And her Confidence alone.

2. To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within these walls alway.
3. Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.
4. Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory,
While eternal ages run.

From the Latin; J. M. Neale, 1851, a.

455**L. M.**

- COME, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where Thy redeemed behold Thy face;
Enter this temple, now Thine own,
And let Thy glory fill the place.
2. We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us; 'tis ours for Thee,
Reared by Thy kind, assisting hand.
 3. Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy Word
attend.

4. Here in the dark and sorrowing day
 Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;
 Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away
 And give new strength to meet Thy will!
5. When at Thine altar we shall meet
 And keep the feast of dying love,
 Be our communion ever sweet
 With Thee and with Thy Church above.
6. Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
 In Thine own arms the lambs infold;
 Give help to climb the heavenward steep
 Till Thy full glory we behold.
 Ray Palmer, 1875, a. and abr.

456

L. M.

ETERNAL Son of God, O Thou,
Before whom earth and heaven bow,
Regard Thy people as they raise
To Thee their songs of prayer and praise.

2. This house they dedicate to Thee
 That here Thy glory they may see,
 Thy body and Thy blood they here
 Receive their fainting souls to cheer.
3. Here in baptismal water pure
 They find for sin a gracious cure;
 Their children here to Thee they bring,
 O Thou our death-subduing King.
4. Here sin's diseases healing find;
 The weak grow strong, light cheers the
 blind;
 The troubled heart with peace is blest,
 And weariness finds heavenly rest.
5. When tempests shake the world around,
 The rock-built Church secure is found;
 The gates of hell may here assail
 Whom Christ defends, but not prevail.

6. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise! Do Thou, whom we adore,
Teach us to praise Thee evermore.

From the Latin, tr., 1880.

457

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

- IN loud, exalted strains,
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns
Through everlasting days;
But Zion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen rest.
2. O King of Glory, come
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.
3. Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies;
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.
4. Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love,
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above,
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

B. Francis, 1774.

458

S. M.

- GREAT is the Lord, our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes the Church His own abode,
His most delightful seat.

2. In Zion God is known,
A Refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
3. Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.
4. In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1719, abr.

459

L. M.

- HERE in Thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for Thee;
Oh, choose it for Thy fixed abode
And keep it from all error free!
2. Here, when Thy people seek Thy face
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
 3. Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
 4. When children's voices raise the song,
"Hosanna to the heavenly King!"
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna! let the angels sing.
 5. Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery, 1822.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

460

L. M.

THERE is within this heart of mine
A little church, with sacred shrine,
And stained forever with the blood
Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God.

2. Here dwelleth God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
He is my soul's beloved Guest
And grants my heart true peace and rest.
3. This little church looks poor and odd;
But being the abode of God,
It has a glorious, peerless grace:
It is God's royal dwelling-place.
4. This little church, Lord, I commend
Unto Thy care and pray: Defend
And shield it from calamity,
Dwell there now and eternally.

From the Latin of B. Walther; B. Derschau, † 1639;
A. Crull, tr.

461

8, 7, 8, 7

LORD, in Thy kingdom there shall be
No aliens from each other,
But even as he loves himself
Each saint shall love his brother.

2. When in Thy courts below we meet
To mourn our sinful living
And with united hearts repeat
Confession, creed, thanksgiving:
3. Make us to hear in each sweet word
Thy Holy Spirit calling
To oneness with Thy Church and Thee,
That heavenly bond forestalling.
4. One Baptism and one faith have we,
One Spirit sent to win us,
One Lord, one Father, and one God,
Above and through and in us.

5. Never, by schism or by sin,
May we that union sever,
Till all, to perfect stature grown,
Are one with Thee forever!

J. Anstice, † 1836.

462

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

J. Fawcett, 1772.

463

C. M.

THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord, in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

2. One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
 3. One army of the living God,
To His commands we bow;
Part of the host have passed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
 4. Lo, thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come
And soon must launch as they.
 5. Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide
And land us safe in heaven.
- Isaac Watts, 1709, and Charles Wesley, 1759, a.

GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

464

8, 7, 81

- GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
2. See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage —
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3. Savior, since of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779.

465

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion,
 What a happy lot is thine!

2. Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
 Brothers cease their own to cherish,
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
3. In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in His sight;
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting Light.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

466

7, 6, 8 1

THE Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the Word.
 From heav'n He came and sought her
 To be His holy bride;
 With His own blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

2. Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth.
 One holy name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.
3. Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppressed,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
4. Mid toil and tribulation
 And tumult of her war
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace forevermore,
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.
5. Yet she on earth hath union
 With God, the Three in One,
 And mystic, sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won.
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone, 1866.

467

8, 7, 8, 7

HARK! the Church proclaims her honor,
 And her strength is only this;
 God hath laid her choice upon her,
 And the work she doth is His.

2. He His Church has firmly founded,
He will guard what He began;
We, by sin and foes surrounded,
Build her bulwarks as we can.
3. Frail and fleeting are our powers,
Short our days, our foresight dim,
And we own the choice not ours,
We were chosen first by Him.
4. Onward, then! for naught despairing;
Calm we follow at His word,
Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord.
5. Though we here must strive in weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What His might began in meekness
Shall achieve a glorious end.
S. Preiswerk, 1844; C. Winkworth, tr., 1858.

468

S. M.

- I LOVE Thy Zion, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
2. I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
 3. Should I with scoffers join
Her altars to abuse?
No! better far my tongue were dumb,
My hand its skill should lose.
 4. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

5. Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
6. Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
 Our Savior and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
7. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight, 1800, a.

469

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

- LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
2. Oh, happy souls who pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 Oh, happy men who pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still;
 And happy they
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.
 3. They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 Oh, glorious seat,
 When God, our King,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

MISSIONS.

470

8, 7, 61

SAINTS of God, the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word:
Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord!

2. Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.
3. Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation.
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.
4. Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest-home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest-home.

M. Maxwell, 1849.

471

7, 6, 81

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.
3. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith, 1832.

472

7, 6, 81

- OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.
2. Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious Gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3. The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His Cross beholding,
In Him are fully blessed.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Maria F. Anderson, 1848.

473

I. M.

- O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling Word;
Give power and unction from above
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3. Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion — order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
4. O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
A sinful world their God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
5. Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify
Till every kindred call Him Lord.
6. God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Savior's sufferings crowned
through Thee.

James Montgomery, 1825.

474

7, 6, 81

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high, —
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819.

475

L. M.

O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
 Enlighten those who sit in night;
 Let those afar now hear Thy voice
 And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2. Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze
And all whom in their secret minds
Some dark delusion haunts and blinds.
3. And all who else have strayed from Thee,
O gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given
And let them also share Thy heaven.
4. O make the deaf to hear Thy Word
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.
5. Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold,
Unite all those who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
6. So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

J. Heermann, 1630; C. Winkworth, tr.

476

8, 7, 81

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2. If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the Judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Savior's waiting arms.
4. Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

D. March, 1868.

477

8, 7, 81

- SAVIOR, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee!
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.
2. Let to mortals all be given
Thee to know and life to gain,
Thee the very God of heaven,
Thee the Man for sinners slain!
Speak Thou, through the Gospel-tiding,
Peace to every human breast;
Grant to all in Thee confiding
Mercy, solace, hope, and rest.
 3. Great the need in every nation,
Dense the darkness of sin's night;
Let Thy Spirit bring salvation,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

Give the Word, Thy preachers strengthen
 With the prophets' power of old,
 Help them Zion's cords to lengthen,
 All Thy wandering sheep to fold!

A. C. Coxe, 1851; Stanzas 2 and 3 a., W. G. Polack, 1927.

478

10s

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
 rise!
 Exalt thy towering head and lift thine
 eyes;
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide
 display
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2. See a long race thy spacious court adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
3. See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in the light and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars thronged with
 prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyful tribute brings.
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke
 decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
 away;
 But fixed this Word, this saving power,
 remains;
 Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah
 reigns.

Alexander Pope, 1720.

479

L. M.

LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,
 O God of mercy and of might!
 In pity look on those who stray
 Benighted in this land of light.

2. In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
3. Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
4. Send them Thy mighty Word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
5. Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant, 1840, a.

480

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

- MAY God bestow on us His grace,
With blessings rich provide us,
And may the brightness of His face,
To life eternal guide us,
That we His gracious work may know
And what is His good pleasure,
And also to the heathen show
Christ's riches without measure
And unto God convert them.
2. Thine over all shall be the praise
And thanks of every nation,
And all the world with joy shall raise
The voice of exultation;
For Thou shalt judge the earth, O Lord,
Nor suffer sin to flourish;
Thy people's pasture is Thy Word
Their souls to feed and nourish,
In righteous paths to keep them.

3. O let the people praise Thy worth,
In all good works increasing;
The land shall plenteous fruit bring forth,
Thy Word is rich in blessing.
May God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit bless us!
Let all the world praise Him alone,
Let solemn awe possess us.
Now let our hearts say, Amen.

Martin Luther, 1524.

481

L. M. 61

- AWAKE, Thou Spirit, who didst fire
The watchmen of the Church's youth,
Who faced the foe's envenomed ire,
Who witnessed day and night Thy truth,
Whose voices loud are ringing still
And bringing hosts to know Thy will.
2. Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray;
For, lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred
In every land in this our day
To cry with fervent soul to Thee,
O help us, Lord! So let it be!
3. O haste to help ere we are lost!
Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of wrong;
Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
Thy heritage, to know Thy name.
4. Would there were help within our walls!
O let Thy Spirit come again,
Before whom every barrier falls;
And now once more shine forth as then.
O rend the heavens and make us free!
Come, Lord, and bring us back to Thee!

5. And let Thy Word have speedy course,
Through every land be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force
And fill Thy churches far and wide.
Spread Thou the conquest of Thy Word
And let Thy kingdom come, O Lord!
6. The Church's desert paths restore;
Let stumbling-blocks that in them lie
Hinder Thy Word henceforth no more;
Error destroy, and heresy,
And let Thy Church, from hirelings free,
Bloom as a garden fair to Thee.

C. H. Bogatzky, 1750; C. Winkworth, tr., a., 1855.

482

7s

- SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
2. O'er a faithless, fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward, lift it high.
 3. Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Savior's heralds go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
 4. Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.
 5. To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6. Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7. Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's Sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How, 1854.

483

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5. Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

484

8, 8, 8, 6

- SEND Thou, O Lord, to every place
 Swift messengers before Thy face,
 The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
 Where Thou Thyself wilt come.
2. Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
 Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
 Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
 Send them where Thou wilt come,—
3. To bring good news to souls in sin,
 The bruised and broken hearts to win;
 In every place to bring them in
 Where Thou Thyself wilt come.
4. Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
 Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name
 And far to lands of pagan shame
 Send men where Thou wilt come.
5. Gird each one with the Spirit's Sword,
 The sword of Thine own deathless Word,
 And make them conquerors, conquering Lord,
 Where Thou Thyself wilt come.
6. Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
 From this broad land a mighty host,
 Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost
 Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

Mrs. M. E. Gates, 1889.

THE MINISTRY.

485

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 (C. P. M.)

LORD of the Church, we humbly pray
 For those who guide us in Thy way
 And speak Thy holy Word;
 With love divine their hearts inspire
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire
 And needful strength afford.

2. Help them to preach the Truth of God,
Redemption through the Savior's blood,
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower,—
To them a messenger of power;
To us, of life and peace.
3. So may they live to Thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy
And all eternity employ
In praise and bliss and love.

E. Osler, 1836.

486

10s

- GOD of the prophets, bless the prophets'
sons;
Elijah's mantle o'er Elisha cast;
Each age its solemn task may claim but
once;
Make each a nobler, stronger than the
last!
2. Anoint them prophets! Make their ears
attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts
awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
T'assure the right and every evil
break.
 3. Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors
they
For pardon and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass,
astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4. Anoint them kings; aye, kindly kings,
 O Lord!
 Anoint them with the Spirit of Thy Son!
 Theirs not a jeweled crown, a blood-stained
 sword;
 Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ
 a kingdom won!
5. Make them apostles, heralds of Thy Cross!
 Forth may they go to tell all realms
 Thy grace.
 Inspired of Thee, may they count all but
 loss
 And stand at last with joy before Thy
 face.
6. O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
 O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
 Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;
 A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!
- D. Wortman, 1884.

487

S. M. 81

- LORD, when at Thy command
 The Word of Life we sow,
 Watered by Thy almighty hand,
 The seed shall surely grow;
 The virtue of Thy grace
 A large increase shall give
 And multiply the faithful race
 Who to Thy glory live.
2. Now, then, the ceaseless shower
 Of Gospel-blessings send
 And let the soul-converting power
 Thy ministers attend;
 On multitudes confer
 The heart-renewing love
 And by the joy of grace prepare
 For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

488

L. M.

LORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high
And Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2. Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Savior, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.
3. Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;
4. To watch and pray and never faint
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.
5. So, when their work is finished here.
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

James Montgomery, 1833.

489

L. M.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head.
Come as a servant,—so He came,—
And we receive thee in His stead.

2. Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
3. Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4. Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase
And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery.

490

S. M.

- HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior-King!
He reigns and triumphs here."
 3. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found!
 4. How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
 5. The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
 6. The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad.
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

491

S. M.

- LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer
And all our wants supply.

2. On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view.
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
3. Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad
And let them speak Thy Word of Power
As workers with their God.
4. Oh, let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

492

L. M. 6 l

THOU who the night in prayer didst spend
And then didst Thine apostles send,
And bidd'st us pray the harvest's Lord
To send forth sowers of Thy Word,—
Hear and Thy chosen servants bless
With sevenfold gifts of holiness.

2. Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be,
Not laboring for themselves, but Thee!
Give grace to feed with wholesome food
The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood,
To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove
How dearly they the Shepherd love.
3. Oh, may Thy people faithful be,
And in Thy pastors honor Thee,
And with them work, and for them pray,
And gladly Thee in them obey;
Receive the prophet of the Lord
And gain the prophet's own reward!
4. So may we, when our work is done,
Together stand before Thy throne
And joyful hearts and voices raise
In one united song of praise,
With all the bright celestial host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth.

493

L. M.

BOW down Thine ear, almighty Lord,
 And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry
 For all who preach Thy saving Word
 And wait upon Thy ministry.

2. In mercy, Father, now give heed
 And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
 On those whom Thou dost call to feed
 Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.
3. O Savior, from Thy piercèd hand
 Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine
 That those who in Thy presence stand
 May do Thy will with love like Thine.
4. Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide
 And give them grace to watch and pray,
 That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,
 Themselves may keep the narrow way.
5. O God, Thy strength and mercy send
 To shield them in their strife with sin;
 Grant them, enduring to the end,
 The crown of life at last to win.

T. E. Powell, 1864.

CROSS AND COMFORT.

494

8, 7, 81

WHATE'ER God will, let that be done;
 His will is ever wisest;
 His grace will all thy hope outrun
 Who to that faith arisest.
 The gracious Lord Will help afford,
 He chastens with forbearing;
 Who God believes And to Him cleaves,
 Shall not be left despairing.

2. My God is my sure Confidence,
 My Hope, and my Existence;
 His counsel is beyond my sense,
 Yet I'll not make resistance.
 His Word declares The very hairs
 Upon my head are numbered;
 His mercy large Holds me in charge,
 With care that never slumbered.
3. The time has come when at His will
 My life in this world ceases;
 I think upon it and am still,
 Let come whate'er He pleases.
 To Him I trust My soul, my dust,
 When flesh and spirit sever;
 The Christ we sing Has plucked the sting
 Away from death forever.
- 4 Yet one thing, Lord, I ask of Thee,
 O grant my supplication:
 When Satan sorely tempteth me,
 Save me from desperation.
 O God, my Lord, True to Thy Word,
 Do Thou my soul deliver!
 Who doth believe, He shall receive.
 Thy name be praised forever!

Anon., 1554; N. L. Frothingham, tr., a.

495

8, 8, 7, 8, 7

- IN Thee, Lord, have I put my trust,
 Leave me not helpless in the dust,
 Let me not be confounded;
 Let in Thy Word My faith, O Lord,
 Be always firmly grounded.
2. Bow down Thy gracious ear to me
 And hear my prayers, Lord, speedily,
 O grant me Thy protection!
 For woes and fear Surround me here;
 Help me in my affliction.

3. My God and Shield, now let Thy power
Be unto me a mighty tower,
Whence bravely I defend me
Against the foes That round me close;
O Lord, assistance lend me!
4. Thy Word hath said, Thou art my Rock,
The Fortress that can fear no shock,
My Help, my Life, my Treasure;
Howe'er distress And dangers press,
All must perform Thy pleasure.
5. The world for me has falsely set
Full many a secret snare and net,
Dark lies, and sore temptations.
Lord, hear my prayers And break these
snares
And hellish machinations.
6. With Thee, Lord, would I cast my lot;
My God, my God, forsake me not;
For, Lord, I am commending
My soul to Thee; Deliver me
Now and when life is ending.
7. All honor, praise, and majesty
To Father, Son, and Spirit be,
Our God forever glorious,
In whose rich grace We'll run our race
Till we depart victorious.

Ps. 31. Adam Reusner, 1533; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

496

C. M.

- LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
2. If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3. Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
4. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth is sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
5. Then shall I end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
6. My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681, a.

497

C. M.

- O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!
2. When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.
 3. Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee.
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.
 4. Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear and remember me!

5. When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me!
6. And when before Thy throne I stand
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then with the saints at Thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis and Thomas Cotterill, 1792, a.

498

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

- IF thou but suffer God to guide thee
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide
thee,
And bear thee through the evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock that naught can move.
2. What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.
 3. Be patient and await His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content,
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And His discerning love hath sent,
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
 4. He knows the time for joy and, truly,
Will send it when He sees it meet;
When He has tried and purged thee duly
And finds thee free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware
And makes thee own His loving care.

5. Nor think amid the heat of trial
That God hath cast thee off unheard;
That he whose hopes meet no denial
Must surely be of God preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring
And sets a bound to everything.
 6. All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up, though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low.
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.
 7. Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully
And trust His Word, though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee.
God never will forsake in need
The soul that trusts in Him indeed.
- Ps. 55, 23. George Neumark, 1657; C. Winkworth, tr.

499

9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

- I LEAVE all things to God's direction,
He loveth me in weal and woe;
His will is good, true His affection,
With tender love His heart doth glow.
My Fortress and my Rock is He:
What pleaseth God, that pleaseth me.
2. My God hath all things in His keeping,
He is the ever faithful Friend;
He grants me laughter after weeping,
And all His ways in blessings end.
His love endures eternally:
What pleaseth God, that pleaseth me.
 3. The will of God shall be my pleasure
While here on earth is mine abode;
My will is wrong beyond all measure,
It doth not will what pleaseth God.
The Christian's maxim e'er must be:
What pleaseth God, that pleaseth me.

4. God knows what must be done to save me,
His love for me will never cease;
For He upon His palms did grave me
With purest gold of loving grace.
Away, my own will, off with thee!
What pleaseth God, that pleaseth me.
5. My God desires the soul's salvation,
Me also He desires to save;
Therefore, with Christian resignation,
All earthly troubles I will brave.
His will be done eternally:
What pleaseth God, that pleaseth me.
Anon., 17th cent.; A. Crull, tr.

500

7s

- OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
2. Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry.
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your help if great your need.
 3. Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad.
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.
 4. Onward, then, to battle move!
More than conquerors you shall prove;
Though begirt with many a foe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!

H. K. White, 1806, a.

501

8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6

WHY should sorrow ever grieve me;
Christ is near, What can here
E'er of Him deprive me?
Who can rob me of my heaven
That God's Son As my own
To my faith hath given?

2. Naked was I and unswathèd
When on earth At my birth
My first breath I breathèd.
Naked hence shall I betake me
When I go From earth's woe
And my breath forsakes me.
3. Naught — not e'en the life I'm living —
Is my own, God alone
All to me is giving.
Must I, then, His own restore Him?
Though bereft Of each gift,
Still shall I adore Him.
4. Though a heavy cross I'm bearing
And my heart Feels the smart,
Shall I be despairing?
God can help me, who doth send it;
He doth know All my woe
And how best to end it.
5. God oft gives me days of gladness;
Shall I grieve If He give
Seasons, too, of sadness?
God is good and tempers ever
Every hurt; Me desert
Wholly can He never.
6. Though united world and devil,
All their power Can no more
Do than mock and cavil.
Let derision now employ them,
Christ e'en here Will appear
And, 'fore all destroy them.
7. True believers, shrinking never,
Where they dwell, Should reveal
Their true colors ever.
When approaching death would scare
them,
Still should they Patient stay
And with courage bear them.

8. Death can never kill us even,
But relief From all grief
To us then is given.
It doth close life's mournful story,
Makes a way That we may
Pass to heavenly glory.
9. There I'll reap enduring pleasure,
After woe Here below
Suffered in large measure.
Lasting good we find here never,
All the earth Deemeth worth
Vanisheth forever.
10. What is all this life possesseth?
But a hand Full of sand
That the heart distresseth.
Noble gifts that pall me never
Christ so free There gives me
To enjoy forever.
11. Lord, Thou Fount of joy forever,
Thou art mine, I am Thine,
No one can us sever.
I am Thine, because Thou gavest
Life and blood For my good,
By Thy death me savest.
12. Thou art mine, I love and own Thee,
Ne'er shall I, Light of joy,
From my heart dethrone Thee.
Let me, let me, soon behold Thee
Face to face, — Thy embrace,
May it soon enfold me!

Paul Gerhardt, 1653; J. Kelly, tr., a.

502

C. M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2. To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of pardoning grace
Be deaf when I complain?
4. No, still the ear of saving grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

Anne Steele, 1760.

503

L. M.

- O GOD, my days are dark indeed,
How oft this aching heart must bleed;
The narrow way, — how filled with pain,
That I must pass, ere heaven I gain!
2. How hard to teach this flesh and blood
To seek alone th' eternal God!
Ah! whither now for comfort turn?
For Thee, my Jesus, do I yearn.
 3. In Thee have I, howe'er distrest,
Found ever counsel, aid, and rest!
I cannot all forsaken be
While still my heart can trust in Thee.
 4. Thine office and Thy person show
That Thou great miracles canst do;
Miraculous was, Lord, Thy birth
When Thou wert born a child on earth.
 5. And by Thy death Thou mak'st me free
So strangely from all misery.
Jesus, my only God and Lord,
What sweetness in Thy name is stored!

6. No grief can ever be so sore
But Thy sweet name can cheer me more;
So keen no sorrow's rankling dart
But Thy sweet name can heal my heart.
7. Although my flesh and heart may fail,
I'll heed it not, I shall not quail;
My Savior, if I have but Thee,
I shall be blest eternally.
8. With heart and soul I'm Thine fore'er;
Sin, death, and hell I need not fear;
The world can show no truth like Thine,
And therefore will I not repine.
9. I know Thou wilt forsake me not,
Thy truth is fixed, though dark my lot;
Thou art my Shepherd, and Thy sheep
From harm forever Thou wilt keep.
10. Jesus, my Boast, my Light, my Joy,
The Treasure naught can e'er destroy,
No words, no song that I can frame
Speak half the sweetness of Thy name.
11. They only all its power shall prove
Whose hearts have learned Thy faith
and love;
How many a time I've sadly said,
Far better were it I were dead;
12. Far better ne'er the light to see
If I had not this joy in Thee;
For he who hath not Thee in faith,
His very life is merely death.
13. Jesus, my Bridegroom and my Crown,
If Thou but smile, the world may frown;
In Thee lie depths of joy untold,
Far richer than the richest gold.
14. Whenever I but think of Thee,
Thy dew drops down and solace me;
Whene'er I hope in Thee, my Friend,
Thy comfort and Thy peace descend.

15. Whene'er in grief I pray and sing,
I feel new courage in me spring;
Thy Spirit witnesses that this
Is foretaste of eternal bliss.
16. Therefore, while life remains in me,
I'll bear Thy cross and follow Thee.
Grant me a patient, willing mood;
I know that it shall work my good.
17. Help me to do my task aright,
That it may stand before Thy sight;
Let me this flesh and blood control,
From sin and shame preserve my soul.
18. O keep me steadfast in the faith,
Then I am Thine in life and death.
Jesus, my Comfort, bend to me;
Ah, would I were e'en now with Thee!
- Conrad Hojer, 1597.

504

S. M.

- IN weariness and pain,
By sins and fears opprest,
I turn me to my Rest again,
My soul's eternal Rest.
2. The Lamb that died for me
And still my load doth bear;
To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee
And find my quiet there.
3. Jesus, was ever grief,
Was ever love, like Thine?
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
Thy life hath ransomed mine.
4. O may I rise with Thee
And soar to things above
And spend a blest eternity
In praise of dying love!

Charles Wesley, 1749, a.

505

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

ZION mourns in fear and anguish,
Zion, city of our God.

"Ah!" she saith, "how sore I languish,
Bowed beneath so hard a load!

God hath now forsook me quite
And forgot my evil plight."

Nay, the Lord, who chose thee, spares thee,
For within His heart He bears thee.

2. "Once," she mourns, "He promised plainly
That His help should aye be near,
Yet I now must seek Him vainly

In my days of woe and fear.

Will He, then, forevermore
Keep His anger and no more
Help His chosen generation
In its present tribulation?"

3. "Zion, surely I have loved thee!"

Thus to her the Highest saith.

"Although many woes have proved thee

And thy soul is sad to death,
Yet now cast thy griefs behind;
Where wilt thou a mother find
For her own child not providing
Or in hatred with it chiding?

4. "And if thou couldst find a mother

Who forgot her infant's claim
Or whose wrath her love could smother,
Yet would I be still the same;
For My truth is pledged to thee,
Zion, thou art dear to Me;
I within My heart have set thee,
And I never can forget thee.

5. "Let not Satan make thee craven;

He can fight, but cannot harm.
On My hands thy name is graven,
And thy shield is still My arm.

How, then, could it ever be
That I failed to think of thee,
Build the wall of My own city
And look down on thee with pity?

6. "Thou before My eyes art ever,
In My bosom thou art laid
As a nursing child, and never
Shalt thou lack My timely aid.
Me and thee no time nor stress,
War, nor danger, nor distress,
No, nor Satan's self shall sever, —
Only be thou faithful ever."

J. Heermann, 1636; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

506

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

LET not such a thought e'er pain thee
As that thou art cast away,
But within God's Word restrain thee,
That far otherwise doth say.
E'en though thou unrighteous art,
True and faithful is God's heart.
Hast thou death deserved forever?
God's appeased, despond thou never!

2. Thou art, as is every other,
Tainted by the poison sin,
That the Serpent and our father
Adam, by the Fall, brought in.
But if God's voice thou dost hear,
"Turn to Me, do good," ne'er fear,
Be of good cheer, He thy yearning
Will regard, thy prayer ne'er spurning.
3. He is not a bear or lion
Thirsting only for thy blood,
Faithful is thy God in Zion,
Gentle ever is His mood.
God aye as a Father feels,
He's afflicted by our ills;
Our misfortune sorrow gives Him,
And our dying ever grieves Him.

4. "Truly," saith He, "as I'm living,
I the death of none desire,
But that men, themselves upgiving,
May be rescued from sin's mire."
When a prodigal returns,
God's heart then with rapture burns,
Wills that not the least one even
Ever from His flock be driven.
5. Shepherd was so faithful never,
Seeking sheep that go astray.
Couldst thou God's heart see ever
How He cares for them alway,
How it thirsts and sighs and burns
After him who from Him turns,
From His people's midst doth wander,
Love would make thee weep and ponder.
6. God the good not only loveth,
Those who in His house now dwell,
But His heart compassion moveth
For those whom the Prince of hell
Hath enslaved, the cruel foe,
Who men's hearts with hate to glow
Makes 'gainst Him, who when He ever
Moves His foot, can make earth quiver.
7. Deep His love and most enduring,
His desire is ever great;
He is calling and alluring
Us to enter heaven's gate.
When they come, whoever they be,
Seeking now that liberty
From the devil's fangs be given,
Glad are all the hosts of heaven.
8. God and all those with Him dwelling,
'Fore whom heaven must hush its voice
When their Maker's praise forth telling,
O'er our penitence rejoice;

But what has been done amiss
Covered now and buried is,
All offense to Him we've given, —
All, yea all, is now forgiven.

9. From no lake so much is gushing,
No depth is so deep at all,
With such force no stream is rushing,
All compared with God is small;
Naught is like His grace so great,
That remits our mighty debt,
That He ever throweth over
All our lives e'en as a cover.

10. Soul, why art thou sad and dreary?
Rest now and contented be!
Why wilt thou thyself so weary
When there is no need for thee?
Though thy sins appear to thee
Like a vast and shoreless sea,
If with God's heart thou compare them,
'Twill a trifle seem to bear them.

11. Could we myriad worlds discover,
All sunk in apostasy,
Had the sins there o'er and over
Every one been done by thee,
Oh! still there were less by far
Than the light of grace so clear
Could on earth extinguish ever,
God from greater could deliver.

12. Of such wondrous love and favor
Open wide the door to me;
Everywhere and aye, my Savior,
Tasted be Thy grace by me.
Love me, Lord, and let me be
Nearer ever drawn to Thee
That I may embrace and love Thee,
Nevermore to anger move Thee.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653; J. Kelly, tr.

507

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

WHATEVER God ordains is good!

His righteous will abideth;

I will be still whate'er He doth

And follow where He guideth.

He is my God; Though dark my road,

He knoweth how to shield me,

Wherefore to Him I yield me.

2. Whatever God ordains is good!

He never will deceive me;

He leads me by the proper path,

I know He will not leave me,

And take content What He hath sent;

His hand that sends my sadness

Will turn my tears to gladness.

3. Whatever God ordains is good!

His loving thought attends me;

No poisoned draught the cup can be

That my Physician sends me,

But medicine; God true has been.

Of doubt, then, I'll divest me

And on His goodness rest me.

4. Whatever God ordains is good!

My Life, my Light, can never

Intend me harm; then, to His care

I give myself forever

In weal or woe; For well I know

Some day I shall see clearly

That God did love me dearly.

5. Whatever God ordains is good!

Though now this cup in drinking

May bitter to my taste appear

I take it all unshrinking;

For to my heart God will impart

A timely balm of healing

And end each painful feeling.

6. Whatever God ordains is good!

Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care Is round me there,
His arms embrace and shield me;
Then to my God I yield me.

Samuel Rodigast, 1675; C. Winkworth, 1863, a.

508

6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7

IN God, my faithful God,
I trust when dark my road;
Though many woes o'ertake me,
Yet He will not forsake me;
His love it is doth send them
And, when 'tis best, will end them.

2. My sins assail me sore,
But I despair no more.
I build on Christ, who loves me;
From this Rock nothing moves me.
To Him I all surrender,
To Him, my soul's Defender.
3. If death my portion be,
Then death is gain to me,
And Christ my Life forever,
From whom death cannot sever;
Come when it may, He'll shield me,
To Him I wholly yield me.
4. O Jesus Christ, my Lord,
So meek in deed and word,
Thou once didst die to save us,
Because Thou fain wouldst have us
After this life of sadness
The heirs of heavenly gladness.

5. "So be it," then I say
 With all my heart each day.
 We, too, dear Lord, adore Thee,
 We sing for joy before Thee.
 Guide us while here we wander
 Till safely landed yonder.

S. Weingaertner, 1607; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

509

7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6

- FROM God shall naught divide me,
 For He is true for aye
 And on my path will guide me,
 Who else should often stray;
 His ever-bounteous hand
 By night and day is heedful
 And gives me what is needful,
 Where'er I go or stand.
2. When man's help and affection
 Shall unavailing prove,
 God grants me His protection
 And proves His power and love;
 He helps me in my need,
 Delivers me from evil,
 From sin and death and devil;
 He is my Friend indeed.
3. If sorrow comes, He sent it,
 In Him I put my trust;
 I never shall repent it,
 For He is true and just
 And endeth every ill;
 My life and soul I render
 To God, my strong Defender;
 Let Him do as He will.
4. Whate'er shall be His pleasure
 Is surely best for me;
 He sent His dearest Treasure
 That our weak hearts may see

His good and gracious will.
In His own Son He gave us
Whate'er can bless and save us;
Praise Him who loves us still!

5. O praise Him, for He never
Forgets our daily need;
O blest the hour whenever
Our thoughts to Him can speed;
Yea, all the time we spend
Without Him is but wasted,
Till we His joy have tasted,
The joy that hath no end.

6. The world away is passing
With all its pomp and pride;
All we have been amassing
No longer may abide.
But in our earthly bed,
When safely we are sleeping,
God hath us in His keeping,
To wake us from the dead.

7. Our soul shall never perish,
But in yon paradise
The joys of heaven shall cherish.
Our body shall arise
Pure, holy, new-born, free
From every sin and evil;
The tempting of the devil
We then no more shall see.

8. Then, though on earth I suffer
Much trial, well I know
I merit ways still rougher,
And 'tis to heaven I go.
For Christ I know and love,
To Him I now am hasting,
And gladness everlasting
With Him my heart shall prove.

9. Such is His will that made us.
 The Father seeks our good;
 The Son of sin doth rid us,
 And saves us by His blood;
 His Spirit rules our ways,
 Through faith in us abiding.
 To heaven our footsteps guiding.
 To Him be thanks and praise!

L. Helmbold, 1563.

510

8, 7, 8, 7

- GOD is Love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever,
 Man decays, and ages move,
 But His mercy waneth never:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
4. He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere His glory shineth:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

J. Bowring, 1825.

511

8, 7, 8 1

- WHO puts his trust In God most just
 Hath built his house securely;
 He who relies On Jesus Christ,
 Heaven shall be his most surely.
 Then fixed on Thee My trust shall be,
 For Thy truth cannot alter;
 While mine Thou art Not death's worst
 smart
 Shall make my courage falter.

2. Though fiercest foes My course oppose,
 A dauntless front I'll show them;
 My Champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
 Who soon shalt overthrow them;
 And if but Thee I have in me
 With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
 Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
 Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.
3. I rest me here Without a fear;
 By Thee shall all be given
 That I can need, O Friend indeed,
 For this life or for heaven.
 O keep me true, My heart renew,
 My soul and flesh deliver!
 Lord, hear my prayer And in Thy care
 Keep me in peace forever.

J. Magdeburg, 1572; C. Winkworth, tr.

512

11, 10, 11, 10

- COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here
 tell your anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
 heal.
2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
 cure.
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see water
 flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure
 from above.
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever
 knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can
 remove.

T. Moore, 1816. Stanza 3 a.

513

4, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7

GOD liveth still!
Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
God is good; from His compassion
Earthly help and comfort flow;
Strong is His right hand to fashion
All things well for man below.
Trial, oft the most distressing,
In the end has proved a blessing.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

2. God liveth still!

Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
He who gave the eye its vision,
Shall He slumber once or sleep?
He who gave the ear its mission,
Hears He not His children weep?
God is God; His ear attendeth
When the sigh our bosom rendeth.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

3. God liveth still!

Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
He who gives the clouds their measure,
Stretching out the heavens alone;
He who stores the earth with treasure,
Is not far from every one.
God in the hour of need defendeth
Him whose heart in love ascendeth.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

4. God liveth still!

Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
Is thy cross too great and pond'rous,
Cast on Him thy grievous load;
God is great, His love is wondrous,
He will speed thee on the road.

For His truth endureth ever,
And His mercy ceaseth never.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

5. God liveth still!

Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
Is the yoke of sin too galling?
Christ Himself has set thee free,
Borne for thee their weight appalling,
Cast them in oblivion's sea!
In thy deepest grief and sadness
He can grant thee joy and gladness.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

6. God liveth still!

Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
When the world would let thee perish,
Pathless all thy tangled way,
God the nearer draws to cherish
Him who makes the Lord his Stay.
Children oft that most He loveth
Thus with strictest rod He proveth.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

7. God liveth still!

Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
Heaven's huge vault may cleave asunder,
Earth's round globe in ruins burst,
Satan's fellest rage may thunder,
Death and hell may spend their worst;
Yet will God keep safe and surely
Those who trust in Him securely.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

8. God liveth still!

Soul, despair not, fear no ill!
Be thy life until its ending
Full of thorns, of grief, or need,

God, in love the trial sending,

Thus His child would heavenwards lead.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Wherefore, then, my soul, despair?
God still lives, who heareth prayer.

J. F. Zihn, 1782; F. E. Cox, tr., a.

514

L. M.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design
Are framed upon Thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the center of Thy love.

2. With feeble light and half obscure,
Poor mortals Thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure
And the mysterious just and true.
3. Thy flock, Thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
4. They neither know nor trace the way;
But whilst they trust Thy guardian eye,
Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
5. My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at Thy throne;
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

Ambrose Serle, 1786.

515

L. M.

WHEN in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought,

2. Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery;
3. To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin
And respite from our griefs within.
4. For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee,
Through Him whose name alone is great,
Our Savior and our Advocate.
5. And thus we come, O God, to-day
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Perils and foes on every hand.
6. Ah! hide not for our sins Thy face,
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill,
7. That so with all our hearts we may
Once more our glad thanksgivings pay
And walk obedient to Thy Word
And now and ever praise Thee, Lord.

Paul Eber, 1547; C. Winkworth, tr.

516

SEEMS it in my anguish lone
As if God forsook His own,
Yet I hold the knowledge fast
God will surely help at last.

2. Though awhile it be delayed,
He denieth not His aid;
Though it come not oft with speed,
It will surely come at need.

3. As a father not too soon
Grants his child the longed-for boon,
So our God gives when He will;
Wait His pleasure and be still.
4. I can rest in thoughts of Him
When all courage else grows dim,
For I know my soul shall prove
His is more than father's love.
5. Would the powers of ill affright,
I can smile at all their might;
Or the cross be pressing sore,
God, my God, lives evermore.
6. Man may hate me causelessly,
Man may plot to ruin me,
Foes my heart may pierce and rend;
God in heaven is still my Friend.
7. Earth against me may declare,
For her love I do not care;
Though the world bear me a grudge,
God, my Father, is my Judge.
8. Earth may all her gifts deny,
Safe my treasure is on high;
And if heaven at last be mine,
All things else I can resign.
9. I renounce thee willingly,
World, I hate what pleases thee.
Baneful every gift of thine;
Only be, my God, still mine.
10. Ah! Lord, if but Thee I have,
Naught of other good I crave;
Bright is even death's dark road
If but Thou art there, my God.

517

L. M.

LORD God, who art my Father dear,
I pray in Jesus' name: O hear
What, trusting in His promised Word,
I humbly ask of Thee, good Lord.

2. Grant us Thy Word, Thy Spirit give,
That by His grace we godly live;
Give shelter, peace, good friends, and food,
Protect our native land, O God.
3. Save us from sin and Satan's fraud,
Deliver us from evil, God,
Be with us in our dying hour;
Thine is the kingdom, glory, power.
4. Lord, at Thy word Amen I say;
Increase my feeble faith, I pray.
Thou lead'st me with a father's care;
Oh, let me be Thy child and heir!

J. Mathesius, † 1565; A. Crull, tr.

518

S. M.

BELOVED, "It is well!"

God's ways are always right;
And perfect love is o'er them all
Though far above our sight.

2. Beloved, "It is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
The hand that wounds knows how to bind
And heal the broken heart.
3. Beloved, "It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill only make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day.
4. Beloved, "It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and strait and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

G. W. Doane, 1833.

519

S. M.

MY Father! cheering name!
 O may I call Thee mine!
 Give me with humble hope to claim
 A portion so divine.

2. Whate'er Thy will denies
 I calmly would resign;
 For Thou art just and good and wise,—
 Oh, bend my will to Thine!
3. Whate'er Thy will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear!
 Still let me know a Father reigns
 And trust a Father's care.
4. Thy ways are little known
 To my weak, erring sight;
 Yet shall my soul, believing, own
 That all Thy ways are right.

Anne Steele, 1760, a.

520

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

2. Nearer, my Lord, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 Who to Thy cross didst come
 Dying for me.
 Strengthen my willing feet,
 Hold me in service sweet
 Nearer, O Christ, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

3. Nearer, O Comforter,
Nearer to Thee!
Who with my loving Lord
Dwellest with me.
Grant me Thy fellowship,
Help me each day to keep
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4. But to be nearer still,
Bring me, O God,
Not by the visioned steeps
Angels have trod.
Here where Thy cross I see,
Jesus, I wait for Thee,
Then evermore to be
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841; a. by H. D. Ganse, † 1891.

521

C. M. 81

AND let this feeble body fail
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2. In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain
And gladly wander up and down
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come
And wipe away His servant's tears
And take His exile home.

3. Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see
And trees of paradise!

I see a world of spirits bright
 Who reap the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conquering palms they bear.

4. Oh, what are all my sufferings here
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host t'appear
 And worship at Thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away,
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley, 1759, a.

522

L. M.

GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
 Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall:
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2. Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
3. Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
4. That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.
5. Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an Advocate with Thee;
 They whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.

6. Poor though I be, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed
For whom the Lord Himself does plead.

W. Cowper, 1779, a.

523

L. M.

HELP me, O Lord, in fear and need,
Have mercy, to my prayer give heed!
I know Thou lov'st me still as Thine,
Though world and hell 'gainst me combine.

2. My God and Lord, I trust in Thee;
What need I if Thou art with me?
And Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, art mine;
My God and Savior, I am Thine.
3. Therefore my happiness is great;
I am content, for Thee I wait,
Trust wholly in Thy name, and then
I know Thy help is sure. Amen.

Martin Moller, 1593.

524

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1772.

525

7, 6, 81

- COMMIT whatever grieves thee
At heart, and all thy ways,
To Him who never leaves thee,
On whom creation stays,
Who freest courses maketh
For clouds and air and wind,
Who care and counsel taketh
A path for thee to find.
2. On God repose forever
If thou wouldst prosper sure;
On his work gaze thou ever,
If thine is to endure.
By anxious care and grieving,
By self-consuming pain,
God is not moved to giving;
By prayer must thou obtain.
 3. Thy grace, that ever floweth,
O Father, what is good
Or evil, ever knoweth,
To mortal flesh and blood.
What to Thine eye all-seeing,
And to Thy counsel wise
Seems good must into being,
O mighty Prince, arise.

4. For means it fails Thee never,
Thou always find'st a way,
Thy deeds are blessing ever,
Thy path like brightest day.
Thy work no one can hinder,
Thy labor cannot rest,
If Thou design'st Thy tender
Children should all be blessed.
5. Though all the power of evil
Should rise up to resist,
Without a doubt or cavil
God never will desist;
His undertakings ever
At length He carries through;
What He designs He never
Can fail at all to do.
6. Hope on, thou heart, grief-riven,
In hope courageous be;
Where anguish thee had driven
Thou shalt deliverance see.
God from thy pit of sadness
Shall raise thee graciously;
Wait, and the sun of gladness
Thine eyes shall early see.
7. Arise, to pain and anguish
A long good night now say;
Drive all that makes thee languish
In grief and woe away.
Not thine 'tis to endeavor
The ruler's part to play;
God sits as Ruler ever,
Guides all things well each day.
8. Let Him alone and tarry,
He is a Prince all-wise,
He shall Himself so carry
'Twill strange seem in thine eyes,

When He, as Him beseemeth,
In wonderful decree,
Shall as Himself good deemeth,
O'errule what grieveth thee.

9. He may, a while still staying,
His comforts keep from thee
And, on His part delaying,
Seem to have utterly
Forgotten and forsaken
And put thee out of mind,
Though grief hath thee o'ertaken,
No time for thee to find.
10. But if thou never shrinkest
And true dost still remain,
He'll come when least thou thinkest
And set thee free again,
Thee from the load deliver,
That burdeneth thy heart,
That thou hast carried never
For any evil part.
11. Hail! child of faith, who gainest
The victory alway,
Who honor's crown obtainest,
That never fades away.
God in thy hand will give thee
One day the glorious palm;
Who ne'er in grief did leave thee,
To Him thou'lt sing thy psalm.
12. O Lord, no longer lengthen
Our time of misery;
Our hands and feet do strengthen;
And until death may we
By Thee be watched and cared for,
In faithfulness and love.
So come we where prepared for
Us is our blessed abode.

526

7, 6, 81

IF God Himself be for me,
I may a host defy,
For when I pray, before me
My foes confounded fly.
If Christ, my Head and Master,
Befriend me from above,
What foe or what disaster
Can drive me from His love?

2. This I believe — yea, rather,
Of this I make my boast,
That God is my dear Father,
The Friend who loves me most;
And that, whate'er betide me,
My Savior is at hand
Through stormy seas to guide me
And bring me safe to land.
3. I build on this foundation,
That Jesus and His blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true, eternal good;
Without Him all that pleases
Is valueless on earth;
The gifts I owe to Jesus
Alone my love are worth.
4. My Jesus is my Splendor,
My soul's bright-beaming Sun;
Were He not my Defender
Before God's awful throne,
I never should find favor
And mercy in His sight,
But be destroyed forever,
As darkness by the light.
5. He canceled my offenses
And saved my soul from death;
'Tis He who ever cleanses
Me from my sins through faith.

In Him I can be cheerful,
Bold, and undaunted aye;
In Him I am not fearful
Of God's great Judgment Day.

6. Naught, naught can e'er condemn me
Nor set my hope aside;
Now hell no more can claim me,
Its fury I deride.
No sentence e'er reproves me,
No ill destroys my peace,
For Christ, my Savior, loves me
And screens me with His grace.
7. His Spirit in me dwelleth,
And o'er my mind He reigns.
All sorrow He dispelleth
And soothes away all pains.
He crowns His work with blessing
And helpeth me to cry,
"My Father!" without ceasing,
To Him who dwells on high.
8. To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How God, to Him that seeketh
For rest, is always near,
And how He hath erected
A city fair and new,
Where what our faith expected
We evermore shall view.
9. In yonder home doth flourish
My heritage, my lot;
Though here I die and perish,
My heaven shall fail me not.
Though care my life oft saddens
And causeth tears to flow,
The light of Jesus gladdens
And sweetens every woe.

10. Who clings with resolution
To Him whom Satan hates
Must look for persecution;
For him the burden waits
Of mockery, shame, and losses,
Heaped on his guiltless head;
A thousand plagues and crosses
Shall be his daily bread.
11. All this I am prepared for,
Yet am I not afraid;
By Thee shall all be cared for,
To whom my vows were paid.
Though life and limb it cost me
And everything I have,
Unshaken shall I trust Thee,
Thee never shall I leave.
12. Though earth be rent asunder,
Thou'rt mine eternally;
Not fire nor sword nor thunder
Shall sever me from Thee;
Not hunger, thirst, nor danger,
Not pain nor poverty,
Nor mighty princes' anger,
Shall ever hinder me.
13. No angel and no gladness,
No throne, no pomp, no show,
No love, no hate, no sadness,
No pain, no depth of woe,
No scheme of man's contrivance,
However small or great,
Shall draw me from Thy guidance
Nor from Thee separate.
14. My heart for joy is springing
And can no more be sad,
'Tis full of mirth and singing,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

The Sun that cheers my spirit
 Is Jesus Christ, my King;
 That which I shall inherit
 Hereafter, makes me sing.

Rom. 8, 31—39. Paul Gerhardt, 1664; R. Massie, tr., a.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

527

L. M.

- LORD Jesus Christ, true man and God,
 Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,
 And diedst at last upon the tree
 To gain Thy Father's grace for me:
2. I pray Thee, through that bitter woe,
 Let me, a sinner, mercy know
 When comes the hour of failing breath
 And I must wrestle, Lord, with death;
 3. When from my sight all fades away,
 And when my tongue no more can say,
 And when mine ears no more can hear,
 And when my heart is racked with fear;
 4. When all my mind is darkened o'er,
 And human help can do no more;—
 Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,
 And help me in the hour of need.
 5. Lead me from this dark vale beneath
 And shorten then the pangs of death;
 All evil spirits drive away,
 But let Thy Spirit with me stay,
 6. Until my soul the body leave;
 Then in Thy hands my soul receive
 And let the earth the body keep
 Till the Last Day shall break its sleep.
 7. Joyful my resurrection be,
 Thou in the Judgment plead for me
 And hide my sins, Lord, from Thy face
 And give me life, of Thy dear grace!

8. Implicitly I trust Thee, Lord,
For Thou hast promised in Thy Word:
"In truth I tell you, who receives
My Word, and keeps it, and believes,
9. "Shall never fall God's wrath beneath,
Shall never taste eternal death;
Though here he must return to dust,
He still is noways therefore lost;
10. "For I will with a mighty hand
Deliver him from death's strong band
And lift him hence that he shall be
Forever in My realm with Me,
11. "Forever living there in bliss."
Oh, let us not that glory miss!
Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt,
Help us to wait until Thou wilt
12. That we depart; and let our faith
Be brave and conquer e'en in death,
Firm resting in Thy sacred Word
Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.

Paul Eber, 1565; C. Winkworth, tr., 1855.

528

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

WHEN my last hour is close at hand
And I must hence betake me,
Lord Jesus Christ, beside me stand,
Nor let Thy help forsake me;
To Thy blest hands I now commend
My soul, at this my earthly end,
And Thou wilt safely keep it.

2. My sins, dear Lord, disturb me sore,
My conscience cannot slumber;
But though as sands upon the shore
My sins may be in number,
I will not quail, but think of Thee;
Thy death, Thy sorrow, borne for me,
Thy sufferings, shall uphold me.

3. I have been grafted in the Vine
 And hence my comfort borrow,
 For Thou wilt surely keep me Thine
 Through fear and pain and sorrow;
 Yea, though I die, I die to Thee,
 Who through Thy death hast won for me
 The right to life eternal.
4. Since Thou from death didst rise again,
 In death Thou wilt not leave me;
 Lord, Thy ascension soothes my pain,
 No fear of death shall grieve me;
 For Thou wilt have me where Thou art,
 And so with joy I can depart
 To be with Thee forever.
5. And so I stretch mine arms to Thee
 And gladly hence betake me;
 Peaceful and calm my sleep shall be,
 No human voice can wake me.
 But Christ is with me through the strife,
 And He will bear me into life
 And open heaven before me.

Nikolaus Herman, 1560; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

529

7, 6, 7, 6

- FOR me to live is Jesus,
 To die is gain for me,
 To Him I gladly yield me
 And die right cheerfully.
2. From hence I go with gladness
 To Christ my Brother's side
 That I may soon be with Him
 And e'er with Him abide.
 3. I have o'ercome life's crosses;
 Grief, pain, and sorrow cease;
 Through His five wounds most holy
 With God I am at peace.

4. When all my powers are breaking,
My breath comes heavily,
Nor word more I can utter.
Lord, hear my sighs to Thee!
5. When reason, sense, and thinking
Fail like a flickering light,
That to and fro doth waver
Ere 'tis extinguished quite,
6. Then let me softly, gently,
Lord, fall asleep in Thee,
When by Thy will and counsel
My last hour comes to me.
7. As to the oak the ivy,
So let me cleave to Thee
And live in heavenly glory
With Thee eternally.
8. Amen! This wilt Thou, Jesus,
Grant graciously to me;
Endow me with Thy Spirit
That I die happily.

Anon., 1609; E. Cronenwett, tr., 1880.

530

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7

HARK! a voice saith, "All are mortal."

Yea, all flesh must fade as grass,
Only through death's gloomy portal
To a better land we pass;
This frail body here must perish
Ere the heavenly joys it cherish,
Ere it gain the free reward
For the ransomed of the Lord.

2. Therefore, when my God doth choose it,
Willingly I'll yield my life,
Nor will grieve that I should lose it,
For with sorrows it was rife;

In my 'dear Redeemer's merit
Peace hath found my troubled spirit,
And in death my comfort is
Jesus' death — sweet comfort this!

3. For my sake He went before me,
And His death is now my gain;
Peace and hope He conquered for me;
So without regret or pain,
Yea, with joy I'll quit earth's sadness
For the beauteous heaven of gladness,
Where I shall eternally
See the holy Trinity.
4. There is joy beyond our telling.
Where so many saints have gone;
Thousands, thousands, there are dwelling,
Worshiping before the throne;
There the seraphim are shining,
Evermore in chorus joining:
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Triune God, for aye adored!"
5. There great men, of sacred story,
Prophets, patriarchs, are met;
There apostles, too, in glory
Fill twelve thrones by Jesus set;
All the saints that have ascended
Age on age, through time extended,
There in blissful concert sing
Hallelujahs to their King.
6. O Jerusalem, how glorious
Dost thou shine, thou city fair!
Lo! I hear the tones victorious
Ever sweetly sounding there!
O the bliss that there surprises!
Lo! the sun of morn now rises,
And the breaking day I see
That shall never end for me!

7. Yea, I see what here was told me,
See that wondrous glory shine;
Feel the spotless robes enfold me,
Know a golden crown is mine.
Thus before the throne so glorious
Now I stand, a soul victorious,
Gazing on that joy for aye
That shall never pass away.

J. G. Albinus, 1652 ; C. Winkworth, 1863, a.

531

S. M.

- ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er, —
Nearer my home to-day am I
Than e'er I've been before;
2. Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;
3. Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
4. But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.
5. E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I to-day am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.
6. Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand at last alone
Upon the shore of death.

Phoebe Cary, 1852.

532

7, 6, 81

FAREWELL! I say with gladness,
False, evil world, farewell!
Thy life is sin and sadness,
With thee I would not dwell;
In heaven are better pleasures,
I long for that bright sphere
Where God grants endless treasures
To those that served Him here.

2. Do with me as it pleases
Thy heart, O Son of God!
When anguish on me seizes,
Help me to bear my load;
Nor then my sorrows lengthen,
But take me hence on high;
My fearful spirit strengthen
And let me calmly die.
3. When all around is darkling,
Thy name and cross, still bright,
Deep in my heart are sparkling
Like stars in blackest night.
Appear Thou in Thy sorrow,
For Thine was woe indeed,
And from Thy cross I borrow
All comfort heart can need.
4. Thou diedst for me, — O hide me
When tempests round me roll;
Through all my foes, O guide me,
Receive my trembling soul.
If I but grasp Thee firmer,
What matters pain when past?
Hath he a cause to murmur
Who reaches heaven at last?
5. O write my name, I pray Thee,
Now in the book of life;
So let me here obey Thee
And there, where joys are rife,

Forever bloom before Thee,
 Thy perfect freedom prove,
 And tell, as I adore Thee,
 How faithful was Thy love.

V. Herberger, 1613; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

533

S. M.

IT is not death to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And midst the brotherhood on high
 To be at home with God.

2. It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears
 And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.
3. It is not death to bear
 The wretch that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.
4. It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust
 And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
 To live among the just.
5. Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die;
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife
 To reign with Thee on high.

M. A. C. Malan, 1832; G. W. Bethune, tr., 1847.

534

S. M.

AND must this body die,
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?

2. God, my Redeemer, lives
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust
 Till He shall bid it rise.

3. Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine
 And every shape and every face
 Look heavenly and divine.
4. These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love;
 We would adore His grace below
 And sing His power above.
5. Dear Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

535

11s

- I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to
 stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough
 for its cheer.
2. I would not live alway; thus fettered by
 sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
 with fears
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears.
 3. I would not live alway; no, welcome the
 tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
 its gloom.
 There sweet be my rest till He bid me
 arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the
 skies.

4. Who, who would live alway, away from
his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported
to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul?

W. A. Muehlenberg, 1826.

536

7s

HARK! a voice divides the sky:
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die;
They from all their toils are freed.

2. Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.
3. Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head had gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door.
4. Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down.
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
5. When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

Charles Wesley, 1742.

537

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah! how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2. In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.
3. Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold, 1835; C. Winkworth, tr., 1853.

538

L. M.

- NOW lay we calmly in the grave
This form, whereof no doubt we have
That it shall rise again that day
In glorious triumph o'er decay.
2. And so to earth again we trust
What came from dust and turns to dust
And from the dust shall surely rise
When the last trumpet fills the skies.
 3. His soul forever lives in God,
Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
Who through His Son redeemed him here
From bondage unto sin and fear.
 4. His trials and his griefs are past;
A blessed end is his at last;
He bore Christ's yoke and did His will;
And though he died, he liveth still.

5. He lives where none do mourn and weep,
And calmly shall his body sleep.
'Tis God shall death Himself destroy
And raise it into glorious joy.
6. He suffered pain and grief below,
Christ heals him now from all his woe.
For him hath endless joy begun;
He shines in glory like the sun.
7. Then let us leave him to his rest
And homeward turn, for he is blest;
And we must well our souls prepare,
For death may seize us everywhere.
8. So help us, Christ, our Hope in loss;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy cross
From endless death and misery;
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.

M. Weiss, 1531; Stanza 8, Martin Luther;
C. Winkworth, tr., a.

539

L. M.

- NOW hush your cries and shed no tear,
On such death none should look with fear;
He died a faithful Christian man,
And with his death true life began.
2. Coffin and grave we deck with care,
His body reverently bear;
It is not dead, but rests in God
And softly sleeps beneath the sod.
 3. It seems as all were over now, —
The heavy limbs, the soulless brow, —
Yet through these rigid limbs once more
A noble life ere long shall pour.
 4. These bones, now dead, again shall feel
New warmth and vigor through them steal,
And reunited they shall soar
On high to live forevermore.

5. This body, lying stiff and stark,
Shall soon rise upward from the dark
And swiftly mount up to the skies.
E'en as the spirit heavenward flies.
6. The buried grain of wheat must die,
Withered and worthless long must lie,
Yet springs to light all sweet and fair
And proper fruits shall rightly bear.
7. E'en so this body, made of dust.
To earth we once again entrust.
Where it shall slumber free from pain
Till from the dead it rise again.
8. God breathed into this house of clay
The spirit that hath passed away;
The righteous mind, the noble heart,
The living faith, did Christ impart.
9. Now earth has hid it from our eyes
Till God shall bid it wake and rise,
Who ne'er the creature will forget,
On whom His image He hath set.
10. Ah, would that promised day were here
When Christ will once again appear
And bring them to their heavenly home
Who have been buried in the tomb!

"Deus, ignee fons animarum." Tr. from the German,
C. Winkworth, 1856.

540

L. M.

- ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3. Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie
And wait the summons from on high.

Margaret Mackay, 1832, abr.

541

S. M.

JESUS, I live to Thee,
The Loveliest and Best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2. Jesus, I die to Thee
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.
3. Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
4. Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Make heaven forever mine!

H. Harbaugh, 1850.

542

C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2. Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay
 And scattered all the gloom.
4. The graves of all the saints He blessed
 And softened every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying Head?
5. Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way.
 Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
 At the great rising-day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground!
 Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

543

L. M. 61

- O LORD, my God, I cry to Thee,
 In my distress Thou helpest me.
 My soul and body I commend
 Into Thy hands; Thine angel send
 To guide me home and cheer my heart
 Since Thou dost call me to depart.
2. O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
 Once slain to take away our load,
 Now let Thy cross, Thine agony,
 Avail to save and solace me;
 Thy death to open heaven and there
 Bid me the joy of angels share.
 3. O Holy Spirit, at the end,
 Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend,
 When death and hell assail me sore,
 Leave me, O leave me nevermore,
 But bear me safely through the strife,
 As Thou hast promised, into life.

N. Selnecker, † 1592; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

544

8s 6l

WHO knows how near my end may be?
Time speeds away, and death comes on;
How swiftly, ah, how suddenly,
May death be here and life be gone!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

2. The world that smiled when morn was come
May change for me ere close of eve;
So long as earth is still my home,
In peril of my death I live.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
3. Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To cast my soul on Christ, her Friend,
Nor spare repentant cries and tears.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
4. And let me now so order all
That ever ready I may be
To say with joy, Whate'er befall,
Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
5. Let heaven to me be ever sweet,
And this world bitter let me find,
That I, mid all its toil and heat,
May keep eternity in mind.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
6. O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins
And makes His long-sought rest my own.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

7. His sorrows and His cross I know
 Make deathbeds soft and light the grave;
They comfort in the hour of woe,
 They give me all I fain would have.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
8. From Him can naught my soul divide,
 Nor life nor death can part us now;
I thrust my hand into His side
 And say, My Lord and God art Thou!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
9. In Holy Baptism long ago
 I joined me to the living Vine;
Thou lovest me in Him, I know,
 In Him Thou dost accept me Thine.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
10. And I have eaten His own flesh
 And drunk His blood, — nor can I be
Forsaken now nor doubt afresh
 I am in Him and He in me.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
11. Then death may come or tarry yet,
 I know in Christ I perish not;
He never will His own forget,
 He gives me robes without a spot.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
12. And thus I live in God at peace
 And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
 For through His Son my faith is clear.
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.

545

L. M. 61

I FALL asleep in Jesus' wounds,
There pardon for my sins abounds;
Yea, Jesus' blood and righteousness
My jewels are, my glorious dress,
Wherein before my God I'll stand
When I shall reach the heavenly land.

2. With peace and joy I now depart,
God's child I am with all my heart;
I thank thee, Death, thou ledest me
To that true life where I would be.
So cleansed by Christ, I fear not death.
Lord Jesus, strengthen Thou my faith!

Probably Paul Eber, † 1569; C. Winkworth, 1869, tr., a.

546

7, 7, 7, 5

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest forevermore.

2. When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
"Peace forevermore."
3. When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light forevermore.
4. When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us where all tears are dried,
Joy forevermore.
5. When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love forevermore.

6. When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown, —
Life forevermore. J. Ellerton, 1871.

547

10, 10, 5, 10

- O HOW blest are ye whose toils are ended!
Who through death have unto God
ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in
prison.
2. We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving;
Our undertakings
Are but toils and troubles and heart-
breakings.
3. Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers
sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping;
No cross or sadness
There can hinder your untroubled gladness.
4. Christ has wiped away your tears forever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavor;
To you are chanted
Songs that ne'er to mortal ears were
granted.
5. Ah! who would, then, not depart with
gladness
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?
6. Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that
bind us!
Lead us forth and cast this world
behind us!
With Thee, th' Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.
S. Dach, 1635; H. W. Longfellow, tr., a.

JUDGMENT.

548

8, 7, 61

O'ER the distant mountains breaking
 Comes the redd'ning dawn of day;
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
 Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
 |: 'Tis thy Savior, :|
 On His bright returning way.

2. O Thou long-expected, weary
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
 Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
 Where Thy light I do not see;
 |: O my Savior, :|
 When wilt Thou return to me?

3. Nearer is my soul's salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand;
 Keep me in my lowly station,
 Watching for Thee, till I stand,
 |: O my Savior, :|
 In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

4. With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
 Swift to hear and loath to roam,
 Watching for Thy glad returning
 To restore me to my home.
 |: Come, my Savior, :|
 Thou hast promised: quickly come.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863, a.

549

8, 9, 8, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
 The watchmen on the heights are crying:
 Awake, Jerusalem, arise!
 Midnight hears the welcome voices,
 And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
 O where are ye, ye virgins wise?

The Bridegroom comes, awake!
 Your lamps with gladness take!
 Hallelujah!
 With bridal care Yourselves prepare
 To meet the Bridegroom, who is near!

2. Zion hears the watchmen singing,
 And all her heart with joy is springing,
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
 For her Lord comes down all glorious,
 The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
 Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
 Now come, Thou Blessed One,
 Lord Jesus, God's own Son,
 Hail! Hosanna!
 The joyful call We answer all,
 And follow to the nuptial hall.
3. Glory unto Thee be given,
 By men and by the host of heaven,
 With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
 Of one pearl each shining portal,
 Where we are with the choir immortal
 Of angels round Thy dazzling throne.
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
 Hath yet attained to hear
 Such great glory;
 Therefore will we Eternally
 Sing hymns of joy and praise to Thee.

Ph. Nicolai, 1599; Comp. tr.

550

L. M.

- LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
 That leads the soul away from God;
 This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
 To live and die entirely Thine.
2. On Christ, by faith, I fain would live,
 From Him my life, my all, receive,
 To Him devote my fleeting hours,
 Serve Him alone with all my powers.

3. Christ is my everlasting All;
To Him I look, on Him I call;
He will my every want supply
In time and through eternity.
4. Soon will the Lord, my Life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here,
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain.
5. Soon will the saints in glory meet,
Soon walk through every golden street,
And sing on every blissful plain,—
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

J. Haskins, 1789.

551

L. M.

- THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
2. When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:
 3. Lord, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to Judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
- Thomas of Celano, 13th cent.; Walter Scott, 1805, a.

552

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

THE day is surely drawing near
When God's Son, the Anointed,
Shall with great majesty appear
As Judge of all appointed.
All mirth and laughter then shall cease,
When flames on flames will still increase,
As the Apostle teacheth.

2. A trumpet loud shall then resound,
And all the earth be shaken;
Then all who in their graves are found
Shall from their sleep awaken;
But all that live shall in that hour
By the Almighty's boundless power
Be changed at His commanding.
3. A book is opened then to all,
A record truly telling
What each hath done, both great and small,
When he on earth was dwelling;
And every heart be clearly seen,
And all be known as they have been,
In thoughts and words and actions.
4. Then woe to those who scorned the Lord
And sought but carnal pleasures,
Who here despised His precious Word
And loved their earthly treasures!
With shame and trembling they will stand
And at the Judge's stern command
To Satan be delivered.
5. O Jesus, who my debt didst pay
And for my sin wast smitten,
Within the book of life, O may
My name be also written!
I will not doubt; I trust in Thee,
From Satan Thou hast made me free
And from all condemnation.
6. Therefore my Intercessor be,
And for Thy bloody merit
Declare my name from judgment free,
With all who life inherit;
That I may see Thee face to face
With all Thy saints in that blest place
Which Thou for us hast purchased.

7. O Jesus Christ, do not delay,
 But hasten our salvation!
 We often tremble on our way
 In fear and tribulation.
 Then hear us when we cry to Thee;
 Come, mighty Judge, and make us free
 From every evil! Amen.

B. Ringwaldt, † 1599; P. A. Peter, 1880, tr., a.

553

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

- GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created;
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated;
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before:
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
2. The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies;
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
3. But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing,
 For they shall rise and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing;
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
4. O Christ, who diedst and yet dost live,
 To me impart Thy merit;
 My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
 And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.
 Beneath Thy cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Thee.

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

554

S. M.

- AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
2. And from His righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
3. "Depart from Me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."
4. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished shrink away?
5. But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!
6. Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge, † 1751.

555

8s 3l

- DAY of wrath, that day of mourning!
See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!
2. O what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from heaven the Judge descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth!
3. Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4. Death is struck and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
5. Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
6. When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
7. What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
8. King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!
9. Think, kind Jesus! my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
10. Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?
11. Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution
Ere that day's dread execution.
12. Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
13. Thou the women gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
Hopeless else were my condition.
14. Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

15. With Thy favored sheep, O place me!
Nor amid the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand 'upraise me.
 16. While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
 17. Bows my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition.
Succor Thou my lost condition!
 18. Day of sorrow, day of weeping,
When, in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!
 19. To the rest Thou didst prepare me,
On Thy cross, O Christ, upheave me!
Spare, O God, in mercy spare me!
- Thomas of Celano, c. 1250; W. J. Irons, tr., 1848, a.
-

HEAVEN.

556

7, 6, 81

- JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!
2. There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The songs of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever,
Are clad in robes of white!

3. Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy Part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
Soon to that land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest!

Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent.; J. M. Neale, tr., 1851.

557

7, 6, 81

- BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
2. And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.
3. But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
And there is David's fountain
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

4. The morning shall awaken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
Yes! God, my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever
And worship face to face.
5. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent.; J. M. Neale, tr., 1851.

558

C. M.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong
And streets of shining gold?
 3. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where evermore the angels sing,
Where sabbaths have no end?
 4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5. Why should I shrink from pain and woe
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.
6. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

From an ancient hymn, anon., 1801.

559

10, 6, 10, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

- JERUSALEM, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee
would fly,
It will not stay with me;
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain
And quit this world of pain.
2. O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last,
When fearless to my Father's love and
power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render?
For surely will His hand
Lead her, with guidance tender,
To heaven, her fatherland.
 3. A moment's space, and gently, wondrously,
Released from earthly ties,
Elijah's chariot bears her up to thee,
Through all these lower skies
To yonder shining regions,
While down to meet her come
The blessed angel legions
And bid her welcome home.

4. O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy naught,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.
5. O what the tribe, or what the glorious host,
Comes sweeping swiftly down?
The chosen ones on earth who wrought
the most,
The Church's brightest crown,
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
As in the far-off years
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.
6. The patriarchs' and prophets' noble train,
With all Christ's followers true,
Who bore the cross and could the worst
disdain
That tyrants dared to do,
I see them shine forever,
All glorious as the sun,
Mid light that fadeth never,
Their perfect freedom won.
7. And when within that lovely paradise
At last I safely dwell,
From out my soul what songs of bliss
shall rise,
What joy my lips shall tell,
While holy saints are singing
Hosannas o'er and o'er,
Pure hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore!

8. Innumerable choirs before the shining
throne
Their joyful anthems raise,
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with
the tone
Of that great hymn of praise,
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blessed throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

J. M. Meyfart, 1626; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

560

C. M.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink
And fear to launch away.
5. O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes:
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

561

8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2. O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

3. O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4. Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in Thy love
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

562

7, 6, 81

THE Homeland! O the Homeland!
 The land of souls free born!
 No gloomy night is known there,
 But aye the fadeless morn.
 I'm sighing for that country,
 My heart is aching here;
 There is no pain in the Homeland,
 To which I'm drawing near.

2. My Lord is in the Homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there.
 The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears;
 And when I think of the Homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.
3. For loved ones in the Homeland
 Are waiting me to come
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invades their holy home.
 O dear, dear native country!
 O rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland
 Of His eternal love.

H. R. Haweis, 1855..

563

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

I'M but a stranger here,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
 Heav'n is my fatherland,
 Heav'n is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heav'n is my home;
 And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last, —
 Heav'n is my home.
3. There at my Savior's side —
 Heav'n is my home —
 I shall be glorified, —
 Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best;
 And there I, too, shall rest, —
 Heav'n is my home.
4. Therefore I murmur not —
 Heav'n is my home —
 Whate'er my earthly lot, —
 Heav'n is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand, —
 Heav'n is my fatherland,
 Heav'n is my home.

T. R. Taylor, 1836, a.

564

8, 6, 8, 8, 6

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distress,
 A balm for every wounded breast:
 'Tis found above — in heaven.

2. There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even;
 A couch for weary mortals spread
 Where they may rest the aching head
 And find repose — in heaven.

3. There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
4. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
5. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan, 1818.

565

9, 8, 61

- A SLUMBER I know, in Jesus' name,
A rest from all toil and sorrow;
Earth tenderly takes my weary frame
To sleep till the blissful morrow;
In heaven my soul with God abides,
Forgotten are cares and trials.
2. An even I know, serene and blest,
And oft is my spirit longing,
When, weary and worn, it finds no rest
While woes on the way are thronging;
Oft longing to see the journey's end,
And rest in a blissful slumber.
 3. A morning I know, so bright and fair,
When tidings of joy shall wake us,
When anthems from high shall fill the air
And God to His glory take us;
When Jesus shall bid us rise from sleep—
How joyous that hour of awaking!

4. Oh, dear is that morning fair to me!
 And oft, o'er the mountains beaming,
 In spirit its heavenly light I see,
 As golden the peaks are gleaming.
 For joy I must sing as birds at dawn
 Their carols in lofty lindens.
5. The Savior then comes unto our graves;
 His mighty command is given.
 Then break from the deep the ocean waves,
 Each tomb and restraint is riven.
 All earth hears the cry, Ye dead, come forth!
 In glory we go to meet Him.

M. B. Landstad, † 1880.

566

8s 101

- YES, there remaineth still a rest!
 Arise, sad heart, that darkly pines,
 By heavy care and pain opprest,
 On whom no sun of gladness shines;
 Look to the Lamb! In yon bright fields
 Thou'lt know the joy His presence yields.
 Cast off thy load and thither haste;
 Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more,
 Soon, soon thy weary course be o'er,
 And deep the rest thou then shalt taste.
2. The rest appointed thee of God,
 The rest that naught shall break or move,
 That ere this earth by man was trod,
 Was set apart for thee by Love.
 Our Savior gave His life to win
 This rest for thee; O enter in!
 Hear how His voice sounds far and wide,
 "Ye weary souls, no more delay,
 Loiter not faithless by the way;
 Here in My peace and rest abide!"

3. Ye heavy-laden, come to Him!
Ye who are bent with many a load,
Come from your prisons drear and dim,
Toil thus not sadly on your road!
Ye've borne the burden of the day,
And hear ye not the Savior say:
"I am your Refuge and your Rest"?
His children ye, of heavenly birth,
How'er may rage sin, hell, or earth,
Here ye are safe, here calmly blest.
4. O what contentment fills the breast
Of wanderers through the desert plains
If they have found a place to rest,
To quench their thirst and cure their
pains!
How welcome is a humble bed,
Where they may rest their weary head,
To persons that are sick and sore!
Such hours of sweet repose soon fly.
But there remains a rest on high
Where we shall rest forevermore.
5. Yonder in joy the sheaves we bring,
Whose seed was sown on earth in tears;
There in our Father's house we sing
The song too sweet for mortal ears.
Sorrow and sighing all are past,
And pain and death are fled at last.
There with the lamb of God we dwell,
He leads us to the crystal river,
He wipes away all tears forever;
What there is ours no tongue can tell.
6. Nor thirst nor hunger pains us there,
The time of recompense is come,
Nor cold nor scorching heat we bear,
We're sheltered in our Savior's home.
The Lamb is in the midst; and those
Who followed Him through shame and woes
Are crowned with honor, joy, and peace.

The dry bones gather life again,
 One Sabbath over all shall reign,
 Wherein all toil and labor cease.

7. There is untroubled calm and light,
 No gnawing care shall mar our rest;
 Ye weary, heed this word aright;
 Come, lean upon your Savior's breast!
 Fain would I linger here no more,
 Fain to yon happier world upsoar,
 And join that bright, expectant band.
 O raise, my soul, the joyful song
 That rings through yon triumphant throng;
 Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand.

J. S. Kunth, 1733; C. Winkworth, tr., a.

567

S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
 Amen! so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

2. Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
3. My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul! how near
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye
 The golden gates appear!
4. Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above!
5. "Forever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil.

6. Be Thou at my right hand,
Then I can never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.
7. So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death
And life eternal gain.
8. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835.

CHANTS.

568

Gloria in Excelsis.

Congregation: —

Glory be to | God on high, | and on earth | peace,
good | will toward | men! ||

Choir or Congregation: —

We | praise Thee, we | bless Thee, we | wor-ship |
Thee, we | glo-ri-fy | Thee, we | give thanks to | Thee
for Thy great | glo-ry. O | Lord God, | heavenly King,
God the Fa-ther Al- | might-y! O | Lord the only-be-
got-ten Son, | Jesus Christ, | O Lord God, Thou
Lamb of God, Son | of the Fa-ther, | that tak-est a-
way the sin of the | world, have | mer-cy up- | on us! ||
Thou, that | tak-est a-way the | sin of the world, re-
ceive our | prayer! Thou that | sit-test at the | right
hand of | God the | Father, have | mer-cy up- | on us!
For | Thou on-ly art | ho-ly, Thou | on-ly art the | Lord,
Thou | on-ly, O | Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost, |
art most | high in the | glo-ry of | God the | Fa-ther. |
A- | men.

569

Levavi Oculos.

1. I will lift up mine *eyes* un- | to the | hills ||
From *whence* | com-eth | my — | help.

2. My help *cometh* | from the | Lord || Who hath |
made — | heaven and | earth.

3. He will not *suffer* thy | foot to be | moved. || *He*
that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

4. Behold, *He* that | keep-eth | Israel || *Shall* | nei-
ther | slumber nor | sleep.

5. The *Lord* Him- | self is thy | Keeper: || The *Lord*
is thy De- | fense up-on | thy right | hand,

6. So that the sun shall not *burn* | thee by | day ||
Nor the | moon — | by — | night.

7. The Lord shall *preserve* thee | from all | evil ||
He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy |
coming | in || From *this* time | forth for- | ev-er- | more.

Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son || *and* | to
the | Ho-ly | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning. is *now*, and | ev-er |
shall be, || *world* without | end! — A- — | men.

570

Benedictus.

1. Blessed be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el, || for He hath *visited* , and re- , deem-ed His | people :

2. And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* , of His | servant | David ;

3. As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | prophets || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan ;

4. That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that | hate — | us ;

5. To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers, | , and to remember His | ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant :

6. To perform the oath which He sware to our fore- | father | A-bra- | ham || that | He would | give — | us ;

7. That we, being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies, || might *serve* Him with- | out — | fear,

8. In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him | *all* the | days of | our — | life.

9. And thou, child, shalt be called the *prophet* | of the | Highest, || for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways ;

10. To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins.

11. Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || where- | by the Day-spring *from* on | high hath | visit-ed | us ;

12. To give light to them that sit in darkness and *in* the | shadow of | death || and to guide our *feet* | into the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ever | shall be, || *world* without | end ! — | A — | men.

571

Te Deum Laudamus.

1. We *praise* | Thee, O | God, || we acknowledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.

2. All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee, || *the* | Fa- | ther | ev-er- | lasting.

3. To Thee all *angels* | cry a- | loud, || the *Heavens*. and | all the | powers there- | in.

4. To Thee *cherubim* and | ser-a- | phim || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,

5. *Holy* | ho-ly | holy, || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth ;

6. Heaven and earth are *full* of the | maj-es- | ty | of | Thy — | glo- — | ry.

7. The glorious *company* | of the a- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.

8. The goodly fellowship | of the | prophets |, *praise* |
— — | — — | Thee.

9. The noble | army of | martyrs || *praise* | — — |
— — | Thee.

10. The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world ||
doth | — ac- | knowl- edge | Thee ;

11. *The* | Fa- — ther || *of* an | in- finite | maj- es | ty ;

12. *Thine* a- | dor- able, | true, || *and* | on- — | — ly |
Son ;

13. Also the | Holy | Ghost, || *the* | Com- — | fort- — | er.

14. *Thou* art the | King of | Glory, || O | — — | — — |
Christ !

15. *Thou* art the ever- | last- ing | Son || *of* | — the |
Fa- — | ther.

16. When *Thou* tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv- er |
man, || *Thou* didst humble *Thyself* to be | born — , of
a | virgin.

17. When *Thou* hadst overcome the | sharpness of |
death, || *Thou* didst open the *kingdom* of | heaven
to | all be- | lievers.

18. *Thou* sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in*
the | glo- ry | of the | Father.

19. We believe that , *Thou* shalt | come || *to* | be — |
our — | Judge.

20. We therefore *pray* Thee, | Help Thy | servants. ||
whom *Thou* hast *redeemed* | with Thy | precious | blood !

21. Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints ||
in | glo- ry | ev- er- | lasting.

22. O *Lord*, | save Thy | people || *and* | bless *Thine* |
her- it- | age !

23. *Gov-* | — ern | them || *and* | lift them | up for- |
ever !

24. *Day* | by — | day || *we* | mag- ni | fy — | Thee ;

25. *And* we | worship Thy | name || *ever*, | world
with- | out — | end.

26. *Vouch-* | safe, O | Lord, || to keep *us* this | day
with- | out — | sin.

27. O *Lord*, have | mercy up- | on us, || *have* | mercy
up- | on — us !

28. O *Lord*, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us, || *as* our |
trust — | is in | Thee.

29. O *Lord*, in *Thee* | have I | trusted ; || *let* me |
nev- er | be con- | founded !

572

Magnificat.

1. My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord, || and my
spirit *hath* re- | joiced in | God, my | Savior.

2. *For* He | hath re- | garded || the lowli- | ness | of |
His hand- | maiden.

3. *For*, be- hold, from henceforth || all *gener-* | a-
tions shall | call me | blessed.

4. For He that is *mighty* hath | magni-fied | me, ||
and | ho-ly | is His | name.

5. And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him ||
through- | out all | *gen-er-* | ations.

6. He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm: || He
hath scattered the proud in the imagi- , na-tion | of
their | hearts.

7. He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seats ||
and hath ex- | alted the | humble and | meek.

8. He hath filled the *hungry* | with good | things, ||
and the rich He hath | sent — | empty a- | way.

9. He, remembering His *mercy*, hath holpen His
servant | Is-ra- | el. || as He promised 'o our fore-
fathers, *Abraham* | and his | seed for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son || *and* | to
the | Ho-ly | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er |
shall be, || *world* without | end! — | A — | *men*.

573

Dominus Regit Me.

1. The *Lord* | is my, Shepherd, || I | shall | not | want.

2. He maketh me to lie *down* in | green | pastures; ||
He leadeth *me* be- | side the | still — | waters.

3. *He* re- | storeth my | soul; || He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness | for His | name's | sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of *death*, I will | fear no | evil; || for Thou art
with me; Thy *rod* and Thy | staff, they | comfort | me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the *presence* |
of mine | enemies; || Thou anointest my head with *oil* ;
my | cup | run-neth | over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the *days* | of my | life, || and I will dwell in the *house* |
of the | Lord for- | ever.

Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son || *and* | to
the | Ho-ly | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er |
shall be, || *world* without | end! — | A — | *men*.

574

De Profundis.

1. Out of the deep have I called unto *Thee*, O |
Lord! || *Lord*, hear my | voice!

2. O let Thine ears consider | well || the voice of *my*
com- | plaint.

3. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is *done* a- | miss, || O Lord, who *may* a- | bide it?

4. For there is mercy with | Thee; || therefore shalt Thou be | feared.

5. I look for the Lord; my soul doth *wait* for | Him; || in His *Word* is my | trust.

6. My soul *fleeth* unto the | Lord || before the morn-
ing watch, I say. before the *morning* | watch.

7. O Israel, trust in the Lord; for with the *Lord*
there is | mercy, || and with Him is plenteous re-
demption.

8. And He shall *redeem* Isra- | el || from *all* his sins.

Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son || and | to
the | Ho-ly | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning. is *now*, and | ev-er |
shall be, || *world* without , end! — | A- — | *men*.

575

Venite, Exultemus.

1. O come, let us sing | unto the | Lord; || let us
make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation!

2. Let us come before His presence | with thanks-
giving, || and make a joyful | noise unto | Him with |
psalms.

3. For the Lord is a | great | God || and a great |
King a- | bove all | gods.

4. In His hand are the deep places | of the | earth; ||
the strength of the | hills is | His | also.

5. The sea is His, and | He | made it; || and His
hands | form-ed | the | dry | land.

6. O come, let us worship | and bow | down; || let us
kneel be- | fore the | Lord, our | Maker!

7. For He | is our | God, || and we are the people of
His pasture | and the | sheep of His | hand.

Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son || and | to
the | Ho-ly | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning. is *now*, and | ev-er |
shall be, || *world* without | end! — | A- — | *men*.

576

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our *Father* which | art in | heaven! || *Hallowed* |
be — | Thy — | name.

2. *Thy* | kingdom | come. || Thy will be done in *earth* |
as it | is in | heaven.

3. Give us this *day* our | daily | bread. || And forgive
us our *debts* as | we for- | give our | debtors.

4. And lead us *not* | into temp- | tation, || but de- |
liv-er | us from | evil.

5. For Thine is the *kingdom* and the | power and
the | glory || *for-* | ever. | A- — | *men*.

577

The Beatitudes.

1. Blessed are the | poor in | spirit, || *for* | theirs is
the | kingdom of | heaven.

2. Blessed are | they that | mourn, || *for* | they — |
shall be | comforted.

3. Blessed | are the | meek, || *for* | they shall in- |
herit the | earth.

4. Blessed are they which do hunger and *thirst*
after | right-eous- | ness, || *for* | they — | shall be | filled.

5. Blessed are the | mer-ci- | ful, || *for* | they shall
ob- | tain | mercy.

6. Blessed are the | pure in | heart, || *for* | they shall |
see | God.

7. Blessed are the | peace- | makers, || *for* | they shall
be *called* the | children | of | God.

8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for | right-
eous-ness' | sake, || *for* | theirs is the | kingdom of |
heaven.

9. Blessed are ye when men shall revile *you*, and |
perse-cute | you, || and shall say all manner of evil
against you | false-ly | for My | sake.

10. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is *your*
re- | ward in | heaven; || for so persecuted *they* the |
prophets which | were be- | fore you.

Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son || *and* | to
the | Ho-ly | Ghost,

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er |
shall be, || *world* without | end! — | A- — | men.

DOXOLOGIES.

578

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

579

L. M. 6 l

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given
By all on earth and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

580

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

581

6, 5, 6, 5

Father, Son, and Spirit,
Endless One in Three,
Now, henceforth, forever,
Glory be to Thee!

582

7, 6, 7, 6

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal One and Three,
As was and is forever,
All praise and glory be.

583

TROCHAIC, 7, 6, 7, 6

Glory be to God Most High,
Glory to the Savior,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Now, henceforth, forever.

584

7, 6, 8 1

O mighty God and holy,
 Fount of unchanging grace,
 Whose mercy ever shineth—
 The brightness of Thy face;
 To Thee all praise and glory,
 Thou God of love and might:
 The Father, Son, and Spirit—
 Thou uncreated Light!

585

7s

Thee, eternal God Most High,
 Thee we laud and magnify;
 Glorious o'er the heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

586

TROCHAIC, 7s

Holy Father, holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One!
 Glory, as of old, to Thee
 Now and evermore shall be.

587

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One in Three,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall forever be.

588

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8 (H. M.)

O Blessed, Holy One!
 All worship, praise, and love
 To Thee—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—God above!
 Let earth and heaven with one accord
 Sing Thine eternal glory, Lord!

589

S. M.

Eternal, holy Lord!
 Thy name we glorify—
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
 Jehovah, God Most High!

590

8, 7, 8, 7

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

591

8, 7, 61

Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run.

592

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

593

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

594

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

VERSICLES FOR FESTIVAL SEASONS AND GENERAL OCCASIONS.

List I.

1. The eyes of all wait upon Thee.
And Thou givest them their meat in due season.
2. The Lord is merciful and gracious. Hallelujah!
Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. Hallelujah!
3. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest.
That He would send forth laborers into His
harvest.
4. Ask, and ye shall receive,
That your joy may be full.
5. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good.
Hallelujah!
For His mercy endureth forever. Hallelujah!
6. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High.
7. Lord, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble.
Thou wilt preserve their heart; Thou wilt cause
Thine ear to hear.
8. The Lord will give strength unto His people.
Hallelujah!
The Lord will bless His people with peace. Hal-
lelujah!
9. They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of
the firmament. Hallelujah!
And they that turn many to righteousness, as the
stars forever and ever. Hallelujah!
10. By Me kings reign and princes decree justice.
By Me princes rule and nobles, even all the judges
of the earth.
11. He shall give His angels charge over thee
To keep thee in all thy ways.
12. The Lord God is a Sun and Shield; the Lord will
give grace and glory. Hallelujah!
No good thing will He withhold from them that
walk uprightly. Hallelujah!

13. Sanctify us through Thy truth. Hallelujah!
Thy Word is truth. Hallelujah!
14. Lord, teach me to do Thy will. Hallelujah!
Let Thy good Spirit lead me in the right way.
Hallelujah!
15. Show me Thy ways, O Lord. Hallelujah!
Teach me Thy paths. Hallelujah!
16. Save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance;
Feed them also and lift them up forever.
17. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of
Thy name.
Deliver us and purge away our sins for Thy
name's sake.
18. I have trusted in Thy mercy.
My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation.
19. Suffer the little children to come unto Me and
forbid them not;
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
20. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within
me, bless His holy name. Hallelujah!
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His
benefits. Hallelujah!
21. Call upon Me in the day of trouble.
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.
22. Make me to understand the way of Thy precepts.
Strengthen Thou me according to Thy Word.

List II.

GENERAL.

23. *Minister:* The Lord be with you.
Congregation: And with thy spirit.

ADVENT.

24. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel. Hallelujah!
For He hath visited and redeemed His people.
Hallelujah!
25. Hosanna to the Son of David! Hallelujah!
Hosanna in the highest! Hallelujah!
26. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors! Hallelujah!
And the King of Glory shall come in. Hallelujah!

27. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath
shined. Hallelujah!
Our God shall come. Hallelujah!
28. Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Hallelujah!
Make His paths straight. Hallelujah!

CHRISTMAS.

29. Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.
Hallelujah!
Which shall be to all people. Hallelujah!
30. Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the
Lord. Hallelujah!
God is the Lord, which hath showed us light.
Hallelujah!
31. The Word was made flesh. Hallelujah!
And dwelt among us. Hallelujah!
32. Unto us a Child is born. Hallelujah!
Unto us a Son is given. Hallelujah!
33. Unto you is born this day a Savior. Hallelujah!
Which is Christ the Lord. Hallelujah!

NEW YEAR.

34. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within
me bless His holy name. Hallelujah!
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His
benefits. Hallelujah!
35. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in
peace. Hallelujah!
For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.
Hallelujah!
36. Show me Thy ways, O Lord.
Teach me Thy paths.
37. Thou shalt call His name Jesus. Hallelujah.
For He shall save His people from their sins.
Hallelujah!

EPIPHANY.

38. All they from Sheba shall come. Hallelujah!
They shall bring gold and incense. Hallelujah!
39. Arise, shine, for thy light is come. Hallelujah!
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
Hallelujah!

40. O praise the Lord, all ye nations. Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye people. Hallelujah!
41. There shall come a Star out of Jacob. Hallelujah!
And a Scepter shall rise out of Israel. Hallelujah!

THE PASSION SEASON.

42. Christ became obedient unto death;
Even the death of the cross.
43. God spared not His own Son;
But delivered Him up for us all.
44. He was wounded for our transgressions;
He was bruised for our iniquities.
45. Surely He hath borne our griefs
And carried our sorrows.
46. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him,
And with His stripes we are healed.

HOLY THURSDAY.

47. As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup,
Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.
48. He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered,
The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

EASTER.

49. Christ was delivered for our offenses. Hallelujah!
And was raised again for our justification.
Hallelujah!
50. Death is swallowed up in victory. Hallelujah!
Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory!
Hallelujah!
51. I know that my Redeemer liveth. Hallelujah!
And that He shall stand at the latter day upon
the earth. Hallelujah!
52. Jesus Christ hath abolished death. Hallelujah!
And hath brought life and immortality to light.
Hallelujah!

53. O death, where is thy sting? Hallelujah!
O grave, where is thy victory? Hallelujah!
54. The Lord is risen. Hallelujah!
The Lord is risen indeed. Hallelujah!
55. This is the day which the Lord hath made.
Hallelujah!
We will rejoice and be glad in it. Hallelujah!

ASCENSION DAY.

56. Christ hath ascended on high. Hallelujah!
He hath led captivity captive. Hallelujah!
57. God is gone up with a shout. Hallelujah!
The Lord with the sound of a trumpet.
Hallelujah!

WHITSUNTIDE.

58. Create in me a clean heart, O God.
And renew a right spirit within me.
59. God is the Lord which hath showed us light.
Hallelujah!
Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee.
Hallelujah!
60. The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah!
He shall teach you all things. Hallelujah!

THE FESTIVAL OF TRINITY.

61. Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.
Hallelujah!
The whole earth is full of His glory. Hallelujah!
62. We praise God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah!
We praise Him now and evermore. Hallelujah!

ST. MICHAEL'S AND ALL ANGELS'.

63. Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts. Hallelujah!
Ye ministers of His that do His pleasure.
Hallelujah!
64. He shall give His angels charge over thee.
Hallelujah!
To keep thee in all thy ways. Hallelujah!

THE FESTIVAL OF HARVEST
OR THANKSGIVING.

65. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.
Hallelujah!
And to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most
High. Hallelujah!
66. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good.
Hallelujah!
For His mercy endureth forever. Hallelujah!
67. Praise Him for His mighty acts. Hallelujah!
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.
Hallelujah!
68. The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord.
Hallelujah!
And Thou givest them their meat in due season.
Hallelujah!

THE FESTIVAL OF REFORMATION.

69. Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion.
Hallelujah!
Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem. Hallelujah!
70. Stand fast therefore in the liberty
Wherewith Christ hath made you free.
71. The Lord, our God, be with us
As He was with our fathers.
72. Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet. Hallelujah!
And a light unto my path. Hallelujah!

A DAY OF HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

73. Enter not into judgment with Thy servant,
O Lord;
For in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.
74. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy
loving-kindness.
According unto the multitude of Thy tender
mercies blot out my transgressions.
75. Lord, deal not with us after our sins,
Nor reward us according to our iniquities.
76. We have sinned with our fathers.
We have committed iniquity, we have done
wickedly.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

77. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.
Hallelujah!
Whose sin is covered. Hallelujah!
78. O Lord, I have trusted in Thy mercy.
Hallelujah!
My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation.
Hallelujah!
79. The Lord hath clothed me with the garments of salvation. Hallelujah!
He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. Hallelujah!
80. The Lord is merciful and gracious. Hallelujah!
Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
Hallelujah!
81. We have trusted in Thy mercy.
Our heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation.
82. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.
And with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

SANCTIFICATION.

83. Sanctify us, O Lord, through Thy truth.
Thy Word is truth.
84. Show me Thy ways, O Lord.
Teach me Thy paths.
85. Teach me, O Lord, to do Thy will.
Thy good Spirit lead me into the land of uprightness.
86. Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will walk in Thy truth.
Unite my heart to fear Thy name.

CHURCH AND MISSIONS.

87. How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! Hallelujah!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Hallelujah!
88. Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.
Hallelujah!
And the place where Thine honor dwelleth.
Hallelujah!

89. Lord, preserve unto us Thy Word.
Thy Word is unto us the joy and rejoicing of
our hearts.
90. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest
That He would send forth laborers into His
harvest.
91. Save Thy people, O Lord, and bless Thine
inheritance.
Feed them also and lift them up forever.
92. The Gentiles shall come to thy light. Hallelujah!
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.
Hallelujah!
93. Their voice is gone out through all the earth.
Hallelujah!
And their words to the end of the world.
Hallelujah!
94. The Lord God is a Sun and Shield, the Lord will
give grace and glory. Hallelujah!
No good thing will He withhold from them that
walk uprightly. Hallelujah!
95. The Lord will give strength unto His people.
Hallelujah!
The Lord will bless His people with peace.
Hallelujah!

FOR OTHER OCCASIONS.

96. Ask, and ye shall receive,
That your joy may be full.
97. Be thou faithful unto death,
And I will give thee the crown of life.
98. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.
They rest from their labors, and their works do
follow them.
99. Call upon Me in the day of trouble.
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.
100. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory
of Thy name.
And deliver us and purge away our sins for Thy
name's sake.
101. I will greatly rejoice in the Lord. Hallelujah!
My soul shall be joyful in my God. Hallelujah!

102. My soul doth magnify the Lord. Hallelujah!
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Savior.
Hallelujah!
103. Serve the Lord with gladness. Hallelujah!
Come before His presence with singing.
Hallelujah!
104. Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and
forbid them not.
For of such is the kingdom of God.
105. The Lord is my Shepherd. Hallelujah!
I shall not want. Hallelujah!
106. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon
Him. Hallelujah!
To all that call upon Him in truth. Hallelujah!
107. The Lord shall judge the world with righteous-
ness. Hallelujah!
And the people with His truth. Hallelujah!
108. The Word of the Lord is right. Hallelujah!
And all His works are done in truth.
Hallelujah!
109. They that be wise shall shine as the brightness
of the firmament.
And they that turn many to righteousness as
the stars forever and ever.
110. This is the day which the Lord hath made.
Hallelujah!
We will rejoice and be glad in it. Hallelujah!
111. Turn Thou us, and we shall be turned.
For Thou art the Lord, our God.
112. We have here no continuing city.
But we seek one to come.
-

Morning Prayer.

In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

I thank Thee, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, that Thou hast kept me this night from all harm and danger; and I pray Thee that Thou wouldst keep me this day also from sin and every evil, that all my doings and life may please Thee. For into Thy hands I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Thy holy angel be with me that the wicked Foe may have no power over me. Amen.

O Thou crucified Lord Jesus Christ, who, as the truly patient Lamb of God, didst suffer for me the most shameful death on the cross and with Thy precious blood didst redeem me from all sins, from death, and from the power of the devil: I pray Thee, give me the assurance of this redemption through Thy Word, govern my heart with Thy Holy Spirit, preserve me with Thy divine love, and hide me this day, both soul and body, in Thy holy wounds. Wash me clean from all my sins, teach me to live a life of good works, and finally lead me from this world of sorrows to Thine eternal joy and glory, Thou most faithful Savior, Jesus Christ, mine only Comfort, Hope, and Life. Amen.

Evening Prayer.

In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

I thank Thee, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, that Thou hast graciously kept me this day; and I pray Thee that Thou wouldst forgive me all my sins where I have done wrong, and graciously keep me this night. For into Thy hands I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Thy holy angel be with me that the wicked Foe may have no power over me. Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou patient Lamb of God, Thou holy Sacrificial Offering for all my sins, and not for mine only, but for the sins of the whole world: I most heartily thank Thee that Thou hast graciously kept both my body and soul under Thy protecting care this day; and I pray Thee that Thou wouldst graciously pardon and forgive all my sins which I have committed this day, both through the weakness of my old evil nature and the temptations of the Evil Spirit, all of which sorely oppress my heart and conscience. Cover me this night with the wings of Thy grace and grant that my body may sleep in safety while my soul watches for Thy glorious coming to Judgment, ready to enter Thy blessed Kingdom of Glory. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Thy suffering and death. Amen.

Before Meals.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season; Thou openest Thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Lord God, heavenly Father, bless us and these Thy gifts which we receive from Thy bountiful goodness; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

After Meals.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. He giveth food to all flesh: He giveth to the beast his food and to the young ravens which cry. He delighteth not in the strength of the horse. He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy.

We thank Thee, Lord God, heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, for all Thy benefits, who livest and reignest forever and ever. Amen.

A Short Form for Holy Baptism in Cases of Necessity.

In urgent cases, in the absence of the pastor, any Christian may administer Holy Baptism.

Take water, call the child by its name, pour or sprinkle the water on the child, saying:—

I baptize thee in the name of God the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

If there is time, the baptism may be preceded by the following *prayer*:—

Eternal, merciful God! We pray Thee, extend Thy goodness and mercy unto this child who now asks; open the door to it who knocks, that it may enjoy the everlasting blessing of Thy heavenly washing and may come to the eternal kingdom which Thou hast prepared through Christ, our Lord. Amen. .

Our Father who art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Morning Service, or the Communion	3
Evening Service	18
Early Service, or Matins	22

THE HYMNS.

HYMN

Beginning of Worship	1
Close of Worship	9
Morning	19
Evening	30
Invitation	43
Praise	59
The Redeemer	81
God's Word	110
The Lord's Day	123
Advent	130
Christmas	145
End of Year	163
New Year	166
Circumcision	175
Epiphany	179
Presentation	185
Passion : —	
General	191
Good Friday	203
Burial of Jesus	215
Easter	218
Ascension	231
Session	237
Intercession	240
Pentecost	246
Trinity	261
Festival of the Reformation	273
St. Michael and All Angels	285
All Saints	288
Harvest and Thanksgiving	291
National	399
Faith and Justification	306

Sanctification : —	HYMN
Obedience	331
Consecration	345
Giving	357
Trust	363
Warfare	376
Resignation	383
Catechism	390
Law	391
Creed	393
Prayer	395
Baptism	400
Confirmation	408
Confession	413
Absolution	424
The Lord's Supper	427
Marriage, Family, Children	442
Church : —	
Laying of Corner-Stone	450
Dedication of Church	454
The Communion of Saints	460
Glory of the Church	464
Missions	470
The Ministry	485
Cross and Comfort	494
Death and Burial	527
Judgment	548
Heaven	556
Chants	568
Doxologies	578
	PAGE
Versicles	533
Morning Prayer	542
Evening Prayer	543
Prayer before Meals	544
Prayer after Meals	544
Short Form for Baptism	545
First Lines of Hymns	548
First Lines of Chants	559
First Lines of Doxologies	559
Authors and Translators	560

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
Abide, O dearest Jesus	9
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	40
Across the sky the shades of night	164
Again is come the new church-year	140
A great and mighty wonder	149
Ah! Lord, our God, let them not be confounded ..	280
A hymn of glory let us sing	235
A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth	191
Alas, and did my Savior bleed	214
Alas, my God, my sins are great	421
All depends on our possessing	363
All glory be to God on high	261
All hail the power of Jesus' name	93
All my heart this night rejoices	145
All praise to Jesus' hallowed name	147
All that I was, my sin, my guilt	308
Almighty Father, heaven and earth	360
Almighty God, Thy Word is cast	13
Almighty Lord, before Thy throne	303
Am I a soldier of the Cross	378
A mighty Fortress is our God	273
An awful mystery is here	437
And let this feeble body fail	521
And must this body die	534
And will the Judge descend	554
And wilt Thou pardon, Lord	422
Angels from the realms of glory	187
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	399
Arise, my soul, arise	240
Arise, sons of the kingdom	142
Arm these, Thy soldiers, mighty Lord	410
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep	540
A slumber I know, in Jesus' name	565
As with gladness men of old	183
At Thy command, our dearest Lord	440
Awake, my heart, with gladness	218
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	29
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	92
Awake, Thou Spirit, who didst fire	481
Baptized into Thy name most holy	400
Before Jehovah's awful throne	78
Before Thy throne I now appear	35
Behold a Stranger at the door	51
Behold the Savior of mankind	211
Behold the sure Foundation-stone	452
Beloved, it is well	518
Beloved Jesus, what law hast Thou broken	198
Blessed are the sons of God	315

	HYMN
Blessed Jesus, at Thy word	3
Blessed Jesus, here we stand	402
Blest be the tie that binds	462
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	388
Blest is the man, forever blest	309
Bow down Thine ear	493
Brief life is here our portion	557
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning ...	181
By grace I'm saved, grace free and boundless	311
Chief of sinners though I be	99
Christ, by heavenly hosts adored	296
Christ, everlasting Source of light	34
Christians, come, in sweetest measures	121
Christ is our Corner-stone	453
Christ, the Life of all the living	196
Christ, the Lord, is risen again	225
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day	221
Christ, Thou art the sure Foundation	454
Christ, Thou the Champion of the band who own	279
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	100
Come, follow Me, the Savior spake	334
Come, God Creator, Holy Ghost	249
Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing	159
Come, Holy Ghost, God and Lord	257
Come, Holy Spirit, come	258
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	255
Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne	455
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	102
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	56
Come, O come, Thou quickening Spirit	246
Come, Thou Almighty King	262
Come, Thou precious Ransom, come	135
Come to Calvary's holy mountain	212
Come unto Me, ye weary	49
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish	512
Come, ye thankful people, come	295
Come, ye weary sinners, come	58
Comfort, comfort ye My people	130
Commit whatever grieves thee	525
Crown Him with many crowns	104
Day of wrath, that day of mourning	555
Dear Christians, one and all rejoice	310
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	502
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	432
Delay not, delay not, O sinner	57
Draw nigh and take the body of your Lord	427
Drawn to the cross	321
Draw us to Thee	234
Enslaved by sin and bound in chains	202
Eternal Son of God, O Thou	456
Every morning mercies new	28

Farewell I say with gladness	532
Father, in whom we live	270
Father, let me dedicate	166
Father of Glory, to Thy name	267
Father of heaven, who hast created all	405
Father of heaven, whose love profound	269
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord	219
Father of mercies, in Thy Word	117
Father, who the light this day	123
Fear not, O little flock, the Foe	276
Fight the good fight	376
For all Thy saints, O Lord	289
Forever with the Lord	567
For me to live is Jesus	529
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	168
From all that dwell below the skies	79
From God shall naught divide me	509
From Greenland's icy mountains	474
From heaven above to earth I come	150
Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	537
Give to our God immortal praise	70
Glorious things of thee are spoken	464
Glory be to God the Father	268
Glory be to Jesus	208
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	36
Go to dark Gethsemane	199
God bless our native land	305
God, from all eternity	343
God is love, His mercy brightens	510
God liveth still	513
God moves in a mysterious way	524
God of mercy, God of grace	71
God of my life, Thy boundless grace	265
God of my life, to Thee I call	522
God of my life, whose gracious power	332
God of the prophets, bless the prophets' sons ..	486
God the Father, be our Stay	271
God, who madest earth and heaven	23
God, who madest earth and heaven, Darkness ..	44
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	328
Gracious Savior, gentle Shepherd	447
Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine	253
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	167
Great God, what do I see and hear	553
Great is the Lord, our God	458
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	340
Had God not come, may Israel say	282
Hail the day that sees Him rise	243
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	242
Hail, Thou Source of every blessing	182

	HYMN
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	132
Happy the man who feareth God	446
Hark, a thrilling voice is sounding	133
Hark, a voice divides the sky	536
Hark, a voice saith, all are mortal	530
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices	238
Hark, the Church proclaims her honor	467
Hark, the glad sound, the Savior comes	139
Hark! the herald-angels sing	154
Hark! the sound of holy voices	290
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying	476
Hark! what mean those holy voices	160
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise	55
Help, Helper, help in fear and need	523
Help us, O Lord, behold, we enter	171
Here in Thy name, eternal God	459
Holy Father, Thou hast taught me	336
Holy Ghost, with light divine	259
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	263
Holy Spirit, hear us	256
How beauteous are their feet	490
How can I thank Thee, Lord	344
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord ..	375
How lovely now the morning star	24
How precious is the Book Divine	111
How shall the young secure their hearts	112
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	96
I am content! My Jesus liveth still	226
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	370
I do not come because my soul	316
I fall asleep in Jesus' wounds	545
If God Himself be for me	526
If God were not upon our side	284
If thou but suffer God to guide thee	498
I heard the voice of Jesus say	46
I know that my Redeemer lives and ever prays	245
I know that my Redeemer lives, what	229
I lay my sins on Jesus	322
I leave all things to God's direction	499
I leave Thee not! Thou art my Jesus ever	87
I'll praise my Maker whilst I've breath	73
I love Thy Zion, Lord	468
I'm but a stranger here	563
Immanuel, we sing Thy praise	161
In death's strong grasp the Savior lay	224
In God, my faithful God	508
In His temple now behold Him	186
In loud, exalted strains	457
In peace and joy I now depart	185
In the Cross of Christ I glory	95
In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust	495
In the hour of trial	409
In the name which earth and heaven	451

	HYMN
In vain would boasting reason find	122
Invited, Lord, by boundless grace	438
In weariness and pain	504
It is not death to die	533
I was a wandering sheep	105
I will sing my Maker's praises	65
I would not live aaway; I ask not to stay ...	535
Jehovah, let me now adore Thee	67
Jerusalem, my happy home	558
Jerusalem, the golden	556
Jerusalem, thou city fair and high	559
Jesus, and shall it ever be	91
Jesus, Brightness of the Father	287
Jesus came, the heav'ns adoring	131
Jesus Christ, my sure Defense	220
Jesus Christ, our blessed Savior	441
Jesus, grant that balm and healing	194
Jesus, I live to Thee	541
Jesus, I my cross have taken	335
Jesus, I will ponder now	192
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus only	86
Jesus lives; no longer now	222
Jesus, Lover of my soul	107
Jesus, my great High Priest	244
Jesus, my Truth, my Way	373
Jesus, name of wondrous love	178
Jesus, priceless Treasure	82
Jesus, Refuge of the weary	210
Jesus, Savior, come to me	106
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	483
Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep	356
Jesus sinners doth receive	414
Jesus, still lead on	331
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	98
Jesus, Thou art mine forever	97
Jesus, Thou my heart's Delight	89
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	326
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	84
Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes	144
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	158
Just as I am, without one plea	318
Lamb of God, we fall before Thee	81
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	119
Let every ear attend	53
Let me be Thine forever	408
Let not such a thought e'er pain thee	506
Let songs of praises fill the sky	254
Let the earth now praise the Lord	146
Let thoughtless thousands choose the road	550
Let us all with gladsome voice	153
Let us ever walk with Jesus	333
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	138
Light of the Gentile nations	190

HYMN

Lo, God to heaven ascendeth	233
Look from Thy sphere of endless day	479
Lord, as Thou wilt, deal Thou with me	383
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	17
Lord God, we all to Thee give praise	286
Lord God, who art my Father dear	517
Lord, grant that we e'er pure retain	390
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint	365
Lord, in Thy kingdom there shall be	461
Lord, it belongs not to my care	496
Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee alone	413
Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light	195
Lord Jesus Christ, strong Hero Thou	230
Lord Jesus Christ, to us attend	1
Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God	527
Lord Jesus Christ, with us abide	110
Lord Jesus, Thou art truly good	436
Lord Jesus, who our souls to save	217
Lord, keep us in Thy Word and work	274
Lord, lead the way the Savior went	359
Lord of Glory, Thou hast bought us	358
Lord of my life, O may Thy praise	27
Lord of my life, whose tender care	18
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray	485
Lord of the harvest, hear	491
Lord of the worlds above	469
Lord, open Thou my heart to hear	2
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high	488
Lord, 'tis not that I did choose Thee	69
Lord, to Thee I make confession	416
Lord, we come before Thee now	7
Lord, we confess our numerous faults	307
Lord, when at Thy command	487
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	6
Lord, while for, all mankind we pray	302
Lord, who at Cana's wedding-feast	443
Lo, upon the altar lies	433
May God be praised henceforth and blest forever	431
May God bestow on us His grace	480
May we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfil	339
My dear Jesus I'll not leave	88
My faith looks up to Thee	351
My Father! cheering name!	519
My God, accept my heart this day	412
My God, and is Thy table spread	429
My God, my Father, while I stray	386
My hope is built on nothing less	306
My inmost heart now raises	22
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	387
My soul, be on thy guard	379
My soul, now bless thy Maker	59
My soul, repeat His praise	77
My Spirit on Thy care	369

Nearer, my God, to Thee	520
Nearer, my God, to Thee, through Word	324
No change of time shall ever shock	281
Not all the blood of beasts	319
Not what these hands have done	320
Now, Christ, the very Son of God	403
Now do we pray God the Holy Ghost	260
Now God be with us, for the night is closing ...	38
Now hush your cries and shed no tear	539
Now I have found the sure foundation	312
Now lay we calmly in the grave	538
Now let us come before Him	174
Now may He who from the dead	15
Now our worship sweet is o'er	10
Now praise we Christ, the Holy One	148
Now rest beneath night's shadows	33
Now thank we all our God	64
Now the day is over	45
Now the shades of night are gone	26
O bleeding Head, and wounded	201
O bless the Lord, my soul	76
O bless, Thou heavenly Potentate	300
O blest the house	445
O Christ, our true and only Light	475
O darkest woe	215
O dearest Jesus, Thee I pray	188
O enter, Lord, Thy temple	252
O'er the distant mountains breaking ...	548
O faithful God, we worship Thee	425
O for a faith that will not shrink	354
O for a thousand tongues to sing	108
O Friend of souls, how blest am I	109
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe	500
O God, forsake me not	347
O God, from heaven look down and see	278
O God, my days are dark indeed	503
O God of Jacob, by whose hand	364
O God of mercy, God of might	362
O God, our Help in ages past	172
O God, Thou faithful God	346
O God, Thou righteous, faithful Lord	424
O holy, blessed Trinity	20
O Holy Ghost, eternal God	251
O Holy Spirit, enter in	247
O how blest are ye whose toils are ended	547
O how great is Thy compassion	317
O Jesus, bruised and wounded more	428
O Jesus, King most wonderful	90
O Jesus, King of Glory	179
O Jesus, Lamb of God, who art	417
O Lamb of God, most holy	203
O living Bread from heaven	435
O Lord, how shall I meet Thee	136

	HYMN
O Lord, I love Thee from my heart	366
O Lord, I sing with mouth and heart	292
O Lord, my best desire fulfil	389
O Lord, my God, I cry to Thee	543
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	357
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	450
O Lord, our Father, thanks to Thee	170
O Lord, whose bounteous hand again	291
O Love, who formedst me to wear	348
O Morning Star, how fair	103
O mystery of Love Divine	330
Once He came in blessing	143
One sweetly solemn thought	531
One thing needful! then, Lord Jesus	83
On this day, the first of days	126
On what has now been sown	11
O Paradise, O Paradise	561
Open now Thy gates of beauty	5
O perfect Love	444
O rejoice, ye Christians, loudly	152
O sacred day	177
O Spirit of the living God	473
O that I had a thousand voices	62
O that the Lord would guide my ways	342
O Thou from whom all goodness flows	497
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry	419
O Thou who wouldst not have	338
Our country's voice is pleading	472
Our Father, Thou in heaven above	396
Our God so loved the world that He	327
Our heavenly Father, hear	397
Our Lord is risen from the dead	232
Out of the deep I call	423
Out of the depths I cry to Thee	415
O Word of God incarnate	113
Praise God the Lord, ye sons of men	157
Praise, O praise our God and King	297
Praise to God, immortal praise	298
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation	63
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	398
Rejoice, ye sons of men, alway	151
Renew me, O eternal Light	350
Return, O wanderer, return	54
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise ...	478
Rise, my soul, to watch and pray	381
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	325
Safely through another week	125
Saints of God, the dawn is brightening	470
Salvation unto us has come	314
Savior, again to Thy dear name we raise	16
Savior, all my sins confessing	14

Savior, breathe an evening blessing	37
Savior, I follow on	337
Savior of the heathen, come	141
Savior, sprinkle many nations	477
Savior, Thy dying love	353
Savior, when in dust to Thee	213
Savior, who Thy flock art feeding	449
Seems it in my anguish lone	516
See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph	231
See, world, thy Life assailed	205
Send, O God, a gentle shower	248
Send Thou, O Lord, to every place	484
Seven times our blessed Savior spoke	207
Shepherd of tender youth	448
Since Christ has gone to heaven, His home	236
Since now the day has reached its close	30
Sink not yet, my soul, to slumber	31
Sinners, turn; why will ye die	48
Soldiers of Christ, arise	380
Soldiers of the Cross, arise	482
Songs of immortal praise belong	61
Songs of praise the angels sang	68
Songs of thankfulness and praise	184
So rest, my Rest	216
Soul, what return has God, thy Savior	345
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	250
Stand, soldier of the Cross	407
Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!	377
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	285
Stricken, smitten, and afflicted	209
Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear	42
Sweet Savior, bless us ere we go	12
Swell the anthem, raise the song	299
Take my life and let it be	355
Ten thousand times ten thousand	288
Th' abyss of many a former sin	420
Thank God, my Jesus cleanseth me	189
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	551
That man a godly life might live	391
Th' atoning work is done	241
The advent of our God	137
The ancient Law departs	176
The Bridegroom soon will call us	134
The Church's one foundation	466
The day is past and gone	41
The day is surely drawing near	552
The death of Jesus Christ, our Lord	434
The Gospel shows the Father's grace	116
The happy sunshine now is gone	32
The Head that once was crowned with thorns ..	237
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord	114
The Homeland! O the Homeland	562
The Law of God is good and wise	115

	HYMN
The Lord hath helped me hitherto	80
The Lord, my God, be praised	272
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	85
The Lord my Shepherd is	374
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want	367
The man is ever blest	341
The morning light is breaking	471
The mouth of fools doth God confess	277
The mystery hidden from the eyes	264
The new-born Child this early morn	169
The old year now hath passed away	173
The saints on earth and those above	463
The Savior calls, let every ear	47
The Savior kindly calls	406
The Spirit in our hearts	52
The Star proclaims the King is here	180
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	442
The year begins with Thee	175
Thee we adore, eternal Lord	66
Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower	349
There is a fountain filled with blood	200
There is a land of pure delight	560
There is an hour of peaceful rest	564
There is within this heart of mine	460
Thine forever! God of Love	411
Thine honor rescue, Christ, our Lord	275
This child we dedicate to Thee	404
This day at Thy creating word	127
This is the day the Lord hath made	129
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone	94
Thou who art Three in unity	266
Thou, who roll'st the year around	165
Thow, who the night in prayer didst spend	492
Through all the changing scenes of life	75
Through Jesus' bloody merit	323
Through the day Thy love hath spared us	43
Thus far the Lord has led me on	39
Thy life was giv'n for me	352
Thy presence, gracious God, afford	4
Thy soul, O Jesus, hallow me	206
Thy table I approach	430
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	384
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design	514
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	329
To-day Thy mercy calls us	50
To God be glory, peace on earth	74
To God the Father of all love	60
To Jordan came our Lord, the Christ	401
To our Redeemer's glorious name	101
To shepherds, as they watched by night	162
To Thee, Lord Jesus, thanks we give	193
To Thee, O dear, dear Savior	371
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise	294

	HYMN
To Thee, our God, we fly	304
To Thy temple I repair	8
To us a Child of hope is born	155
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night	439
Wake, awake, for night is flying	549
We all believe in one true God, Father	393
We all believe in one true God, Maker	394
We bid thee welcome in the name	489
We Christians may rejoice to-day	156
We give Thee but Thine own	361
We have a sure prophetic Word	120
We lift our hearts to Thee	25
We sing th' almighty power of God	293
We thank Thee, Jesus, dearest Friend	239
Welcome, delightful morn	124
Welcome, Thou Victor in the strife	228
What a Friend we have in Jesus	395
Whate'er God will, let that be done	494
Whatever God ordains is good	507
What is the world to me	385
What our Father does is well	301
When all Thy mercies, O my God	72
When I can read my title clear	368
When in the hour of utmost need	515
When Israel through the desert passed	118
When I survey the wondrous cross	204
When my last hour is close at hand	528
When o'er my sins I sorrow	197
When Rome had shrouded earth in night	283
When streaming from the eastern skies	19
When the day of toil is done	546
Where'er I go, whate'er my task	372
Where wilt thou go, since night draws near ...	227
While with ceaseless course the sun	163
While yet the morn is breaking	21
Who is this that comes from Edom	223
Who knows how near my end may be	544
Who puts his trust	511
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	313
Why do we mourn departing friends	542
Why should sorrow ever grieve me	501
Wilt thou, O man, live happily	392
With broken heart and contrite sigh	418
With joy we hail the sacred day	128
Yea, as I live, Jehovah saith	426
Ye servants of the Lord	382
Yes, there remaineth yet a rest	566
Zion mourns in fear and anguish	505
Zion stands with hills surrounded	465

Index of Selections for Chanting.

	HYMN
Glory be to God on High. (Gloria in Excelsis.)	568
I will Lift Up Mine Eyes. (Levavi Oculos.)	569
Blessed be the Lord God. (Benedictus.)	570
We Praise Thee, O God. (Te Deum Laudamus.)	571
My Soul doth Magnify the Lord. (Magnificat.)	572
The Lord Is My Shepherd. (Dominus Regit Me.)	573
Out of the Deep. (De Profundis.)	574
O Come, Let Us Sing. (Venite, Exultemus.)	575
Our Father, which Art in Heaven. (Lord's Prayer.)	576
Blessed Are the Poor. (The Beatitudes.)	577

Index of Doxologies.

	HYMN
Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow	578
To God the Father, God the Son	579
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	580
Father, Son, and Spirit	581
To Father, Son, and Spirit	582
Glory be to God Most High	583
O Mighty God and Holy	584
Thee, Eternal God Most High	585
Holy Father, Holy Son	586
To God the Father, Son	587
O Blessed, Holy One	588
Eternal, Holy Lord	589
Praise the Father, Earth and Heaven	590
Praise and Honor to the Father	591
Glory be to God the Father	592
Great Jehovah, We Adore Thee	593
Glory be to God the Father	594

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS.

(The numbers after the names indicate the hymns.)

- Adam of St. Victor, 121.
Adams, S. F., 520.
Addison, Joseph, 72, 85.
Albert, H., 23.
Albinus, J. G., 530.
Alderson, E. S., 358.
Alexander, J. W., 87 (tr.).
Alexander, Mrs. C. F., 428.
Alford, H., 288, 295.
Allen, O., 50.
Altenburg, J. M., 276.
Ambrosius, 34, 141.
Anatolius, 149.
Anderson, Maria F., 472.
Anna, Countess of Stolberg, 529.
Anonymous, 18, 74, 215 (1), 220, 250, 291, 300, 363,
408 (2, 3), 424, 453, 456, 494, 499, 529, 539,
553, 558.
Anselm of Canterbury, 198.
Anstice, J., 461.
Aquinas, Thomas, 433.
Auber, H., 128.
Austin, John, 388.
Bacon, L. W., 185 (tr.), 249 (tr.).
Baker, H. W., 126 (tr.), 297, 301 (tr.), 423.
Bakewell, John, 242.
Barbault, Mrs. A. L., 298.
Baring-Gould, Sabine, 45.
Barton, B., 119.
Bathhurst, Wm. Hiley, 144, 354.
Baxter, Richard, 496.
Beddome, B., 118.
Behm, Martin, 20, 179, 195.
Bernard of Clairvaux, 90, 98, 201.
Bernard of Cluny, 556, 557.
Besnault, Abbé, 176, 177.
Bethune, G. W., 533 (tr.).
Bickersteth, E. H., 407.
Birken, Sigmund von (Betulius), 192, 333.
Bloomfield, Dorothy F., 444.
Bodo von Hodenberg, 35.
Boeschenstein, J., 207.
Bogatzky, C. H., 481.

- Bohemian Brethren, 38, 225 (M. Weiss).
Bonar, Horatius, 46, 105, 268, 308, 320, 322, 329, 384.
Borthwick, Jane, 331 (tr.), 387 (tr.).
Bowering, Sir John, 95, 510.
Brady, Nicholas (cf. Nahum Tate), 75, 281.
Bridges, Matthew, 104, 412.
Brooks, C. T., 305.
Bryant, W. G., 479.
Campbell, R., 121 (tr.).
Carlyle, J. D., 6.
Cary, Phoebe, 531.
Caswald, Edw., 90, 98, 133, 159, 208, 287, 433 (all translations).
Cawood, J., 13, 160.
Celano, Thomas de, 551, 555.
Chandler, J., 137, 177 (tr.), 453 (tr.).
Charles, E. R., 235.
Clausnitzer, Tobias, 3, 393.
Clement of Alexandria, 448.
Collyer, Wm. B., 54, 553, 2. 3.
Condor, Josiah, 69.
Cook, Henry, 356.
Cooper, E., 269.
Cotterill, Thomas, 66 (additional stanzas), 254, 497 (with T. Haweis).
Cowper, Wm., 200, 389, 522, 524.
Cox, Francis Elizabeth, 24, 83, 222, 233, 513 (all translations).
Coxe, A. C., 477, 1.
Crassellius, B., 67.
Cronenwett, E., 120, 169 (tr.), 436 (tr.), 438, 520 (tr.).
Crosswell, W., 359.
Crull, A., 9, 80, 86, 135, 151, 157, 170, 188, 189, 192, 193, 226, 227, 230, 234, 248, 251, 272, 317, 323, 327, 343, 344, 347, 350, 385, 417, 424, 460, 499, 517 (all translations).
Dach, S., 323, 547.
Dayman, E. A., 360.
Decius, N., 203, 261.
Derschau, B., 460.
Dessler, W. C., 87, 109.
Dexter, H. M., 448 (tr.).
Dix, W. C., 49, 183, 294.
Doane, Geo. W., 94, 518.
Doddridge, Philip, 129, 167, 328, 364, 382, 429, 554.
Downton, H., 168.
Duffield, G., 377.
Dwight, J., 468.
Dwight, J. S., 305.

- Eber, Paul, 286 (tr.), 515, 527, 545.
Edmeston, J., 37.
Ellerton, J., 16, 451, 546.
Elliott, Charlotte, 265, 318, 386.
Elliott, Julia, A., 123.
Elven, C., 418.
Emilie Juliane, Countess, 80, 544.
Faber, F. W., 12, 561.
Fawcett, John, 4, 17, 111, 462.
Fischer, Chr., 193.
Fleming, Paul, 372.
Flittner, J., 89.
Francis, B., 91, 457.
Franck, J., 82, 190, 416, 432.
Franck, Sal., 216, 347.
Freund, Cornelius, 151.
Freystein, J. B., 381.
Frothingham, N. L., 494.
Fueger, C., 156.
Funcke, F., 234.
Ganse, H. D., 520.
Gates, Mrs. M. E., 484.
Gellert, Christian, 222.
Gerhardt, Paul, 33, 65, 84, 136, 145, 161, 174, 191,
201, 205, 218, 252, 264, 292, 501, 506, 525, 526.
Gesenius, J., 35, 197, 344.
Gill, Thomas H., 330.
Gilman, S., 404 (tr.).
Grant, R., 213.
Graumann, J., 59.
Grigg, J., 51, 91.
Hamilton, James, 164.
Hammond, W., 7.
Harbaugh, H., 296, 541.
Hart, J., 81, 258.
Haskins, J., 550.
Hastings, T., 3, 57, 512.
Havergal, F. R., 352, 355, 370.
Hawels, H. R., 562.
Haweis, T., 14, 497 (with T. Cotterill).
Hayward, 124.
Heath, George, 379.
Heber, R., 44, 181, 263, 474.
Heermann, Johann, 194, 198, 275, 280, 346, 475, 505.
Held, H., 146, 246.
Helder, B., 188, 230, 251, 417.
Helmbold, L., 390, 509.
Herberger, V., 532.
Herman, N., 32, 157, 426, 528, 539.

- Hernamann, Claudia F., 256 (tr.).
Herzog, J. F., 30.
Hojer, Conrad, 503.
Homburg, E. C., 195, 227.
Horn, J., 143.
How, W. W., 113, 127, 178, 304, 361, 482.
Humphreys, J., 315.
Huss, John, 441.
Irons, G. M., 321.
Irons, W. J., 555 (tr.).
Jacobi, J. C., 23 (tr.).
Jacobs, H. E., 324.
Jonas, Justus, 274, 4. 5; 284.
Joseph of the Studium, 285, 420, 422.
Keble, J., 42, 175, 442.
Keen, 375.
Kelly, J., 174, 205, 218, 501, 506, 525 (all translations).
Kelly, T., 43, 209, 223, 237, 238, 241, 465.
Ken, Thomas, 29, 36, 578.
Keymann, C., 88, 152.
Kinner, S., 436.
Knapp, A., 405.
Kramer, M., 248.
Kunth, J. S., 566.
Landstad, M. B., 565.
Langhanns, Urban, 153.
Leeson, J. E., 447.
Leland, John, 41.
Lochner, K. F., 345.
Loewenstern, M. A. von, 279.
Longfellow, H. W., 547 (tr.).
Loy, M., 10 (tr.), 97, 115, 116, 206 (tr.), 275 (tr.), 283, 311 (tr.), 390 (tr.), 426 (tr.), 430 (tr.), 437.
Ludaemilia Elizabeth, Countess of Schwarzburg, 86.
Luther, Martin, 141, 147, 148, 150, 162, 185, 224, 249, 257, 260, 266, 271, 273, 274, 277, 278, 282, 310, 391, 392, 394, 396, 401, 415, 431, 441, 446, 480, 538.
Lyte, H. F., 40, 71, 335, 369.
Mackay, Mrs. M., 540.
Magdeburg, J., 511.
Malan, M. A. C., 533.
Mant, R., 289.
March, D., 476.
Massie, R., 147, 148, 162, 266, 277, 282, 391, 392, 401, 431, 446, 526 (all translations).
Mathesius, J., 22, 517.
Maude, M. F., 411.

- Maurus, Rhabanus, 287.
 Maxwell, M., 470.
 McComb, Wm., 99.
 Medley, Samuel, 92, 229.
 Meinhold, J. W., 537.
 Melissander, Caspar, 383.
 Menzer, J., 62.
 Meusslin, W., 34.
 Meyfart, J. M., 559.
 Moeller, J. J., 226.
 Mohr, J., 256.
 Molanus, G. W., 430.
 Moller, M., 523.
 Monsell, J. S. B., 371, 376, 548.
 Montgomery, James, 8, 68, 132, 187, 199, 212, 397,
 398, 409, 459, 473, 488, 489, 567.
 Moore, T., 512.
 Morison, J., 155.
 Mote, E., 306.
 Muehlenberg, W. A., 449, 535.
 Muehlmann, J., 21, 511.
 Mylius, J., 188.
 Neale, J. M., 149, 180, 285, 336, 420, 422, 427, 450,
 454, 556, 557.
 Neander, J., 63.
 Neumann, C., 343.
 Neumark, G., 498.
 Neumeister, Erdmann, 414.
 Newton, J., 11, 15, 56, 96, 125, 163, 399, 464.
 Nicolai, P., 103, 549.
 Occom, Samson, 26.
 Olearius, J., 2, 130, 140, 189, 272, 317, 327.
 Olearius, J. G., 135.
 Onderdonk, H. U., 52, 406.
 Osler, E., 339, 485.
 Palmer, Ray, 165, 351, 455.
 Perronet, E., 93.
 Peter, P. A., 552 (tr.).
 Pfefferkorn, G. M., 385.
 Pfeil, C. H. von, 445.
 Phelps, S. D., 353.
 Phillimore, G., 28.
 Polack, W. G., 477, 2. 3.
 Pope, Alexander, 478.
 Powell, T. E., 493.
 Praetorius's *Musae Sionae*, 239.
 Preiswerk, S., 467.
 Pye, H. J., 186.
 Rambach, J. J., 400.

- Reed, A., 259.
Reusner, A., 495.
Rimbach, J. A., 89 (tr.), 333 (tr.).
Rinckart, M., 64.
Ringwaldt, B., 552.
Rist, J., 31, 142, 171, 215, 435.
Robinson, C. S., 337.
Rodigast, S., 507.
Rothe, J. A., 312.
Rous, F., 367.
Ruopp, J. F., 350.
Russell, A. T., 23 (tr.).
Rutilius, M., 421.
Sacer, G. W., 233.
St. John, F. B., 316.
Savonarola. Jerome, 210.
Schaeffer, C. W., 334 (tr.).
Schalling, M., 366.
Scheffler, J. (Angelus), 106, 206, 334, 348, 349.
Scheidt, C. L., 311.
Schenck, M. H., 10.
Schirmer, M., 247.
Schmolk, B., 5, 228, 301, 387, 402.
Schneegass, C., 169, 170.
Schneesing, John, 413.
Schroeder, J. H., 83.
Schuette, C. H. L., 20 (tr.), 403 (tr.).
Schuetz, J. J., 60.
Scott, Thomas, 55.
Scott, Sir Walter, 551.
Scriven, J., 395.
Sedulius, 148, 180.
Selnecker, N., 110, 403, 408, 425, 543.
Serle, Ambrose, 514.
Shrubsole, Wm., 19.
Smith, S. F., 471.
Spegel, H., 434.
Speratus, Paul, 314, 365.
Steele, Anne, 27, 47, 101, 117, 122, 202, 303, 502, 519.
Stegmann, J., 9.
Steuerlein, J., 173.
Stocker, J., 253.
Stone, S. J., 466.
Strong, Nathan, 299.
Tappan, W. B., 564.
Tate, Nahum (cf. Nicholas Brady), 75, 281.
Taylor, T. R., 563.
Thring, G., 131, 362.
Thrupp, A., 443.

- Titius, C., 516.
 Toplady, A. M., 242, 325.
 Tuttiett, L., 166.
 Wallin, J. O., 434.
 Walther, B., 460.
 Walther, J., 134.
 Watts, Isaac, 39, 53, 61, 70, 73, 76, 77, 78, 79, 102,
 112, 114, 129, 158, 172, 204, 214, 244, 255, 267,
 293, 309, 313, 319, 341, 342, 368, 374, 378, 419,
 439, 440, 452, 458, 469, 483, 490, 534, 542, 560.
 Wegelin, J., 236.
 Weingaertner, S., 508.
 Weiss, M., 538.
 Weissel, G., 138.
 Werner, G., 217.
 Wesley, Charles, 25, 48, 58, 100, 107, 108, 154, 219,
 221, 232, 240, 243, 245, 262, 270, 332, 338, 373,
 380, 463, 487, 491, 504, 521, 531.
 Wesley, John, 84 (tr.), 326 (tr.).
 Wesley, Samuel, Sr., 211.
 Whately, Richard, 44.
 White, H. K., 500.
 Wiesenmeyer, B., 24.
 William, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, 1.
 Williams, Peter, 340 (tr.).
 Williams, Wm., 340.
 Winkworth, Catherine, 3, 5, 38, 59, 64, 67, 82, 103,
 109, 130, 138, 143, 146, 152, 153, 156, 161, 171,
 173, 190, 197, 198, 203, 217, 220, 225, 228, 236,
 261, 276, 279, 280, 284, 348, 349, 363, 365, 372,
 400, 402, 405, 413, 416, 421, 432, 435, 445, 467,
 475, 481, 495, 498, 505, 507, 508, 511, 515, 516,
 527, 528, 530, 532, 537, 538, 539, 543, 544, 545,
 559, 566 (all translations).
 Wood, Basil, 182.
 Wordsworth, C., 184, 231, 290, 357, 410, 492.
 Wortman, D., 486.
 Wreford, J. R., 302.
 Zihn, J. F., 513.
 Zinzendorf, Count Ludwig von, 326, 331.
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